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# THE PSALMS,

TRANSLATED OR PARAPHRASED

In ENGLISH VERSE,

BY JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

READING,

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M DCC LXVI.

# PREFACE.

THE following attempt on the Pſalms, though a mixture of Tranſlation and Paraphraſe, will, I hope, be found to contain little more of the latter kind than what may be uſeful either in opening the ſenſe, or in pointing out the connexion, of the Original. The defects of it, great as they muſt be, would probably have been much greater, had it not been favoured with a reviſal by a gentleman, whoſe various and well-known abilities, together with his ſingular acquaintance with the Hebrew Poetry, rendered him peculiarly qualified for the office. The Reverend Doctor LOWTH, Prebendary of Durham, having read a part of the work, was pleaſed to expreſs a deſire of ſeeing

the whole: The Author of it was too ſenſible of the advantage which was likely to reſult from his inſpection of it, to decline ſuch an offer; and takes this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the very great ſervice which he has received from this gentleman's aſſiſtance; who, after having in a moſt friendly and candid manner propoſed his objections where he judged them neceſſary, was pleaſed to encourage and adviſe the publication of the work. My thanks are alſo particularly due to my very worthy and learned neighbour JOHN LOVEDAY, Eſq; to whoſe peruſal the ſeveral parts of the work were ſubmitted, almoſt as ſoon as compoſed, and whoſe accurate criticiſms have rendered it leſs unworthy of the public light; to which, without conſulting ſuch judicious friends as himſelf and the gentleman above-mentioned, it had been preſumption to expoſe it: As the latter of theſe gentlemen (whoſe ſon Mr. JOHN LOVEDAY,

LOVEDAY, of Magdalen College, Oxford, a young gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning, has ſeconded him in every office of friendſhip and humanity towards me) has moſt readily aſſiſted me in conſidering the ſenſe of the Original whenever I have applied to him, ſo the former has favoured me with a great number of obſervations on the Hebrew Text; which I may hereafter (if God give me health) commit to the preſs, together with many others communicated to me by perſons of very great learning and eminence, and with ſuch remarks as have occurred to myſelf in comparing my Verſion or Paraphraſe with the Original. Though the annotations which I have received from Dr. LOWTH were written in a very expeditious manner, without conſulting many commentators, yet the ſingular attention which that learned gentleman appears (in his admirable lectures on the Hebrew Poetry) to have paid to the Pſalms, as well

as to the other poetical parts of Holy Scripture, had ſo prepared him for the work which he has thus obligingly taken upon him, that they will, I am perſuaded, be found worthy of their author. As thoſe annotations which have been put into my hands are (many of them at leaſt) ſuch as will not be underſtood by any perſons who have not applied themſelves to the ſtudy of the learned languages, I have rather choſen to reſerve them for a ſeparate volume than to ſubjoin them to the Verſion or Paraphraſe which is here preſented to the reader. The inconveniences ariſing from my ſituation, remote from any of the moſt public libraries, have been in a great meaſure remedied by my acceſs to the large and well-choſen libraries of a gentleman before mentioned, and of my late pious, learned, and ingenious friend, the Reverend Doctor BOLTON Dean of Carliſle, as alſo by the favour of the moſt Reverend the Lord Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY;

TERBURY; who has (in addition to the many other inſtances, which I have experienced, of his Grace's goodneſs and condeſcenſion) been pleaſed to honour me, on this occaſion, with the voluntary offer, and the uſe, of ſome of the moſt conſiderable expoſitions of the Pſalms; ſuch as thoſe of Geierus, Michaelis, and Houbigant; together with Celſius's Hierobotanicon, Hillerus's Hierophyticon, and ſeveral new Verſions of the Pſalter in different languages. As the communication of theſe valuable helps demands my humbleſt gratitude, ſo it likewiſe encourages me to hope (though my own incapacity and a long courſe of ill health will ſcarce allow me to think of attempting a regular Comment on the Pſalms) that it may be in my power, in ſome inſtances, to confirm by ſufficient authorities ſuch interpretations of ſeveral difficult texts as I have followed, and, in others, to diſcover the errors which I have committed.

It may be proper to advertiſe the reader, that The Verſion or Paraphraſe of the Pſalms now put into his hands has not been calculated for the uſes of public Worſhip. The tranſlator knew not how, without neglecting the Poetry, to write in ſuch language as the common ſort of people would be likely to underſtand: For the ſame reaſon he could not confine himſelf in general to ſtanzas, nor, conſequently, adopt the meaſures to which the tunes uſed in our Churches correſpond. However, as his meaſures are all of the Lyric kind, his work may, he hopes, anſwer the purpoſes of private devotion. Two of the Pſalms, the hundred and eleventh and the hundred and twelfth, have indeed been purpoſely tranſlated or paraphraſed in the meaſure which anſwers to the tune of the hundredth Pſalm, as it is ſung in the Church, on account of its known excellence.

The

The judicious reader will not, it is hoped, be offended, if he finds the ſame phraſes, and even the ſame lines, ſometimes occur in different Pſalms, when he conſiders what liberty of repetition the Hebrew Poetry admits in one and the ſame Poem, and, conſequently, how often the ſame expreſſions are likely to be found in a collection of many Hebrew Poems compoſed on ſimilar ſubjects. The candid Critic may the better judge what degree of indulgence the tranſlator of ſuch a work may ſtand in need of, if he knows to how great difficulties no leſs able a writer than CORNEILLE was reduced on a like occaſion: whoſe words, in the Preface to his poetical Verſion and Paraphraſe of Thomas a Kempis, are as follows.—— *Sur tout les redites y ſont ſi fréquentes, que quand noſtre Langue ſeroit dix fois plus abondante qu' elle n' eſt, je l' aurois épuiſée fort aiſément, et j' avoüe que je n' ay pû trouver le ſecret de diverſifier mes expreſſions, toutes*

*toutes les fois que j' ay eu la meſme choſe à exprimer.*

Whatever imperfections may be diſcovered in the following performance, when examined with a critical view, I ſhall by no means think my labour either uſeleſs or unrecompenced, if any pious perſons ſhall find their devotion aſſiſted and improved by it, or their love more ſtrongly excited towards the great Author of our Salvation, ſo evidently pointed out in the courſe of theſe divine Compoſitions.

*June* 5, 1765.

A

# VERSION or PARAPHRASE

OF THE

# PSALMS.

## PSALM I.

O How bleſt the Man, whoſe ear
Impious counſel ſhuns to hear,
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the Sons of Folly ſtray,
Nor their frantic mirth to ſhare,
Seated in Deriſion's chair,
But, poſſeſs'd with ſacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy Law,
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his conſtant joy.
Like the Tree that, taught to grow
Where the ſtreams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving Sun
Through the deſtin'd Months has run,

Regular,

Regular, its ſeaſon knows,
Bending low its loaded boughs,
He his verdant branch ſhall ſpread,
Nor his ſick'ning leaves ſhall ſhed;
He, whate'er his thoughts deviſe,
Joyful to the work applies,
Sure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown his hope, his labour bleſs.
See, ah! ſee a diff'rent fate
God's obdurate foes await;
See them, to his wrath conſign'd,
Fly like chaff before the wind.
When thy Judge, O Earth, ſhall come,
And to Each aſſign their doom,
Say, ſhall then the impious Band
With the Juſt aſſembled ſtand?
Theſe th' Almighty, Theſe alone,
Objects of his Love ſhall own,
While his vengeance who defy
Whelm'd in endleſs ruin lie.

## PSALM II.

WHY thus enrag'd, ye Tribes profane?
Why ſtrive the Nations thus in vain?
Earth's ſcepter'd Lords rebellious riſe
Againſt the Ruler of the Skies,
And Him on whoſe diſtinguiſh'd head
His hand the ſacred oil has ſhed.
" Quick let us each renounce their Sway,
" And caſt their hated bands away."

God

God from on high their threats ſhall hear,
Laugh, as the tumult meets his ear,
And, arm'd with vengeance, thus aloud
Superior quell the frantic Croud:
" Yet, Mortals, yet your Monarch ſee,
" And bow to Him the humble knee;
" His throne on *Sion*'s hill my hand
" Has built, and what I build ſhall ſtand."
Thy Will, great Father, I obey;
Pleas'd I accept the offer'd Sway,
And through the Earth's extended frame
The Counſels of thy Love proclaim.
" Thou art my Son, on this bleſt Day
" Begotten; (thus I hear thee ſay;)
" Prefer thy wiſh, and to thy hand
" Lo! I conſign each heathen Land,
" And bid thee rule the Nations round,
" Far as to Earth's remoteſt bound.
" Though join'd in firmeſt league, thy foes
" With vain attempt thy pow'r oppoſe:
" Thy arm the iron rod extends;
" Behold them, as the ſtroke deſcends,
" Cruſh'd like the potter's brittle ſtore,
" And ſcatter'd, to unite no more."
Ye Kings, from Error's ſleep ariſe,
Ye Judges of the Earth, be wiſe.
While Ye in duteous zeal conſpire,
And ſerve with joy th' eternal Sire,
O, leſt Ye periſh from the way
That leads to realms of endleſs day,

With awful love, with holy fear,
His Son, the World's great Hope, revere:
If yet but kindling in his hand
The vengeful bolt uplifted ſtand,
Thrice happy, who on Him depend,
And thankful own th' almighty Friend.

## PSALM III.

BEHOLD, my God, what num'rous foes
With dire intent my ſteps incloſe,
While, fluſh'd with hope, the impious Band
In haughty triumph round me ſtand:
"Lo! there, they cry, our obvious prey,
"The wretch, whom God has caſt away."
But ſee Omnipotence my ſhield!
My head aloft by Thee upheld,
Thy fav'ring beams around me ſhine;
Thou, Lord, from *Sion*'s hallow'd ſhrine
With kind regard ſhalt hear my cry,
And inſtant grant the wiſh'd reply.
Oppreſs'd with toil, I ſought repoſe,
I laid me down, I ſlept, I roſe;
For Thou, my God, wert waking ſtill,
To guard my ſlumbring head from ill.
Though Myriads, leagu'd, againſt me riſe,
My heart ſecure their rage defies.
Thy aid, bleſt Lord, indulgent yield:
Oft, as I trod the doubtful field,
Each hoſtile cheek has felt thy ſtroke;
Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke;

O yield

O yield (nor ſhall I aſk in vain,)
That oft experienc'd aid again.
'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to ſave
Thy Servants from th' expecting grave,
'Tis thine to bleſs them from above,
And crown them with eternal Love.

## PSALM IV.

DEFENDER of my rightful cauſe,
While anguiſh from my boſom draws
The deep-felt ſigh, the ceaſeleſs pray'r,
O make thy ſervant ſtill thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
That aid again, intreated, yield.
How long, ye ſons of pride, how long
Shall falſhood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breaſt inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?
To God my heart ſhall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his bleſſings to beſtow
On each whoſe breaſt has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldſt thou pleaſe? With rev'rent awe
Obſerve the dictates of his Law:
In ſecret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy reſtleſs mind,
Till huſh'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and ſtrife within thee die.
With pureſt gifts approach his ſhrine,
And ſafe to Him thy care reſign.

I hear a hopeleſs train demand,
" Where's now the wiſh'd Deliv'rer's hand?"
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy preſence from on high
In full effuſion o'er our head
Its all-enliv'ning influence ſhed.
What joy my conſcious heart o'erflows!
Not ſuch th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harveſts riſe,
And, ſhadowing wide the cultur'd ſoil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in ſleep I cloſe,
My limbs, ſecure, to reſt compoſe;
For Thou, great God, ſhalt ſcreen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

## PSALM V.

THE words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou thoſe thoughts canſt read,)
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
With earlieſt zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my ſoul ſhall pour its pray'r,
And, e'er the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
To Thee direct its longing eye:
To Thee, whom nought obſcur'd by ſtain
Can pleaſe; whoſe doors to ſeet profane

Inexorable

Inexorable ſtand; whoſe Law
Offenders from thy ſight ſhall awe.
Let each whoſe tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who leſſons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirſts a brother's blood to ſhed,
Thy hate and heavieſt vengeance dread.
But I, whoſe hope thy Love ſupports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy Courts,
My knees in lowlieſt rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy ſhrine my hands extend.
Do Thou, juſt God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hoſtile ſnare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my ſteps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falſhood and of guilt compos'd:
Their throat a ſepulchre diſplays,
Deep, wide, inſatiate; in their praiſe
Lurks flatt'ry, and with ſpecious art
Belies the purpoſe of their heart.
O let the miſchiefs they intend
Retorted on themſelves deſcend,
And let thy wrath correct their ſin,
Whoſe hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May All whoſe truſt on Thee is plac'd
Peace and delight perpetual taſte,
Sav'd by thy care, in ſongs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,
And ſhare the gifts on thoſe beſtow'd,
Who love the name of *Jacob*'s God.

To each, who bears a guiltleſs heart,
Thy grace its bleſſing ſhall impart;
Strong as the brazen ſhield, thy aid
Around him caſts its cov'ring ſhade.

## PSALM VI.

O Spare me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed.
With pitying eye my weakneſs view,
Heal my vex'd Soul, my ſtrength renew,
And O, if yet my ſins demand
The wiſe corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-ſilent tongue, O ſay,
The records of thy pow'r diſplay,
Or pale Corruption's ſtartled ear
Thy praiſe within its priſon hear?
By languor, grief, and care, oppreſs'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breaſt,
And tears, in large profuſion ſhed,
Inceſſant lave my ſleepleſs bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hoſtile ſtorms invade my ſoul,)
Relentleſs from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health eraſe,

And ſpread before my waſting ſight
The ſhades of all-obſcuring night.
Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I ſpeak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With ſhame their vain attempts forgo,
And, ſtruck with horror from on high,
In wild diſorder backward fly.

## PSALM VII.

O Save me, Lord, and to my foes
Do Thou (in Thee I truſt) oppoſe
Thy pow'r, and let the arm divine,
Stretch'd in my cauſe, beſpeak me thine:
Leſt, while I mourn thy abſent aid,
The Lion fierce my ſoul invade,
Pleas'd, with my blood his thirſt allay,
And rend the unreſiſting prey.
My God, if truth their cenſure guide,
If guilt be in my facts deſcried,
If e'er from my diſſembling heart
My Friend has found the hoſtile part,
If, urg'd by wrongs, I taught my Foe
The terrors of my hand to know,
That Foe's worſt vengeance let me meet,
Till trampled underneath his feet
Low in the duſt my life be laid,
And Earth's dark womb my glory ſhade.
Riſe, mightieſt Lord, triumphant riſe
O'er each whoſe hand thy pow'r defies;

Nor let thy foes thy wrath decline,
But hear (for judgement, Lord, is thine,)
Thy ſervant's pray'r: In awful ſtate,
While circling crouds the doom await,
Aſcend thy throne, great God, again,
And vindicate thy ways to Men.
O Thou, on whom our fates depend,
My cauſe, my guiltleſs cauſe, defend;
Sin's baneful growth do Thou controul,
And guard from ill the upright ſoul;
For Thou, juſt Lord, with ſearching eye
The heart and inmoſt reins canſt try.
To God, my Soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care,
Th' impartial Judge, whoſe eyes each day
Caſt o'er the Earth their ſtrict ſurvey,
Indignant, and, where'er they turn,
New ſcenes of daring guilt diſcern.
If Man his Law refuſe to know,
He whets his ſword, he bends his bow,
His hands, in fierceſt wrath applied,
The inſtruments of death provide,
And tip with fire the winged dart
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppreſſor's heart.
With miſchief teem their breaſts, but woe
And fruſtrate hope attend the throe:
They dig, and with exacteſt care
A pit, but for themſelves, prepare;
They toil, and each, condemn'd to gain
The luckleſs harveſt of his pain,

Ills for a brother's head design'd
Retorted on his own shall find.
Thy justice, Lord, shall on my breast
In sure remembrance stand impress'd,
With grateful joy my heart inspire,
And wake to ceaseless praise my lyre.

## PSALM VIII.

IMMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants Thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand.
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread,
The silent Moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne,
The Stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round,
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share,
Or what the Son of Man, that THOU
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?

His

His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them ſee,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguiſh'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee
To Him all Nature bows the knee;
The beaſts in Him their Lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The ſavage race, a countleſs train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vaſt deſert of the ſky,
And all the watry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human ſight denied.
Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praiſe, and name!

## PSALM IX.

WARM'D to its inmoſt depth, my breaſt
Thanks not by words to be expreſs'd
Conceives, nor ſhall my grateful tongue
E'er leave thy wondrous acts unſung.
Thee, Lord, I boaſt my bliſs ſupreme,
Thy praiſe my ſong's exhauſtleſs theme:
O higher than the higheſt, hail!
Thou, Thou haſt bid my cauſe prevail,
And from the terror of thine eye
My foes with ſtumbling ſtep ſhall fly,
Or, ſtruck by thy reſiſtleſs hand,
In heaps promiſcuous ſtrew the Land.

For

For Juſtice, Lord, ſupports thy throne,
And Her decrees and Thine are one.
Thy ſtern rebuke the Heathen feel;
Their name Oblivion's ſhades conceal;
And o'er their guilt-polluted plain
Deſtruction, Death, and Horror reign;
While, where the rural waſte extends,
No more the village ſmoke aſcends,
No more their cities brave the ſky,
But (ras'd by Thee,) forgotten lie,
Scarce ev'n in ſhapeleſs ruins view'd,
That mark where once the Wonder ſtood.
But Thou, when Time ſhall reach its end,
Unchang'd the ſcepter ſhalt extend,
Then fill, as now, thy awful ſeat,
While at thy word aſſembled meet
Earth's various Tribes, and hear thee thence
The true, th' impartial Doom diſpenſe.
Come Ye, who in the dang'rous hour
Wiſh for your guard the ſtrong-built tow'r;
Each terror to the winds reſign'd,
In God a ſurer refuge find.
The Souls, that erſt oppreſs'd with woe
Have learn'd thy name, great God, to know,
Their hope on Thee ſhall ſtill ſuſtain,
Whom none has ſought, and ſought in vain.
In *Sion* God has fix'd his reſt;
O be his praiſe aloud confeſt;
His Acts through ev'ry clime reſound,
Far as to Earth's extremeſt bound.

He

He from the proud Oppreſſor's hands
The poor man's guiltleſs blood demands,
And (nor with unregarding ear,)
His juſt complaint from heav'n ſhall hear.
Thy ſervant's woes attentive view,
While impious men my ſteps purſue,
O Thou, whoſe care prolongs my breath,
And lifts me from the gates of death:
So ſhall thy praiſe employ my tongue,
And *Sion*'s portals hear my ſong,
While with experienc'd heart I ſhow
What joys from thy Salvation flow.
Low in the pit for others made
Th' artificers of death are laid,
And, ſtruck with dire amazement, find
Their nets around themſelves intwin'd.
His juſtice thus our God diſplays,
And miſchief with itſelf repays.
Behold the grave its jaws extend,
While to its depths the crouds deſcend,
Who dare in lawleſs counſels join,
Forgetful of the will divine.
For think not, O ye Good diſtreſt,
That in the all-remembring breaſt
Your woes and wrongs unnotic'd riſe,
That Virtue's hope for ever dies.
Up, Lord, nor let the impious ſoul
Build ſin on ſin without controul;
Thy balance, mightieſt Judge, aſſume,
Paſs on the heathen race their doom,

And

And let thy terrors, ſcatter'd wide,
Correct them, till each ſon of pride,
By Thee convinc'd, his weakneſs ſcan,
And humbled own himſelf but Man.

## PSALM X.

SAY, Lord, why thus thy aiding pow'r
Deſerts us in the needful hour,
Why clouds impervious, round thee roll'd,
Thy preſence from our ſight withhold.
Shall impious men eſcape thy view,
While thus the guiltleſs they purſue?
O let them, by themſelves chaſtis'd,
The ills ſuſtain for Him devis'd,
Nor longer boaſt their mad deſires,
And acts which headlong rage inſpires,
Or joyous graſp their lawleſs gain,
And Thee, the ſoul's beſt wealth, diſdain.
Proud Wretch! who ſhuns o'er Nature's face
The footſteps of thy care to trace,
And Thee, th' all-potent Monarch, Thee
Denies, who gav'ſt himſelf to be.
Behold, while, high above all height,
Thy Judgements, Lord, his diſtant ſight
Elude, this Miniſter of woe
Blaſt with his breath each obvious foe.
" See, proof to each aſſault I ſtand:
" What pow'r ſhall e'er my fear demand?
" What ill, to life's remoteſt day,
" Obſtruct the tenour of my way?"

Thus, ſwoln with inſolence and pride,
His ſelf-deluding heart has cried:
His venom'd lips, with curſes fraught,
Words ill according to his thought
Have utter'd, and beneath his tongue
Lurk fraud, and violence, and wrong.
Beſide the ſolitary way,
Intent the helpleſs poor to ſlay,
He waits, and with malignant eye
Inſidious marks each paſſer by.
As, couch'd within his buſhy lair,
The lion fierce with hideous glare
Around him caſts his wide ſurvey,
And meditates the future prey,
So longs the man of blood to ſeize
The Souls that own thy juſt Decrees:
If, planted with ſucceſsful care,
His nets their captive feet inſnare,
Ah! what his fury ſhall withſtand,
Or ſave them from the murth'rous Band,
That, leagu'd in ſin, aſſiſt his toil,
And ſhare with him the guilty ſpoil?
" Shall Heav'n's high Lord, he cries, deſcend
" The human actions to attend?
" The paths by Me at will purſu'd
" His mem'ry and his thought elude."
Riſe, mightieſt Lord, and lift thy hand,
Nor let the poor thy help demand
With fruitleſs pray'r: for why, (ah, why?)
Should impious tongues reproachful cry,

" 'Tis

" 'Tis not within th' Almighty's plan
" To ſcrutinize the acts of Man?"
What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire,
Through ſin's obſcureſt depths inquire?
What Judge, like Thee, on Virtue's foes
The needful vengeance can impoſe?
The meek obſerver of thy Laws
To Thee commits his injur'd cauſe;
In Thee, each anxious fear reſign'd,
The fatherleſs a Father find.
O, break the arm of impious might;
So ſhall their threats no more excite
Our dread, nor thy offended eye
The triumphs of their guilt deſcry.
Thine is the throne: Beneath thy reign,
Immortal King! the tribes profane
Behold their dreams of conqueſt o'er,
And vaniſh to be ſeen no more.
Thou, Lord, thy People's wiſh canſt read,
E'er from their lips the pray'r proceed;
'Tis thine their drooping hearts to rear,
Bow to their wants th' attentive ear,
The weeping Orphan's cheek to dry,
The guiltleſs Suff'rer's cauſe to try,
To rein each earthborn Tyrant's will,
And bid the Sons of pride be ſtill.

## PSALM XI.

ON God my ſtedfaſt hopes rely:
Why urge ye then my ſoul to fly,
And ſwift on trembling wings convey'd
To ſeek the mountain's cov'ring ſhade?
See, prompt to ill, th' inſidious foe
Now couch'd in ſecret bend the bow,
Now to the ſtring adjuſt the dart,
That thirſts to wound the guiltleſs heart.
While Juſtice mourns her Baſe o'erthrown,
Say who the injur'd cauſe ſhall own?
Thou, Lord, that cauſe wilt ſtill ſuſtain;
Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly fane,
Shalt caſt, regardful, from on high
On ſuff'ring innocence thine eye,
Each human heart intent to prove,
And bid the ſouls that ſeek thy Love,
Bleſt objects of thy conſtant care,
The fulneſs of thy bounty ſhare;
While lawleſs hands and hearts impure
Thy wrath and ſtedfaſt hate endure.
Behold the lightnings wing their way,
Behold the fires vindictive ſtray,
While from thy hand the baleful draught,
With ſtorm and mingled ſulphur fraught,
In wild amaze the impious Train
Low to its utmoſt dregs ſhall drain.
For (juſt himſelf,) where'er it ſhines
To Juſtice God his Love inclines,

Delighted

Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

## PSALM XII.

O Help me, Lord: For none I see,
Whose acts conform to thy Decree;
Nor truth nor faith my search can trace
Amid the sons of human race:
New arts of fraud each heart has known,
And speaks a language not its own.
But God with vengeance arm'd shall rise,
The tongue of Flatt'ry to chastise,
And Justice to the lip of Pride
Its stroke with aim unerring guide.
What force, exclaims the impious Band,
Shall eloquence like ours withstand?
And say, to whom the task belongs
To fix the bridle on our tongues.
" Enough (th' eternal Sire has cried,)
" Enough my suff'ring Saints have sigh'd,
" To Me disclos'd their ceaseless fear,
" And pour'd their sorrows in mine ear:
" My hand shall see their wrongs redrest,
" And sooth to peace their troubled breast."
Pure are thy words, almighty Lord,
As Silver, that, by art explor'd,
Has seen the sev'nth tormenting fire
Around th' inclosing vase aspire.
Thy Love thy Servants, Lord, shall share,
And, safe in thy protecting care,

Behold, unmov'd, an impious Age
Aim at their life its fruitleſs rage,
While wrong and fraud the Earth o'erſpread,
And Vice triumphant lifts the head.

## PSALM XIII.

HOW long ſhall I, my God, in vain,
Preſt by a weight of griefs, complain?
Say, ſhall I ſink in deep deſpair,
For ever baniſh'd from thy care?
Condemn'd thy abſent beams to mourn
Still to divided counſels turn
My lab'ring thought, and hear the foe
Exulting triumph in my woe?
Thy Suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid, thy heav'nly ray
With healing influence o'er me riſe,
E'er death's dark ſlumber cloſe my eyes.
What tranſport would my fall impart
To each incens'd oppoſer's heart!
"Behold, the hoſtile tongue would cry,
"Beneath my feet behold him lie,
"The wretch that, haſting to his end,
"With pow'r ſuperior durſt contend."
But, while their ceaſeleſs threats I hear,
Thy mercy, Lord, diſpels my fear;
My hopes on thy Salvation reſt,
And fill with conſcious joy my breaſt.
Well pleas'd that mercy to proclaim,
To Thee, inſtinct with holy flame,

To

To Thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

## PSALM XIV.

BEHOLD the Fool, whoſe heart denies
The God who form'd the Earth and Skies:
While, fearleſs, ſin's worſt paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example ſpreads
Through human race. Not one we find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midſt infectious times has ſtood
Unſtain'd, and obſtinately good.
Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the ſons of Earth his eye,
If haply ſome he yet might ſee
From error's baleful influence free,
Whoſe lives an impious Age might ſhame,
Who ſought his love, and own'd his name.
He look'd: but ah! not one could find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
Each, led from Wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenour of his way.
O ſay, what frenzy thus could blind
Their ſouls, that with remorſeleſs mind
As bread my People they devour,
Nor ſuppliant own their Maker's pow'r.
Yet ſee their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See various terrors ſhake their ſoul:
For God amidſt the Righteous dwells,
And each invading foe repells.

And what are Ye, who thus deride
The ſouls that in their God confide,
With wiſe ſimplicity of mind
To his all-juſt Decrees reſign'd?
Who, mightieſt Lord, to *Iſrael*'s eyes
Shall bid the wiſh'd Salvation riſe,
From *Sion*'s hill its healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day?
When Thou (Thy Pow'r the work demands,)
Shalt back recall our captive Bands,
The bleſt event to *Judah*'s ſhore
Her Songs of triumph ſhall reſtore,
And ceaſeleſs ſhouts, through heav'n's wide frame
Loud-echoing, *Jacob*'s joy proclaim.

## PSALM XV.

WHO ſhall tow'rd thy choſen ſeat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who, great God, a welcome Gueſt,
On thy hallow'd Mountain reſt?
He whoſe heart thy Love has warm'd,
He whoſe Will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his Life unſullied run;
He whoſe word and thought are one.
He who ne'er with cruel aim
Seeks to wound an honeſt fame,
Nor with gloomy joy poſſeſs'd
Can a Brother's peace moleſt,
Or to Slander's tongue ſevere
Stoops with eaſy faith his ear:

Who

Who from ſervile terror free
Spurns at thoſe who ſpurn at Thee,
And to each who Thee obeys
Love and lowlieſt rev'rence pays.
What he ſwears, with ſtedfaſt will
To his loſs he ſhall fulfill,
Nor by avaritious loan
Make the poor man's bread his own;
Nor can bribes his ſentence guide
'Gainſt the guiltleſs to decide.
He who thus, with heart unſtain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
He, great God, ſhall own thy care,
And thy conſtant bleſſing ſhare.

## PSALM XVI.

FATHER of All! my ſoul defend;
On Thee my ſtedfaſt hopes depend.
" Thou, mightieſt Lord, and none beſide,
" Thou art my God," my heart has cried:
In vain, with grateful zeal, I burn
Thy boundleſs goodneſs to return;
In vain would gifts by Me beſtow'd
Augment the treaſures of my God.
Yet ſhall my love on All deſcend,
Whoſe Souls to thy Decrees attend,
My heart's deſire to each incline,
Whoſe ſaintlike Virtue marks him Thine.
Woe to the wretch eſtrang'd from Thee,
Who bows to Gods miſcall'd the knee;

Be witneſs to my guilt, if e'er
Their draughts of offer'd blood I ſhare,
If, while thy breath my life ſuſtains,
Their name my hallow'd lip profanes.
Thee, Lord, my patrimony, Thee
The portion of my cup I ſee:
Each bleſſing by thy care ſecur'd,
Life's choiceſt gifts around me pour'd
I view; nor finds my ſearching eye
A Lot, whoſe worth with mine ſhall vie.
Thee let me bleſs, the faithful Guide,
Whoſe counſels o'er my life preſide,
And wiſdom to my wakeful breaſt
At midnight's ſilent hour ſuggeſt.
In all my acts, in each intent,
Thee to my ſoul my thoughts preſent,
Whoſe ſure defence my gate has barr'd,
And planted on my right a guard.
For this my heart, for this my tongue,
Shall meditate the joyful ſong;
And though (Thy Will has thus ordain'd,)
My fleſh to death's dark ſhades deſcend,
Yet Hope ev'n there, its conſtant Gueſt,
Shall ſmooth the pillow of my reſt.
Thou from the grave my ſoul ſhalt claim,
Nor leave thy Servant, in whoſe frame
Thy hallowing Spirit dwells inſhrin'd,
To pale Corruption's pow'r reſign'd,
But to my eyes, in full ſurvey,
The op'ning paths of Life diſplay;

Thoſe

Thoſe paths that to thy preſence bear;
For plenitude of Bliſs is there,
And pleaſures, Lord, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

## PSALM XVII.

TO Thee, the Judge inthron'd on high,
Shall injur'd Innocence apply:
O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
From undiſſembling lips prefer'd;
O let my Doom from Thee proceed,
And gracious mark the upright deed.
When night's dark ſhades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my ſpirit have explor'd;
Say, to thy all-diſcerning eyes
If aught of guilt within me riſe,
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urg'd to Sin my thoughtleſs tongue.
Taught by thy Word my ſtedfaſt mind
Has each nefarious path declin'd;
O ſtill my Guardian, ſtill my Guide,
Forbid my wav'ring feet to ſlide.
To Thee (for Thou the pray'r canſt hear,)
To Thee my ſuppliant voice I rear;
O treat me not with cold diſdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain.
O Thou, whoſe hand th' oppreſſor quells,
And each invading pow'r repells
From Him whoſe hopes on Thee repoſe,
To Me thy wondrous grace diſcloſe.

What

What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to Me apply,
" And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
" Beneath thy own almighty wings."
Rich in my ſpoils, with murth'rous hate
A pamper'd Croud around me wait,
Whoſe heart, with impious fury ſtung,
To mad preſumption prompts their tongue.
With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of the prey,
The Lion, or his tawny Brood
To rapine born, and nurs'd in blood.
Riſe, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preſerv'd, their threatning jaws evade;
With ſword unſheath'd, and lifted hand,
Preventive cruſh the lawleſs Band,
Whoſe Days, with Life's full bleſſings fraught,
To Earth's low ſcene confine their thought;
Whoſe eyes a num'rous race behold,
To heir their heaps of treaſur'd gold.
Far other bliſs my ſoul ſhall own,
A bliſs to guilty minds unknown.
O! when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How ſhall my breaſt with tranſport glow,
What full delight my heart o'erflow!

## PSALM XVIII.

BLEST Object of my ſoul's deſire,
To Thee my grateful thoughts aſpire;
On Thee my ſtedfaſt hope I build;
My God, my Reſt, my Rock, my Shield,
The Strength of my Salvation Thee,
And Tow'r of ſure defence, I ſee.
What foe ſhall e'er my terror raiſe,
While thus I pay my debt of praiſe,
And, as the doubtful field I tread,
To God my ſuppliant hands outſpread?
Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplor'd,
While Sin's proud torrents round me roar'd;
The Sepulchre's extended hands
Had wrapt me in its ſtrongeſt bands,
And Death, inſulting, o'er my head
Th' inextricable toils had ſpread.
My Words, as griev'd to God I pray,
Wing to his heav'nly fane their way,
Through adverſe clouds their paſſage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear:
With ſtrong convulſions groan'd the ground,
The hills, with waving foreſts crown'd,
Loos'd from their baſe, their ſummits nod,
And own the preſence of their God:
Collected clouds of wreathing ſmoke
Forth from his angry noſtrils broke,
And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
Ruſh'd onward through the glowing air.

Incumbent on the bending ſky
The Lord deſcended from on high,
And bade the darkneſs of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
The Cherub to his car he join'd,
And on the wings of mightieſt wind,
As down to Earth his journey lay,
Reſiſtleſs urg'd his rapid way.
Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His ſecret reſidence compos'd,
And waters high-ſuſpended ſpread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
In vain reluctant to the Blaze
That previous pour'd its ſtreaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Diſſolv'd in hail and ruſhing fire:
His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through heav'n's high vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailſtones dire and mingled flame.
With aim direct his ſhafts were ſped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Now here, now there, his lightnings ſtray,
And ſure deſtruction marks their way:
Earth's baſis open to the eye,
And Ocean's ſprings, were ſeen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury paſt,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blaſt.
God in my reſcue from the ſkies
His arm extends, and bids me riſe

Emergent

Emergent from the flood profound,
Whoſe waves my ſtruggling ſoul ſurround.
His hand my ſtrongeſt foes repell'd,
Their force by force ſuperior quell'd,
And I, unequal to the fight,
Ev'n I have triumph'd in his might.
Oppreſs'd with languor, grief, and pain,
E'er yet my nerves their ſtrength regain,
His fierce aſſault th' Invader gave;
But Thou wert preſent, Lord, to ſave:
My ſpacious path by Thee outſpread,
With courſe ſecure behold me tread,
Bleſt in the favour of my God,
And ſpeak the grace on all beſtow'd,
Who guiltleſs hands to Him can raiſe,
And offer unpolluted praiſe.
His precepts, fix'd before my view,
My thoughts with ſtedfaſt aim purſue,
Nor error's cloud nor arts of ſin
My ſoul from his obedience win.
Thou ſeeſt, eternal Judge, my breaſt
Each taint of inward guilt deteſt:
My will ſubdu'd to thy Commands,
And waſh'd in innocence my hands,
Thine eyes delighted have ſurvey'd,
Thy pow'r with fulleſt bliſs repaid.
Thy ways to ours conform: in Thee
The Holy ſhall the Holy ſee,
The Pure the Pure; the Perfect Mind
In Thee Perfection's ſelf ſhall find;

Their arts the men of froward turn
By deeper art eluded mourn:
While Theſe their pow'rs with effort vain
Unite, the meek and pious Train
Thou, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Defendeſt; and the haughty eye,
Chaſtis'd by thy afflicting ſtroke,
Bends to the earth its humbled look.
While night's thick ſhades around me ſtand,
My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours through the gloom its ſteady ray,
And turns my darkneſs into day.
My arm, if Thou thine aid ſupply,
Shall bid whole hoſts before me fly,
My feet, if Thou my ſinews ſtring,
High o'er the wall exulting ſpring.
Nor ſtains of ſin thy path defile,
Author of Good! nor fraud nor guile
To Thee belong: On Thy bleſt Word
(By Truth's ſevereſt flames explor'd,)
On Thy bleſt Word who build their truſt,
Shall find their confidence was juſt.
What God but Thee ſhall *Iſrael* know,
Or Who, O Who can ſave but Thou?
'Tis God that arms me for the fight,
'Tis God that girds my ſoul with might;
From Him my feet their path have known,
And, wing'd with vigour not their own,
Support me, while in air ſublime,
Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,

And

And, safe from each invader's hand,
Fix on its craggy height my stand.
By Him inform'd, with surest art
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the steely bow,
New wrested from the struggling foe.
Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head
The shield of thy Salvation spread;
By Thy right hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy mercy trod the field
With step enlarg'd, and, Thou my Guide,
Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to slide.
With fierce pursuit my foes I press'd,
Beheld my spear their flight arrest,
Nor bade my sword its fury stay,
Till prostrate on the earth they lay.
They bow'd, they fell, distain'd with gore;
They bow'd, they fell, and rose no more.
Blest Lord! 'Twas Thy resistless pow'r
That arm'd me for the dreadful hour,
My foes beneath my feet o'erthrown,
To certain conquest led me on,
Their backs expos'd to many a wound,
And stretch'd them breathless on the ground.
Aloud, oppress'd with horror, cried
The rebel Throng; but None replied:
To God they call; but God their pray'r
Abhorrent scatters to the air.
Behold their troops before me chas'd,
As dust before the driving blast,

And trampled, as the yielding clay
Extended o'er the beaten way.
When factious Crouds againſt me roſe,
How prompt thy hand to interpoſe!
O'er realms, that but have heard my name,
Through Thee the juſt command I claim;
The Tribes, that from their God eſtrang'd
Through climes to Me unknown had rang'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And trembling own a foreign ſway.
Each dreads my vengeance to ſuſtain,
Nor walls nor forts their fears reſtrain.
Bleſt be the living God, whoſe aid,
When impious foes my peace invade,
Their rage inſtructs me to decline,
And makes his wiſh'd Salvation mine;
Deals, in my right, th' avenging ſtroke,
And bends the Nations to my yoke,
Each force, that durſt my reign conteſt,
By His reſiſtleſs ſtrength ſuppreſs'd.
For this, thy pow'r my ſong ſhall claim,
And diſtant regions hear thy fame.
Behold thy *David*, to the throne
By Thee uprais'd: His temples own
Thy ſacred unction; fair ſucceſs
His counſels and his arms ſhall bleſs,
Thy Love on him and on his Line
With unextinguiſh'd luſtre ſhine.

## PSALM XIX.

GOD the Heav'ns aloud proclaim
Through their wide-extended frame,
And the Firmament each hour
Speaks the wonders of his pow'r:
Day to the ſucceeding day
Joys the notice to convey,
And the Nights, in ceaſeleſs round,
Each to each repeat the ſound,
Prompt, without or ſpeech or tongue,
In his praiſe to form the ſong.
Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmoſt end,
Earth the Heav'n-taught knowledge boaſts
Through her many-languag'd coaſts,
While the Sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle ſpread,
And from out his chamber bright
Like a Bridegroom ſprings to ſight:
See him with gigantic pace
Joyous run his deſtin'd race,
Now to fartheſt regions borne
Onward ſpeed, and now return,
And to All, with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.
Warmth and life each thankful heart
Feels thy Law, great God, impart;
Clear from ev'ry ſpot it ſhines,
And the guilt-ſtain'd Thought refines;

Truth's

Truth's firm baſe its frame upholds,
While it Myſteries unfolds,
Which the childlike mind explores,
And to heav'nly ſcience ſoars.
Preſt with ſorrows, doubts, and fears,
What like this the ſpirit chears?
What ſo perfect, what ſo pure?
What to Reaſon's eye obſcure
Can ſuch wondrous light afford
As the dictates of thy Word?
Where thy Fear its fruit matures,
(Fruit, that endleſs years endures,)
There the mind, to Vice a foe,
Pants thy bleſt Decrees to know,
And (its will to thine ſubdu'd,)
Owns them wiſe, and juſt, and good;
Nor can Gold ſuch worth acquire
From the ſev'nth exploring fire,
Nor the labour of the bees
E'er in ſweetneſs vie with Theſe:
Taught by Them, thy Servant's breaſt
Joys the Bleſſings to atteſt
Heap'd on thoſe whoſe hearts ſincere
Learn thy Precepts to revere.
Beſt Inſtructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he ſtrays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's diſguiſe;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each preſumptuous ſin exclude:

So

So my lot ſhall ne'er be join'd
With the Men whoſe impious mind,
Fearleſs of thy juſt command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by Thee;
To thy all-obſerving eyes
Let my thoughts accepted riſe:
While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Bleſt Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God my Strength, propitious hear.

## PSALM XX.

MAY He whom Heav'n and Earth obey
Regard thee in the dreadful day,
May *Jacob*'s Lord above thy head
His own victorious banner ſpread.
May He from out his hallow'd ſhrine
Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
And ſtrength into thy ſoul inſtill
From beauteous *Sion*'s favour'd hill.
There may thy incenſe to the ſkies
In ſweet memorial ever riſe;
Thy victims there in ſmoke aſpire,
Touch'd by his own celeſtial fire.
May He thy ev'ry wiſh approve,
May He indulgent from above
In all thy dangers intervene,
While We, his great Salvation ſeen,

Assist thy joy, thy triumphs share,
And bless the God who hears thy pray'r.
I see, I see th' Almighty shed
His blessings on th' anointed head,
Attentive from his holy Heav'n
Protect the crown Himself has giv'n,
And, cloth'd with terror, to thy foes
His all-subduing strength oppose.
These urge to Fight the rattling Car,
And Those the fiery Steed prepare,
Unenvied Both by Us, who see
Our sure defence, great God, in Thee.
Driv'n by superior force they fly,
Or, slain, in heaps promiscuous lie,
While We our heads exulting raise,
And sing our great Deliv'rer's praise.
O, when we praise, and when we pray,
Do Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Accept the praise, confirm the pray'r,
And make our safety still thy care.

## PSALM XXI.

BY Thy unwearied strength upheld
To Thee the King his thanks shall yield,
And, taught by blest experience, know
What joys from Thy salvation flow.
Thy cares his heart's desire complete;
His pray'r from Thy eternal seat,
As low to Thee his knees he bends,
In full acceptance back descends.

Thou,

Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,
The bleſſings of thy Love wilt grant,
And bid the golden circlet ſpread
Its pureſt ſplendors round his head.
He aſk'd thee Life, and finds it giv'n,
Life, laſting as the days of Heav'n.
The conqueſts, which thy hands beſtow,
With grace and glory bind his brow;
He, crown'd with bliſs perpetual, He
Thy face in full diſplay ſhall ſee,
And (for on Thee his hopes rely,)
Unmov'd each adverſe ſhock defy.
Thy hand ſhall find each latent foe,
And vengeful ſtrike th' unerring blow.
Fierce as the kindled furnace glows,
Whoſe ſides the crackling thorns incloſe,
Thy wrath its flames ſhall round them pour,
And quick their boaſted ſtrength devour.
Their fruit, a luckleſs progeny,
Uprooted from the ground ſhall die,
And Earth their tribe no more behold
Amidſt her families inroll'd,
Who, impious, durſt reſiſtance give
To Thee, whom None reſiſt and live.
In vain each hoſtile art they try;
Behold, as trembling back they fly,
Thy ſhafts, adjuſted to the ſtring,
Impatient wait upon the wing.
Maker of All, through Earth and Skies
O let thy pow'r conſpicuous riſe,

And furnish to our grateful lays
A theme of everlasting praise.

## PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, O tell me, why
Unheeded still ascends my cry,
Why thus from my afflicted heart
Thy presence and thy health depart.
Eternal Lord, throughout the day
With fruitless plaint to Thee I pray;
Nor sleeps the anguish of my soul,
When night's dark shades involve the pole.
Yet unimpeach'd thy Faith appears,
Thy Sanctity my heart reveres,
O Thou, to whom in homage join
The Sons of *Jacob*'s chosen line.
Thee, Lord, our Sires their strength confest,
And found thee, as their stedfast breast
To Thee its full affiance gave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save:
Secure thy wish'd for aid t' obtain,
In Thee they hop'd, nor hop'd in vain.
But what am I? A Man in form,
Yet brother to the trampled worm;
An outcast from the human kind,
To fierce derision's rage consign'd:
They shake the head, they shout, they gaze;
Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays:
" On God, they cry, thy hope was staid;
" Be God, if His thou art, thy aid."

Thine,

Thine, mightieſt Father, thine I am;
By Thee from out the womb I came,
From Thee my ev'ry comfort ſprung,
While yet upon the breaſt I hung.
Hail, from my birth and to my end
My God, my Guardian, and my Friend.
O view me not with diſtant eye,
While various griefs await me nigh:
Thy aid withheld, what friendly pow'r
Shall ſhield me in the dang'rous hour?
See Bulls unnumber'd round me ſtand,
Bulls, nurs'd in *Baſan*'s fertile land;
With wide-extended mouth they roar,
Nor rage the famiſh'd Lions more,
When nightly through the ſtarleſs gloom
Along the howling Wild they roam.
My frame, disjoin'd, in ſwift decay
Waſtes like the running ſtream away;
My heart in groans its grief proclaims,
And melts, as wax before the flames.
Faſt to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,
My fleſh, its vital moiſture drain'd,
Dry as the clay-form'd vaſe appears,
And, while thy chaſtiſement it bears,
Waits till thy hand reſume my breath,
And lodge me in the duſt of death.
Thou ſeeſt my ſoul by Dogs purſu'd,
Dogs fierce of kind, and train'd to blood;
Thou ſeeſt a throng, who Thee deſpiſe,
In dreadful ſiege againſt me riſe,

And, while faſt-iſſuing ſtreams the gore,
My hands and feet relentleſs bore.
My ſtarting bones to ev'ry eye
Expos'd, O Ye that, paſſing by,
In wonder (not in pity) join,
O ſay, was ever grief like mine?
My raiment each with each divides,
My veſture, as the lot decides,
Becomes ſome new poſſeſſor's ſpoil,
The prize that crowns his impious toil.
My God, my Strength, recede not far,
But haſte, and make my ſoul thy care,
My ſoul, purſu'd by hoſtile hate,
Afflicted, helpleſs, deſolate;
O turn th' impending ſwords away,
Nor yield it to the Dog a prey.
The foaming Lion's wrath aſſuage,
Nor let the Oryx, in his rage,
With headlong force againſt me borne,
Aim at my life the pointed horn.
So will I joy thy honour'd name
Amidſt my brethren to proclaim,
And gath'ring Crouds ſhall hear my tongue
Thus to my God awake the ſong.
" Exalt, ye Saints, the Pow'r divine,
" Exalt him, All of *Jacob*'s line,
" And let each tribe with duteous fear
" His boundleſs Majeſty revere.
" 'Tis not in Him, with cold diſdain
" To hear the helpleſs Poor complain;

" He

" He (nor with unrelenting eye)
" Each falling tear, each heaving ſigh,
" Regards, attentive to perceive
" Their wants, and faithful to relieve."
Such Strains thy Mercy ſhall inſpire,
While in the full-aſſembled Choir
To Thee the votive Song I raiſe,
And thankful pay my debt of praiſe.
To You, ye humble, meek, and good,
Who aſk from *Iſrael*'s Lord your food,
His hand indulgent from on high
Shall yield at full the wiſh'd ſupply:
Who ſeek like You their God, like You
To Him their praiſes ſhall renew,
Whoſe Love immortal life imparts,
And ſwells with joy their conſcious hearts.
Maker of All! through ev'ry Land
Thy Deeds in full record ſhall ſtand,
And fartheſt Realms converted join
In homage to the Name divine;
Ev'n Kings in Thee their Mightier greet,
And lay their ſcepters at thy feet.
Earth's countleſs tribes the feſtal board
(Thy grace by ſacrifice implor'd,)
Shall ſpread; and All, whoſe mortal frame
Th' inſatiate Grave prepares to claim,
Thy Pow'r, immortal Judge, ſhall own,
And proſtrate kneel before thy Throne.
See, while by Thee redeem'd I live,
A Race from Me their birth derive,

(A Race by juſt poſſeſſion thine,)
Whoſe heart thy Spirit ſhall incline
The precepts of thy Will t' obey,
Whoſe tongue thy glory ſhall diſplay,
And bid thy righteous Acts engage
The wonder of the future Age.

## PSALM XXIII.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want ſhall never more be mine.
In a paſture fair and large
He ſhall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'reſt care
'Midſt the ſpringing graſs prepare.
When I faint with ſummer's heat,
He ſhall lead my weary feet
To the ſtreams that ſtill and flow
Through the verdant meadow flow.
He my ſoul anew ſhall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I ſtray,
Teach my ſteps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the ſhades of death o'erſpread,
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wiſh I ſee
By thy rod and ſtaff ſupplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care haſt ſhown;

Thou my plenteous board haſt ſpread,
Thou with oil refreſh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy Love no limit knows:
Conſtant, to my lateſt end
This my footſteps ſhall attend,
And ſhall bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal home.

## PSALM XXIV.

EARTH, big with Empires, to thy Reign
Submits, great God, its wide domain;
Whate'er this Orb's vaſt bounds confine,
By juſt poſſeſſion, Lord, is thine:
That Orb amid the watry waſte
Thy hands, beſt Architect, have plac'd,
And bid th' unfathomable Deep
Beneath its firm foundations ſleep.
Lord, who ſhall to thy Hill aſcend?
Who ſuppliant at thine altars bend?
Whoſe hands and heart from guilt are free,
Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,
Nor, ſtudious of deceit, would try
By oaths to conſecrate a lye.
On ſuch th' Almighty from above
Shall heap the bleſſings of his Love,
And, purg'd from ſin's tranſmiſſive ſtain,
Admit them to his ſacred Fane.
Such only form the choſen Choir,
Whoſe feet, with licens'd ſtep, aſpire

To visit *Sion*'s blest Abode;
Who seek the face of *Jacob*'s God.
Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
Behold the King of glory near.
And who this King of glory? say.
That Lord who bears th' eternal sway,
Who, cloth'd with strength, to war descends,
And conquest on his sword attends.
Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
Behold the King of glory near.
And who this King of glory? say.
The God, whom Heav'n's high Hosts obey:
In Him that King of glory view,
And yield to Him the homage due.

## PSALM XXV.

TO Thee, great God, my soul shall rise;
On Thee my stedfast mind relies;
O save me, Lord, from shame and woe,
And blast the triumphs of my foe.
Nor shame nor woe the heart attends,
Whose trust on *Jacob*'s God depends:
But grief, confusion, doubt, and fear
In dire vicissitude shall tear
The guilty souls, whose love of ill
To rash transgression prompts their will.

Thy

Thy paths, bleſt Source of light, diſplay,
And teach my doubting ſteps thy way.
God of my health, from morn to eve
In Thee my hopes have learn'd to live:
O lead me in thy truth, and ſtore
My heart with thy celeſtial lore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, recall to mind,
Whoſe beams from earlieſt age have ſhin'd,
And let oblivion's thickeſt veil
Th' offences of my youth conceal,
That I with Them my lot may bear,
Whoſe ſouls thy kind remembrance ſhare.
Good, Lord, and juſt art Thou; thy Love
Returning Sinners joy to prove,
And led by thy auſpicious ray
Correct the error of their way.
In Thee ſhall each of humble mind
The Friend and ſure Inſtructor find,
And, while the dictates of thy Law
His thoughts to full obedience awe,
With joy thy equal paths ſhall tread,
By Mercy and by Truth outſpread.
Thy wonted pity, Lord, impart,
While in the anguiſh of my heart
The burthen of my guilt I own,
And humbled bow before thy Throne.
Ye Souls that to his fear incline,
Secure to God your ſteps reſign,
And learn from his directing hand
What path may beſt your choice demand.

How bleſt, thy precepts, Lord, who knows!
As o'er Life's pilgrimage he goes,
See Peace and Safety nightly ſpread
Their tent around his favour'd head:
See, rang'd in fair deſcent, his line
The lot which thy Decrees aſſign
Divide, and, long as time ſhall laſt,
The bleſſings of thy Bounty taſte.
Who bow to Thee th' attentive ear,
The ſecrets of thy will ſhall hear;
Thy Compact, Lord, to ſuch reveal'd,
Shall light and heav'nly tranſport yield.
  Wrapt in the hoſtile ſnare I lie,
Yet lift to Thee th' expecting eye,
Till thou my full relief decree,
And bid my captive ſoul go free.
O turn thee, Lord, in pity turn,
Behold me helpleſs and forlorn;
See various griefs my heart oppreſs;
My wants ſupply, my wrongs redreſs;
O let me thy attention win,
And ſeal the pardon of my ſin.
While factious Crouds around me wait,
Inflam'd with rage, and impious hate,
Stretch to my aid the arm of pow'r,
And guard me in the dang'rous hour,
Nor let my ſoul, on Thee reclin'd,
Its ſorrows utter to the wind.
Let Truth and ſpotleſs Innocence
Their ſuccours to my heart diſpenſe;

Indulgent to my pray'r, with Mine
My Country's wiſh'd deliv'rance join;
God of my hope, thy Love diſcloſe,
And heal, O heal, thy People's woes.

## PSALM XXVI.

1.

BE Thou my Judge: thy ſearching eyes
My guiltleſs life have known:
On Thee my ſtedfaſt ſoul relies,
Nor fear of lapſe ſhall own.

2.

O ſearch me ſtill; my heart, my reins,
With ſtricteſt view ſurvey:
Thy Love, great God, my hope ſuſtains,
Thy Truth directs my way.

3.

The houſe of guile, and ſeat of lies,
With ſtudious care I ſhun:
From Crouds that impious deeds deviſe
My ſteps abhorrent run.

4.

In innocence I waſh my hands,
Thy altar compaſs round,
And grateful lead the ſacred Bands,
Whoſe hymns thy acts reſound.

5.

How oft, inſtinct with warmth divine,
Thy threſhold have I trod!
How lov'd the Courts whoſe walls inſhrine
The Glory of my God!

6.

O let me not the vengeance ſhare,
That waits the guilty Tribe,
Whoſe murth'rous hands each miſchief dare,
And graſp the offer'd bribe:

7.

But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
The path by Thee prepar'd,
Thy beams of mercy on my head,
And round me plant a guard.

8.

Thou, Lord, my ſteps haſt fix'd aright,
And pleas'd ſhalt hear my tongue
With *Iſrael*'s thankful Sons unite
To form the feſtal Song.

## PSALM XXVII.

THOU, Lord, my ſafety, Thou my light,
What danger ſhall my ſoul affright?
Strength of my life! What arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom Thou haſt own'd thy care?
When erſt, impatient to devour,
Againſt me roſe each hoſtile pow'r,
Their fierce attempts ſucceſsleſs found,
They ſtumbled, fell, and bit the ground.
Though adverſe hoſts the ſtandard rear,
Thy ſervant ſhall without a fear
The gath'ring War around him ſee,
And fix, ſecure, his truſt on Thee.
One wiſh, with holy tranſport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form;

One gift I aſk; that to my end
Fair *Sion*'s Dome I may attend,
There joyful find a ſure abode,
And view the beauty of my God.
For He within his hallow'd ſhrine
My ſecret refuge ſhall aſſign,
And, while the ſtorms around me beat,
Fix on the rock my ſtedfaſt feet.
Behold his arm, beneath me ſpread,
High o'er my foes exalt my head.
For this, with grateful joy beſtow'd,
My off'ring ſhall his altar load,
My tongue its note exulting raiſe,
And dictate to the harp his praiſe.
O hear me, Lord; on Thee I call,
And proſtrate at thy footſtool fall:
Propitious in my cauſe appear,
And bow to my requeſt thine ear.
" Seek Ye my face with duteous care,
" And frequent to my Throne repair,"
Thus to my heart I hear thee ſpeak;
Thy face, my heart replies, I ſeek:
Nor Thou to my deſiring eye
Thy preſence, heav'nly Lord, deny:
O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee ſtill my great Salvation find,
Nor leave me, helpleſs and forlorn,
The abſence of thy grace to mourn.
When, doom'd the Orphan's lot to bear,
No Father's kind concern I ſhare,

Nor

Nor o'er me wakes a Mother's eye,
My wants attentive to ſupply,
Adopted by thy care, in Thee
The Parent and the Friend I ſee.
Inſtruct me, Lord, thy path to know,
And, while with ſecret art the foe
My doubting ſteps would turn aſide,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide.
O ſave me from the hand of wrong;
My ſoul by each malignant tongue
With cauſeleſs inſult loaded view,
And charg'd with guilt it never knew.
O how had grief conſum'd my frame,
But that I hop'd, while yet my name
Amidſt the living ſtands inroll'd,
Thy boundleſs Mercy to behold.
With patient hope, with mind ſedate,
On *Iſrael*'s God expectant wait;
Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt: So thy heart
Shall feel his grace its aid impart:
Though preſs'd with ſorrow's heavieſt load,
O fix thy truſt on *Iſrael*'s God.

## PSALM XXVIII.

GOD my Strength, to Thee I pray;
Turn not Thou thine ear away;
Leſt, while to thy Suppliant's cry
Thou thy anſwer ſhalt deny,
Sudden I my place aſſume
'Midſt the tenants of the tomb.

Gracious

Gracious to my vows attend,
While the humble knee I bend,
And, inſpir'd with holy fear,
Tow'rd thy ſhrine my hands uprear.
Give me not thy wrath to know,
Nor to feel the vengeful blow
By thy juſt decrees aſſign'd
To the Men of impious mind,
Who, their hearts intent on wrong,
Smooth with lies their venom'd tongue.
What ſhall guilt like theirs demand
From the Juſtice of thy hand?
Let whate'er their thoughts deviſe,
(Thus aloud that Juſtice cries,)
What their ruthleſs arm has dar'd,
Meet from Thee its full reward:
While thy wrath with ſteady pace
Step by ſtep their feet ſhall trace,
And, though now their ſtubborn ear
Shun thy wondrous acts to hear,
Teach them to confeſs thy pow'r,
Shatter'd like ſome Heav'n-ſtruck Tow'r,
That before th' aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Stooping from its airy height,
'Midſt the thunder's awful roar,
Falls, to be rebuilt no more.
Let me (for with pitying ear
God my pray'r has deign'd to hear,)
Let me thanks perpetual yield;
He my Strength, and He my Shield,

On his long-experienc'd aid
See my hope for ever ſtay'd,
While my heart, with joy poſſeſs'd,
Dances in my throbbing breaſt,
And my tongue in grateful lays
Conſecrates to Him its praiſe.
Thou whoſe arm is o'er us ſpread,
Prompt to guard th' anointed head,
And from each invader's hand
Vindicate thy choſen Land,
Save thy People from diſtreſs,
And thy Patrimony bleſs!
Give them, Lord, thy Love to ſhare,
Feed them with a Shepherd's care,
And their pow'r to lateſt days
O'er their foes triumphant raiſe.

## PSALM XXIX.

SING, ye Sons of Might, O ſing
Praiſe to Heav'n's eternal King;
Pow'r and ſtrength to Him aſſign,
And before his hallow'd ſhrine
Yield the homage that his Name
From a Creature's lips may claim.
" Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
Huſh'd to ſilence, while he ſpeaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll:
See, as louder yet they riſe,
Echoing through the vaulted Skies,

Loftieſt

Loftieſt Cedars lie o'erthrown,
" Cedars of ſteep *Lebanon*.
See, uprooted from its ſeat,
*Lebanon* itſelf retreat;
Trembling at the threat divine,
*Sirion* haſtes its flight to join:
See them like the heifer borne,
Like the beaſt whoſe pointed horn
Strikes with dread the ſylvan train,
Bound impetuous on the plain.
Now the burſting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play,
And the wilds by Man untrod
Hear, diſmay'd, th' approaching God.
*Cades*, o'er thy lonely waſte
Oft the dreaded ſounds have paſt:
Oft his ſtroke the Wood invades:
Widow'd of their leafy ſhades
Mightieſt oaks its fury know;
While the pregnant Hind her throe
Inſtant feels, and on the earth
Trembling drops th' unfiniſh'd birth.
Proſtrate on the ſacred floor
*Iſrael*'s Sons his name adore,
While his acts to ev'ry tongue
Yield its argument of ſong.
He the ſwelling ſurge commands;
Fix'd his Throne for ever ſtands;
He " his People ſhall increaſe,
" Arm with ſtrength, and bleſs with peace.

## PSALM XXX.

TO Thee, great Ruler of the ſkies,
Whoſe arm its conſtant aid ſupplies,
While vanquiſh'd foes confeſs my ſway,
My heart its grateful vows ſhall pay.
As, preſs'd with woe, to Thee I cried,
Thy hand its healing pow'r applied,
And, while increaſing languors gave
The ſignal to th' expecting grave
This mortal fabrick to receive,
Revers'd the doom, and bade me live.
Ye faithful Sons of *Iſrael*'s name,
Your Maker's ſanctity proclaim,
And, while his mercies on your breaſt
In ſweet memorial ſtand impreſs'd,
To Him in joyful accents raiſe
The ſong of gratitude and praiſe.
Behold his Wrath's avenging blaſt,
How ſlow to riſe, how ſoon o'erpaſt,
How prompt his Favour to diſpenſe
Its life-imparting influence.
Grief for a night, obſtruſive Gueſt,
Beneath our roof perchance may reſt,
But Joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each tranſient tear away.
As pleas'd I caſt my eyes around,
And view'd my life with bleſſings crown'd,
(While, ſafe in thy protecting hand,
High on the rock I took my ſtand,)

In

In confidence of ſoul I ſaid,
" What ills ſhall e'er my peace invade?"
But, inſtant, Thou thy face hadſt turn'd,
And proſtrate on the earth I mourn'd:
I mourn'd, and, O my Guard, my Guide,
(With humbler ſpirit thus I cried,)
Shall aught of profit, if the ground
My blood abſorb, to Thee redound?
Or, vocal in thy praiſe, the Duſt
Proclaim thy Counſels wiſe and juſt,
And wake thy wondrous Acts to tell
Amid Corruption's dreary cell?
Thy aid, my God, in pity lend,
And gracious to my plaints attend.
Again the face of joy I wear;
Thy hand, indulgent to my pray'r,
The ſackcloth from my loyns unbound,
With mirth's fair cincture wraps me round.
For this, my heart with zeal ſhall burn,
My tongue the bands of ſilence ſpurn,
And pleas'd, through life, in grateful verſe
Thy Love, eternal Lord, rehearſe.

## PSALM XXXI.

LORD (for on Thee ſupported ſtand
My hopes,) O let thy aiding hand
The juſtice of my cauſe proclaim,
And ſave me from impending ſhame.
Thy ear, thou Majeſty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r incline;

Haſte to my help, and let thy pow'r
My rock preſent and brazen tow'r:
That rock, that tow'r, my God, in Thee,
Snatch'd from ſurrounding ills, I ſee;
To life's laſt period (ſo thy Name
Shall praiſe and thanks perpetual claim,)
O let me, by thy counſel led,
Thy path with ſtep unerring tread,
And, ſav'd by thy preventive care,
Shake from my feet the broken ſnare.
God of my ſtrength, the Wiſe, the Juſt,
To Thee my ſpirit I intruſt;
From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My ſoul its full redemption found.
My thoughts the ſelf-deceiving train,
Enſlav'd to ſuperſtitions vain,
Abhor, and 'midſt increaſing woes
Their confidence on Thee repoſe.
Thy Mercy ſhall my thanks employ,
My conſtant theme, my higheſt joy;
For Thou, my ſoul by griefs purſu'd,
My ſtate with pitying eye haſt view'd,
Confeſs'd me thine, and bid me ſhare
The gifts of thy paternal care.
Thy hand, while rang'd in cloſe array
Inſulting hoſts around me lay,
Gave to the wind their vain deſign,
And made the paths of freedom mine.
Once more, my ſight with inward grief
Conſum'd, vouchſafe me thy relief,

Doom'd,

Doom'd, while my ſoul its ceaſeleſs pains
Deep through its inmoſt frame ſuſtains,
Life's noon for eve exchang'd to bear,
And Age invited on by Care.
The guilt that in my thought revolves
My ſtrength impairs, my joints diſſolves;
The ſcorn of Foes, and, keener yet,
The ſcorn of Friends, my ſoul beſet;
My lov'd Aſſociates, that before
With frequent feet my threſhold wore,
If now at diſtance in their way
Their eye my waſted form ſurvey,
With horror ſtruck the ſight forgo,
And ſhun th' infection of my woe.
With lonely ſtep the earth I tread,
Forgotten as the ſilent Dead,
Or as the vaſe of meaneſt clay,
In uſeleſs fragments caſt away.
My fame opprobrious tongues invade,
While terrors wrap me in their ſhade,
And crouds with meditated rage
Againſt my life their pow'rs engage.
Yet ſee me, Lord, in Thee confide;
Thou art my God, my heart has cried;
From Thee my time its limit knows;
O ſave me from devouring foes,
And with reſiſtleſs arm diſpell
The clouds of wrath that o'er me dwell.
O let thy preſence on me beam,
Thy clemency my life redeem,

Nor let me, Lord, the ſhame ſuſtain
Thy aid to aſk, and aſk in vain.
Theirs be the ſhame, thy pow'r who brave,
Nor ceaſe their inſults, till the grave,
Abſorbing quick the guilty throng,
In endleſs ſilence ſeal their tongue:
Such ſilence on their lips impoſe,
Whoſe words their pride-ſwoln heart diſcloſe,
At Wiſdom's Sons their malice aim,
And blaſt with lies the guiltleſs name.
O, how ſhall All who ſeek thy Love
The fulneſs of thy bounty prove!
How joy, while Thou thy treaſur'd ſtore
Indulgent in their lap ſhalt pour,
And teach th' admiring World to ſee
How bleſt the ſouls that truſt in Thee!
Thy care their ſure defence ſhall yield;
Within thy preſence, Lord, conceal'd,
Thy Saints, while breath their life prolongs,
At diſtance from the ſtrife of tongues,
Shall ſee thy tabernacle ſpread
Its awful ſplendors o'er their head.
Bleſt be the name of *Jacob*'s God,
Whoſe Love, in happieſt hour beſtow'd,
Has giv'n within my lot to fall
The ſtrong-built City's guarding wall,
That fix'd each adverſe ſhock ſuſtains,
And mocks the proud beſieger's pains.
Awhile, with uncollected mind,
As baniſh'd from thy ſight, I pin'd;

But Thou thy Servant's pray'r haſt heard,
In anguiſh of my heart prefer'd.
Ye Souls devoted to his fear,
With thankful love your God revere,
Who wakes your choſen Train to guard,
And deals to Pride its juſt reward.
Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt: So your mind
From Him its full ſupport ſhall find,
Ye Saints that in his care confide,
Nor own nor aſk a help beſide.

## PSALM XXXII.

HOW bleſt the Man, whoſe conſcious grief
From Thee, great God, has found relief;
Whoſe guilt thy boundleſs Love has veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his weakneſs heal'd;
To whom th' offences of his hand
No longer now imputed ſtand,
Who learns thy precepts to revere,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe tongue ſincere.
While deep within my lab'ring breaſt
My mind its dire diſeaſe ſuppreſs'd,
Inceſſant groans, that ſhun'd controul,
Betray'd the anguiſh of my ſoul.
See Age-anticipating Care
My joints diſſolve, my ſtrength impair:
When Night extends its duſky cone,
Beneath thy terrors, Lord, I groan;
The ſhades anon retreating ſee;
And Day to All reſtor'd, but Me.

Behold

Behold my frame with drought conſum'd,
That late with youthful vigour bloom'd;
Such drought the blaſted fields betray,
Beneath the dog-ſtar's burning ray.
My humbled Soul its crimes ſhall own:—
Behold me bow before thy Throne,
To Thee my inmoſt guilt diſcloſe,
And in thy boſom pour my woes.
But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of Mercy to my ear
Deſcends, and whiſp'ring peace within
Confirms the pardon of my ſin.
For this ſhall All who Thee adore,
E'er yet the day of grace be o'er,
To Thee with ſtedfaſt hope repair,
To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r:
So, when affliction's tempeſts riſe,
And heave the billows to the ſkies,
They, ſafe in Thee, the ſtorm ſhall brave,
And diſtant view the madding wave.
When various griefs my ſoul ſurround,
In Thee my ſure retreat is found;
Thy wiſh'd Salvation meets my eyes,
And ſongs of triumph round me riſe.
  Come, from thy God inſtruction learn;
While, prompt from error's path to turn
Thy feet, thy ev'ry ſtep I ſcan,
Let Reaſon's uſe beſpeak thee Man;
Nor imitate the Steed and Mule,
Whoſe brutal mouth, averſe to rule,

To

To guard thee from their rage, muſt feel
The forceful rein, and curbing ſteel.
What pangs the impious Tribe await,
While hope and joy his heart dilate,
Who truſts in Thee, O King of Kings,
And Mercy round him ſpreads her wings!
Ye Saints, exulting lift your voice,
Ye pure of mind, in Him rejoice,
Whoſe preſence on the ſoul impreſs'd
With heav'nly tranſport fills the breaſt.

## PSALM XXXIII.

YE Saints (to You the taſk belongs,
And Praiſe ſits comely on your tongues;)
Wake to *Jehovah*'s name the lute,
Nor let the ten-ſtring'd lyre be mute:
O ſing, in accents loud and ſtrong,
O ſing ſome new-invented ſong;
And let the finger's artful ſtroke
The pſalt'ry's various pow'r provoke,
And teach the praiſe of *Iſrael*'s Lord
To vibrate on the ſounding chord.
His words eternal Truth has ſeal'd;
His promiſes in act fulfill'd
Shall Equity and Judgement prove
The changeleſs objects of his love,
And bid the Earth's wide confines know
The gifts that from his bounty flow.
His Word yon azure vault outſpread,
E'er Time the Seaſons onward led;

Form'd

Form'd by his Breath the ſtarry hoſt
Their unextinguiſh'd luſtre boaſt;
While in their cavern'd ſtorehouſe ſleep
The treaſures of the watry deep.
Thy Maker's name, O Earth, revere;
And let thy Sons with holy fear
To Him in low proſtration bend,
And duteous his decrees attend.
He ſpake: And Heav'n, and Seas, and Land,
Appear'd. He bade: And lo, they ſtand.
Their counſels vain the Heathen Tribes
Unite; but God th' event preſcribes,
And blaſts at will each hope that ſprings
Within the breaſt of haughtieſt Kings.
Thy counſel, from controul ſecure,
Thy counſel only ſhall endure;
Thy thoughts to Time's remoteſt bound
With ſure effect, great God, be crown'd.
How bleſt the People that have known
Thee, Lord, their God, and Thee alone;
The Flock thy heritage declar'd,
And objects of thy fix'd regard!
  Wide o'er the Sons of Earth his eye
The Pow'r eternal from on high
Extends, (that Pow'r, whoſe hand, with art
Myſterious, forms the human heart,)
Through life's wild maze their ſteps purſues,
Each act, each thought, attentive views.
Think not, ye Kings, (His aid reſign'd,)
In well-arm'd Hoſts your help to find:

In

In vain with conſcious pride the ſteed
Vaunts in the fight his ſtrength and ſpeed;
In vain the Warrior bold and young
His arm with active vigour ſtrung:
Nor This ſhall promiſe from the ſword
Himſelf to ſave, nor That his Lord.
Hail, ſure Protector of the Juſt!
From Him who builds on Thee his truſt
Thy arm averts with ſtudious care
Each death that viewleſs wings the air;
Thy hand with food his life ſuſtains,
When drought infeſts the blaſted plains.
Our Souls by Thee, their Help and Shield,
With patient hope have ſtood upheld;
Thy ſacred Name our truſt, each mind
From Thee ſhall joy perpetual find:
That joy to our deſiring heart
O let thy Mercy now impart;
And give thy Servants, Lord, to ſee
How juſt the hope that reſts on Thee.

## PSALM XXXIV.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
Form to thy praiſe the joyful lay;
From morn to eve the ſong extend,
Thee boaſt my Father, Thee my Friend;
While pleas'd each heart of humble frame
Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame.
O come, your voice triumphant raiſe,
And ſing with Me your Maker's praiſe.

To Him my Soul diſclos'd its care;
He heard, and preſent to my pray'r
(His faithful buckler o'er me held,)
Each terror from my breaſt diſpell'd.
The ſouls, that his decree regard,
Like Me his chearing light have ſhar'd,
And fearleſs of repulſe or ſhame
The promiſe of his mercy claim.
Behold a heart with woes oppreſs'd;
Behold, its vows to God addreſs'd,
His hand its healing pow'r diſplay,
And chaſe each cloud of grief away.
His Angel, nigh the juſt man's tent
Encamp'd, each danger to prevent,
His ſure protection round him throws,
Though harneſs'd Hoſts his peace oppoſe.
O taſte with Me, O taſte and prove
The bleſſings of his boundleſs Love.
Hail, Saviour of the human race!
Hail, Fountain of exhauſtleſs grace!
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
Nor own nor aſk a help but thine.
His fear preſerve, ye juſt and pure,
And live from dread of want ſecure.
The ſtrengthful Lion's tawny brood
With thirſt and penury of food
Are ſtung; but who in God confide
Shall find their ev'ry wiſh ſupplied.
Ye Children, come; my precepts hear,
And learn the dictates of his fear:

O come;

O come; if long extent of days,
With bleſſings crown'd, thy hope can raiſe,
Averſe from each injurious art,
Let falſehood from thy lips depart;
Be Good thy choice; from Evil ceaſe;
And plight the ready hand to peace.
Him ſerve, whoſe fav'ring eyes ſurvey
The hearts that his commands obey;
Him ſerve, whoſe ever open ear
With juſt regard their pray'r ſhall hear,
While terrors planted on his brow
Inſtruct the ſtubborn ſoul to bow,
And vengeance, kindled to a flame,
Blots from the earth the impious name.
With ſuppliant voice, in each diſtreſs,
His ſole ſupport, his ſole redreſs,
From God the Man of faithful mind
Shall ſeek, and what he ſeeks ſhall find.
He, ever watchful, ever near,
The meek and contrite ſoul ſhall chear;
And though the Juſt, by his decree,
Awhile a Man of griefs we ſee,
His Love ſhall ſoon its aid beſtow,
And deep oblivion of his woe:
To violence expos'd, his frame
Thy fix'd attention, Lord, ſhall claim;
Nor Hell's worſt rage one bone ſhall dare
To break, when Thou haſt bid to ſpare.
But ill on All who ill intend
In full proportion ſhall deſcend:

Who tow'rd the Juſt in hatred join,
Shall feel, great God, the weight of thine.
'Tis thine thy Saints from woes to free;
Nor Time throughout its courſe ſhall ſee
The ſoul, whoſe hope on Thee is ſtaid,
Neglected mourn thy abſent aid.

## PSALM XXXV.

LORD, make my quarrel thine; my foes
Let thy reſiſtleſs pow'r oppoſe;
Ariſe thy ſpeedieſt help to yield,
And reach the corſlet, reach the ſhield,
Graſp in thy hand the glitt'ring lance,
And obvious in the breach advance;
Say to my troubled Soul; "In Me
"Thy ſtrength and ſure ſalvation ſee."
Let ſhame their glowing cheeks o'erſpread,
Whoſe ceaſeleſs threats excite my dread,
And let them, ſtruck with wild affright,
Inglorious backward urge their flight,
Diſpers'd, as chaff before the wind,
Thy Angel preſſing cloſe behind,
Along the dark and ſlipp'ry way,
Whoſe paths their ſtagg'ring ſteps betray,
And from the arm ethereal find
The vengeance to their guilt aſſign'd.
Thou ſeeſt them, Lord, with cauſeleſs hate,
Beſide my path inſidious wait,
With cauſeleſs hate the pit prepare,
And plant before my ſteps their ſnare.

O let

O let deſtruction's ſudden ſtroke,
While thus thy juſtice they provoke,
Deſcend, vindictive, on their head;
Faſt in the net for Me outſpread
Involv'd, let each repentant groan,
And reap the miſchiefs he has ſown.
But Thou, my Soul, with awful joy
On God thy ſtedfaſt thought employ,
And, his Salvation taught to prove,
Record the wonders of his Love.
Each bone whoſe ſtrength ſupports my frame
With grateful tranſport ſhall exclaim,
Lord! Whom like Thee ſhall Mortals find,
For ever juſt, for ever kind,
Like Thee prepar'd th' afflicted poor
From lawleſs inſult to ſecure,
And back their yielded life demand
From ſtern Oppreſſion's iron hand?
Thus poor and thus oppreſs'd with wrong
Awhile was I: a hoſtile Throng
Againſt me urg'd, to falſehood prone,
The guilt my breaſt had never known,
And left me helpleſs and forlorn
The friendſhip ill repay'd to mourn,
That, when Affliction's weight they bare,
Had taught my heart their woes to ſhare:
While ſickneſs wrapt them in its chain,
And fix'd them on the bed of pain,
I knew their ſuff'rings to bewail,
And ſunk with grief, with faſting pale,

To God, in ſorrow's garb array'd,
With humbleſt interceſſion pray'd,
And find the pray'r their pride has ſpurn'd
With bleſſings on my head return'd:
Nor Friend for Friend ſincerer woes,
Nor Brother for a Brother, knows;
Nor feels the Son his melting breaſt
With deeper ſenſe of grief impreſs'd,
That graſps a dying Mother's hand,
And waits to take her laſt command,
Or o'er her loſs in ſecret pines,
And wraps the ſackcloth round his loyns.
Not ſuch the pity ſhown to Me:
Ev'n abjects my abjection ſee
With ſcornful gaze, as round me ſtand,
In adverſe league, a lawleſs Band,
Theſe taught with well-diſſembled art
To veil the purpoſe of their heart,
While Thoſe in open hate engage,
And ceaſeleſs vent their murth'rous rage,
Now furious grind their teeth, and now
Inſulting aim the deathful blow.
How long wilt Thou, my God, how long
With patient eye behold my wrong?
How long ſhall I in vain attend
Till Thou, my Guardian and my Friend,
The Lion's dreaded rage controul,
And reſcue my deſerted ſoul,
That, 'mid th' aſſembled Tribes, my tongue
May raiſe to Thee the thankful ſong?

O let

O let not my uninjur'd foes,
With ſpeaking eye, amidſt my woes,
As round they ſtand in cloſe array,
The triumphs of their heart betray:
Behold them, Lord, their arts addreſs,
The friends of peace and truth t' oppreſs,
But chief my name with inſults load:
" Thou wretch abandon'd of thy God,
" In vain, they clamour, what our eyes
" Atteſt, thy conſcious tongue denies."
My God, (for Thou their rage haſt ſeen,)
With timelieſt ſuccour intervene,
Nor ſilent long, Almighty Sire,
Remain, nor diſtant far retire.
Awake, thy aiding ſtrength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right.
Let Juſtice teach them, by thy ſtroke,
Their frantic triumphs to revoke;
Nor let their heart, its wiſh complete,
With ſecret joy tranſported beat,
Or boaſting hail th' expected hour,
That gives me to the Murth'rer's pow'r.
Let All who make my grief their ſcorn
Their blaſted hopes aſtoniſh'd mourn;
Let ſtern rebuke and foul diſgrace
With ſhame perpetual clothe their face,
As, nigh me rang'd, with thankful voice
The friends of innocence rejoice,
And " Bleſt, they cry, be *Jacob*'s Lord,
" The God by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,

" Who

" Who joys his Servant's cauſe to plead,
" And crowns with peace his favour'd head."
While, loudeſt in the choir, my tongue
To notes of praiſe ſhall tune its ſong,
And pleas'd through each revolving day
Thy Juſtice, mightieſt Lord, diſplay.

## PSALM XXXVI.

BEHOLD the wretch, in error loſt,
Whoſe ſtubborn heart with impious boaſt
His Law rejects, his Fear denies,
Who form'd the earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Nor ſelf-abhorrent looks within,
To view the meaſure of his ſin.
His tongue to falſehood train'd, his mind
No more to acts of good inclin'd,
Concerted miſchiefs croud his breaſt,
And rob his midnight hours of reſt.
Nor Wiſdom to her paths his will
Can turn, or wean his ſoul from ill.
Thy Mercy, Lord, to Heav'n extends,
Thy Truth the lofty clouds tranſcends;
Fix'd as the Mountain's ſolid baſe
Thy Juſtice ſtands; who ſeeks to trace
The counſels of the Will divine
By Reaſon's aid, with ſcanty line
(Prepoſt'rous,) would the Deep explore,
And meaſure with his ſpan its ſhore.
Nor reſt thy cares alone confin'd
To Us, the Sons of human kind;

Thy

Thy hand th' unconſcious Brute ſuſtains,
And ſpreads his paſture on the plains:
But We, with pious truſt, who know
What gifts we to thy Mercy owe,
(O, what that Mercy can excell?)
Beneath thy foſt'ring wings ſhall dwell.
To each who ſeeks thy name behold
Thy Houſe its richeſt ſtores unfold,
And bliſs unintermix'd with woe
In fulleſt ſtreams their breaſt o'erflow.
From out thy Seat, immortal King,
Forth iſſues Life's perennial ſpring;
Thy light with unextinguiſh'd rays
Shall o'er our heads auſpicious blaze.
Still may the Souls who Thee have known
The Bleſſings of thy Mercy own,
And each who bears a ſpotleſs mind
His refuge in thy Juſtice find.
Me let thy care, Almighty Friend,
From Pride's injurious foot defend;
Each impious hand that ſeeks my hurt
Let thy ſuperior ſtrength avert.
Lo, there they fall, their triumphs o'er,
And proſtrate lie, to riſe no more.

## PSALM XXXVII.

LET not the Sinner's wealth or might
The envy of thy ſoul excite:
Anon thine eye ſhall ſee him fade
Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade,

That

That now rejoicing lifts the head,
Now with'ring on the earth is ſpread.
But Thou thy will to Heav'n's high Lord
(His Faith thy truſt, thy rule his Word,)
Submit, and nouriſh'd by his hand
Inherit from his gift the Land.
In Him delight, on Him depend;
Him chuſe thy Guide, thy Way, thy End;
So ſhall his Love thy wiſhes grant,
His Care anticipate thy want,
And bid thy acts in light ſerene
Fair as the riſing morn be ſeen,
Thy Juſtice as the noon of day
Diffuſive pour its cloudleſs ray.
With patient hope await his will,
Nor let the ſight of proſp'rous ill
Impell thee with diſquiet vain
His wiſe diſpoſals to arraign,
Leſt wrath and doubt thy conſcience blind,
And urge to acts of guilt thy mind.
See, from their dwelling torn, th' unjuſt
To thoſe who fix on God their truſt
(So wills the Majeſty divine,)
Their forfeit heritage reſign.
Wait but awhile; then look around:
No more the impious race are found;
Nor the proud roof nor wide domain
The mem'ry of their Lord retain.
But ſee the meek and pious Band
(Advanc'd by God's almighty hand

The pow'r among them to divide,
To fierce Ambition's ſword denied,)
Earth's bounds poſſeſs, and, Peace their care,
The fulneſs of its bleſſings ſhare.
His wiles the Fool of Sin provides
To ſlay whom Wiſdom's precept guides,
Now furious grinds his teeth, and now
Inſulting aims the deathful blow:
But God his frantic rage derides,
And ſees the Day, as on it glides,
Whoſe beams, with wrath uncommon red,
Shall ſtream in vengeance o'er his head.
On You, ye Poor, with dire intent,
The ſword is drawn, the bow is bent;
But vain each wiſh, each effort vain,
To root from earth your choſen train:
The ſword, with better aim impreſs'd,
Deſcends into its Owner's breaſt;
Reluctant to the Archer's will
Burſts the tough bow, and mocks his ſkill.
Exchange not Ye your ſcanty ſtore
For heaps of guilt-polluted ore:
That God, ye Saints, whoſe Love ye ſeek,
The arm of lawleſs pow'r ſhall break,
And bid the Juſt protected ſtand
Beneath the ſhadow of his hand:
By Him your years determin'd flow;
The Lot, which his Decrees beſtow,
From Sire to Son, till time ſhall end,
In ſure ſucceſſion ſhall deſcend:

When

When War's dire flames around you burn,
From You the darts their points ſhall turn;
Each blaſt that taints the red'ning ſky
From Your exempted fields ſhall fly.
Who know not Thee, great God, to dread,
As Victims for the ſlaughter fed,
Conſum'd by Heav'n's avenging fire
Shall periſh and in ſmoke aſpire.
While faithleſs Theſe th' intruſted loan
With baſe ingratitude diſown,
His plenteous alms the Juſt can give,
And pleas'd a Brother's wants relieve.
Earth's goods thy Bleſſing to the Pure
Shall grant, and what it grants inſure;
While guilty ſouls the Curſe divine
To full exciſion ſhall conſign.
The Juſt, bleſt object of thy Love,
Thou, Lord, wilt lead, his path approve,
Thy faithful hands his ſteps ſuſtain,
Nor falls he, but to riſe again.
Once was I young, and now am old,
Yet ne'er the Righteous could behold
By God deſerted, nor his ſeed
Requeſting at my gate their bread:
His heart with gen'rous pity glows;
Inrich'd by what his hand beſtows
He lives, and for his diſtant heirs
Proſperity and peace prepares.
From Ill recede; to Good incline
Thy thought; and endleſs life be thine.

Delighted

Delighted whom his Laws delight
Th' Almighty views; nor Day nor Night
The ſoul that bows to his Decree
Abandon'd from his Love ſhall ſee.
Behold, ye Juſt, th' eternal Doom
The Sinner's ſhort-liv'd race conſume,
While happier Ye to Yours aſſign'd
A heritage perpetual find.
How bleſt whom Thou, great God, haſt taught!
His lips, with ſacred ſcience fraught,
The leſſons of thy truth impart;
And, grav'd within his inmoſt heart,
Thy Law, the ever faithful Guide,
Forbids his ſtedfaſt feet to ſlide.
Each art the murth'rous tribe eſſay,
And mark the guiltleſs for their prey;
But God his reſcue has decreed;
Himſelf will riſe his cauſe to plead,
Refute th' Accuſer's perjur'd tongue,
And ſave him from the hand of wrong.
Wait on thy God; obſerve his ways:
His pow'r aloft thy head ſhall raiſe;
Exerted in thy right his hand
Shall vindicate to Thee the Land,
And bid, before thy ſight, his foe
The terrors of his vengeance know.
The proſp'ring Sinner once I view'd;
Strong as the healthful Tree he ſtood,
That, ſhadowing wide its native ſoil,
Nor knows, nor aſks, the planter's toil:

I went, I came, and look'd again;
I look'd, but fought his place in vain.
Behold the Juſt, and mark his end:
See Peace his eve of life attend,
While on the Sinner's lateſt hour
The ſtorms of heavieſt vengeance low'r.
To God the Juſt his ſafety owes,
Him owns his Strength amidſt his woes,
Aſſur'd that He ſhall each defend
Whoſe conſtant hopes on Him depend,
And, while his foes their peace invade,
Reach, in their cauſe, his promis'd aid.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

O Spare me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed.
Pierc'd by thy ſhafts, great God, I ſtand,
And feel the preſſure of thy hand.
Thou ſeeſt, from health eſtrang'd, my frame
The terrors of thy wrath proclaim,
While conſcious guilt alarms my breaſt,
And robs my tortur'd joints of reſt.
Whelm'd with a weight of ſins I mourn,
A weight too heavy to be borne;
My wounds, whoſe ſmart thoſe ſins repays,
The wide-infected air betrays.
See! bow'd, from morn to eve, with woe,
And wrapt in ſackcloth drear, I go;
My reins with hidden torments wrung,
Each limb diſeas'd, each nerve unſtrung,

Aloud

Aloud my ſuff'rings I bemoan,
And fainting pour the frequent groan.
But Thou, e'er yet my groans proceed,
My griefs and inmoſt wiſh canſt read.
Behold my heart with anguiſh torn,
My ſtrength with long affliction worn,
And ſtretch'd before my waſted ſight
The ſhadows of approaching night.
Each Neighbour's eye with ſilent gaze
My alter'd lineaments ſurveys;
My Friends, and next Allies by birth,
(Once kind Companions of my mirth,
When wing'd with health the moments flew,)
My griefs with diſtant horror view.
With ſnares my foes beſet my way,
Intent on death throughout the day
With fierceſt rage my name revile,
And diſcipline their thoughts to guile:
Invented crimes, and taunts ſevere,
With ſteadieſt patience, Lord, I hear,
Unmov'd, as One who deaf and mute
Nor cenſure feels nor can refute:
For Thou, beſt Advocate, art nigh;
On Thee, great God, my hopes rely;
O vindicate my fame from wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful tongue.
Thou know'ſt the tenour of my pray'r;
O let me not their inſults bear:
Mark, when my ſteps have chanc'd to ſlide,
The ſhouts that riſe on ev'ry ſide,

And, echoing through the wounded air,
The triumphs of their heart declare.
Thou seest how prone to lapse my feet,
What woes my eyes incessant meet;
Nor shuns my soul its guilt to own,
But sorrowing bows before thy throne.
How strong, how num'rous, are the foes
That unprovok'd my peace oppose,
Their veins with health's full current warm,
And strung with active might their arm!
Ill for my Good return'd I find,
Nor know from aught (but that, inclin'd
To Good, their deeds I shun,) to date
The ground of their prepost'rous hate.
O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
The absence of thine aid deplore;
God of my life, recede not far,
But haste, and make that life thy care.

## PSALM XXXIX.

MY steps Discretion's rules shall guide;
Nor error from my lips shall slide,
(Thus to myself resolv'd I said;)
Nor word, in Wisdom's scale unweigh'd:
While lawless crouds attend me nigh,
And mark me with insidious eye,
Behold me with the steady rein
Each effort of my tongue restrain.
Awhile my soul its purpose keeps;
A stubborn silence seals my lips:

But O! from themes of good withheld,
How oft my full-swoln heart rebell'd!
My thoughts in various tumult roll;
At length, impatient of controul,
Forth from my struggling bosom brake
The kindled flame; and thus I spake:
O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end,
And, lesson'd by thy Wisdom, learn
How soon my fabrick shall return
To earth, and in the silent tomb
Its seat of lasting rest assume.
What are my days? (a span their line;)
And what my age compar'd with thine?
Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And Vanity and Man are one:
With anxious pain this Son of care
Toils to inrich an unknown heir,
And, eying oft his heapy store,
With vain disquiet thirsts for more.
Where, Lord, shall I my refuge see?
On whom repose my hope but Thee?
O purge my guilt, nor let my foe
Exulting mock my heighten'd woe.
Convinc'd that thy paternal hand
Inflicts but what my sins demand,
I speechless sate; nor plantive word,
Nor murmur, from my lips was heard.

But O, in thy appointed hour
Withdraw thy rod; leſt Nature's pow'r,
While griefs on griefs my heart aſſail,
Unequal to the conflict, fail.
O, how thy chaſtiſements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the ſtrongeſt frame we ſee,
If Thou the Sinner's fate decree!
As when the fretting moths conſume
The labour of the curious loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its luſtre fades away.
Such, Man, thy ſtate: then, humbled, own
That Vanity and Thou are one.
To Thee, great God, my knees I bend;
To Thee my ceaſeleſs pray'rs aſcend;
O let my ſorrows reach thine ears,
And mark my ſighs, my groans, my tears.
God of my Fathers! Here, as They,
I walk the Pilgrim of a day;
A tranſient Gueſt, thy works admire,
And inſtant to my home retire.
O ſpare me, Lord, awhile, O ſpare,
And Nature's ruin'd ſtrength repair,
E'er, life's ſhort circuit wander'd o'er,
I periſh, and am ſeen no more.

## PSALM XL.

1.

WITH patient hope my God I fought;
He to his Suppliant's want his thought
In happieſt hour applied:
He from the dark and miry pit
High on the rock has rais'd my feet;
Nor fear my ſteps to ſlide.

2.

His praiſe inſpires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a ſong
In ſtrains unheard before.
Admiring crouds his work ſhall ſee,
Their ſtrength on Him repoſe with Me,
With Me his name adore.

3.

Bleſt, who in Thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly truſt the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray.
Thy Mercies, Lord, all praiſe ſurmount,
Nor numbers can their ſum recount,
Nor words their worth diſplay.

4.

Nor Sacrifice thy Love can win,
Nor Off'rings from the ſtain of ſin
Obnoxious Man ſhall clear:
Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
(Thy hand, whoſe ſignature it bears,)
And opes my willing ear.

5. And,

5.

And, since the Blood of Victims slain,
And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain
T' avert th' Offender's doom,
Myself th' atonement will provide;
Lo! (touch'd with pity thus I cried,)
I come, my God, I come.

6.

Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
My full obedience has foretold
To Thy mysterious Will.
His just assent thy Servant gives,
Thy words my Breast with joy receives,
My Hands with zeal fulfill.

7.

The faithful Witness to thy fame,
Aloud thy Justice I proclaim
To *Abraham*'s chosen Race:
My lips, Thou know'st, have ne'er declin'd
To preach the Theme by Thee injoin'd,
The Wonders of thy Grace.

8.

With strong desire my bosom glows
Thy Truth and Mercy to disclose,
In Man's relief display'd:
O let that Truth dispell my woe,
That Mercy, Lord, around me throw
Its all-protecting shade.

9.

While griefs on griefs my cup have mix'd,
On earth my downward looks are fix'd;
The Sins, whose weight I bear,
(Those Sins, that number'd by the eye
The hairs that shade my head outvie,)
My heart with anguish tear.

10.

Haste to thy Servant's rescue, haste;
My Soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r.
In wild confusion backward borne
Their wish defeated let them mourn,
And lost in empty air.

11.

Be shame their just reward assign'd,
While round me with relentless mind
Derision's shout they raise:
Thy Bliss let All who seek thee share,
And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
In songs of ceaseless praise.

12.

While These in thy Salvation joy,
Increasing griefs my thought employ,
And speediest aid demand:
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, instant in my cause appear,
And reach thy saving hand.

## PSALM XLI.

BLEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpleſs Orphan's tear:
In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
Himſelf thy pity, Lord, ſhall know;
Thy Love his life ſhall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the choſen land,
Nor leave him in the dreadful day
To unrelenting foes a prey.
When languid with diſeaſe and pain,
Thou, Lord, his ſpirit wilt ſuſtain,
Prop with thine arm his ſinking head,
And turn with tend'reſt care his bed.
O let me, Lord, thy mercy ſhare,
(Thus to my God I form'd the pray'r,)
Health to my fainting ſoul diſpenſe,
That humbled owns its dire offence.
" When ſhall he periſh?" Thus my foes
With ruthleſs tongue their wiſh diſcloſe;
" Why lingers Death's appointed hour
" Oblivion on his name to pour?"
Beſide my couch, diſſolv'd in tears,
The hoſtile viſitant appears,
Diſſembling o'er my anguiſh mourns,
While with collected malice burns
His heart, and parted from my gate
Aloud proclaims his ſettled hate.

Now

Now pleas'd they form ſome dark deſign,
Now whiſp'ring thus in curſes join:
" Still may the guilt unpurg'd remain,
" That binds him on the bed of pain;
" Nor let him from that bed ariſe,
" But cloſe in endleſs ſleep his eyes."
And Thou, the Friend, to whom my heart
Its inmoſt counſels wont t' impart,
For whom the ſocial board I ſpread,
And broke with lib'ral hand my bread,
With lifted heel, ſevere return,
The partner of thy breaſt couldſt ſpurn.
Maker of All! be Thou my guard:
Give me, my ſtrength by Thee repair'd,
Give me to teach the faithleſs band
To own the juſtice of thy hand.
So, while my pray'rs indulg'd approve
My Soul the object of thy Love,
My foes, with inward anguiſh torn,
Shall each his blaſted triumphs mourn;
And I (for Thou thy aid ſhalt yield,)
In innocence of heart upheld
Thy Courts ſhall ever tread, and there
The fulneſs of thy preſence ſhare.
O thankful bleſs th' Almighty Lord,
The God by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd.
His fame, e'er Time its courſe began,
O'er Heav'n's wide region echoing ran;
To Him through endleſs ages raiſe
One ſong of oft-repeated praiſe.

PSALM

## PSALM XLII.

AS pants the Hart for cooling ſprings,
So longs my Soul, O King of Kings,
Thy face in near approach to ſee,
So thirſts, great Source of Life, for Thee.
When ſhall I reach thy bleſt abode?
When meet the preſence of my God?
Tears, Lord, Thou know'ſt, have been my bread,
By day, by night, profuſely ſhed,
While thus they urge me to deſpair:
"Where's now thy God, thou Outcaſt, where?"
While griefs like theſe beſet my ſoul,
My buſied thoughts tumultuous roll;
And oft in luxury of woe
Back to thoſe happier hours I go,
When up fair *Sion*'s high aſcent
The Tribes in long proceſſion went,
And, while thy praiſe in grateful ſongs
Reſounded from a thouſand tongues,
I, rank'd amid the feſtive Train,
Exulting trod thy hallow'd Fane.

Why thus, my Soul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;
To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure Defence, my conſtant Aid.

Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in ſweet remembrance riſe,

Though

Though now with mournful ſtep and ſlow
O'er *Jordan*'s lonely banks I go,
And, exil'd from thy much lov'd Dome,
On diſtant *Hermon* penſive roam.
Deeps to confed'rate Deeps aloud
Have call'd, and from the burſting cloud
Their licens'd rage the ſtorms have ſhed,
And heap'd the billows o'er my head.
Yet 'midſt the ſtorm, and 'midſt the wave,
Thy Love the beams of comfort gave;
Thy Name to rapture prompts my tongue,
My Joy by day, by night my Song;
To Thee my ſoul aſcends in pray'r,
And in thy boſom pours its care.
God of my ſtrength, attend my cry,
Say why, my great Preſerver, why,
Excluded from thy ſight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe;
Why ſharper than the biting ſteel
Th' inſulting Foe's reproach I feel,
While thus they urge me to deſpair:
"Where's now thy God, thou Outcaſt, where?"
Why thus, my Soul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;
To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure Defence, my conſtant Aid.

## PSALM XLIII.

O Weigh me, Lord, in equal ſcale,
And let my injur'd cauſe prevail:
O ſave me from an impious Throng,
The Sons of Violence and Wrong.
God of my ſtrength, to Thee I cry;
Say why, by Thee rejected, why,
I bend beneath a weight of woe,
And bear the inſults of the Foe.
O let thy Light attend my way,
Thy Truth afford its ſteady ray,
To *Sion*'s Hill direct my feet,
And bring me to thy hallow'd Seat:
Admitted to thy Altars there,
My hands to Thee the gift ſhall bear,
Whoſe Mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endleſs tranſport yield.
Thy praiſe, O God, my God, the lyre
Shall wake, thy Love its ſong inſpire.
Why thus, my Soul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;
To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure Defence, my conſtant Aid.

## PSALM XLIV.

TAUGHT by our Sires, great God, our ear
Thy wondrous Acts has wak'd to hear,
The Mercies to their Tribes reveal'd,
When Ages long o'erpaſt beheld
By Thee diſlodg'd an impious race
Yield to their choſen Seed a place,
And *Iſrael*'s Sons, thy foes o'erthrown,
Succeed to labours not their own.
There, planted by the hand divine,
With large increaſe their proſp'ring Line
Are bleſs'd, and nouriſh'd by thy care
The fulneſs of thy bounty ſhare.
For not the arm of human might,
Nor ſword of ſteel, upheld their right;
Thy pow'r exerted in their aid,
Thy preſence o'er their heads diſplay'd,
Proclaim'd them favour'd from on high,
And bade each force before them fly.
Thee, Lord, my King, and Thee alone,
Attentive to thy Laws I own;
Indulgent ſtill, Almighty Friend,
Thy Arm in *Iſrael*'s cauſe extend.
Through Thee our Hoſts unmov'd ſhall ſtand,
Strike with the horn each adverſe band,
Thy name invok'd, their fury meet,
And tread them breathleſs at their feet.
Not from my ſword or from my bow
My ſoul ſuch confidence ſhall know;

Thou, Lord, each adverſe pow'r ſhalt quell,
Thy ſtrength their gath'ring troops diſpell:
That ſtrength our boaſt, thy hallow'd name
Our hymns of loudeſt praiſe ſhall claim,
While Time ſhall roll its rapid tide,
And Day and Night thy works divide.
But now, thy wonted aid withheld,
Repuls'd, aſham'd, we quit the field;
No more we ſee, to battle led,
Th' Almighty Conqu'ror at our head,
But quick retreat in wild diſmay,
Abandon'd to our foes a prey.
As Beaſts for food decreed we die,
Or, ſpar'd, as worthleſs in thine eye
See! ſold for nought our Lords we change,
And loſt through diſtant climates range.
Each neighb'ring Realm with ſcornful gaze
Thy People's ruin'd ſtate ſurveys;
Our name, amid the Nations round,
A proverb in each mouth is found;
Aſſembled Crouds inſulting ſtand,
And fierce Deriſion claps the hand.
How feels my heart the dire diſgrace!
How glows with ceaſeleſs ſhame my face,
While thus, diveſted of thy fear,
With keen reproach they wound my ear,
And with revengeful hand fulfill
The dictates of their lawleſs will!
Yet, torn with grief, with dread oppreſs'd,
Thy eyes can witneſs that our breaſt

Its

Its truſt from Thee has ne'er remov'd,
Nor faithleſs to thy Compact prov'd.
No Lord but Thee thy Servants greet,
Nor wander from thy paths our feet,
Though 'midſt the dragon's haunts we tread,
And death's dark ſhades are round us ſpread.
If e'er, averſe to thy command,
To Stranger-Gods we lift the hand,
Say, ſhall our crime thy ſearch elude,
Whoſe eyes our inmoſt thoughts have view'd?
Thy Cauſe we ſtill avow; thy Cauſe
The hoſtile ſword againſt us draws,
And numbers to the death our train,
As Sheep, whoſe blood the hallow'd fane,
Before the altar's kindled flames,
By regular allotment claims.
Ariſe, eternal God, ariſe;
Why ſits this ſlumber on thine eyes?
Awake, nor from thy care expell
Thy once regarded *Iſrael*.
Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face?
Say why to our afflicted race
Thy ear its pity ſtill denies,
Nor hears thy captive People's cries,
As ſunk with ſorrow's weight we bend,
And proſtrate in the duſt deſcend.
Ariſe, thy ſaving pow'r diſcloſe,
And heal with pitying hand our woes.

## PSALM XLV.

MY heart its nobleſt Theme has found:
O Thou, with regal ſplendor crown'd,
To Thee the grateful ſtrains belong;
Thy Worth ſhall bid my willing tongue,
Quick as the pen of readieſt art,
The dictates of my ſoul impart.
Hail, fairer than the Sons of Men!
Grace on thy lips and Beauty reign,
That ſpeak thee honour'd from above,
And bleſt with God's eternal Love.
Hail, Thou whom Nations own their Lord!
Gird on thy thigh the glitt'ring ſword;
By Mercy, Truth, and Juſtice led,
Ride glorious on, thy conqueſts ſpread:
Thy ſtubborn foes, a guilty race,
Thy hand with faithful ſearch ſhall trace,
Mark, as their crimes for vengeance call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall:
While, edg'd with wrath, thy ev'ry dart
Shall pierce ſome proud Oppoſer's heart,
Aſſert the cauſe of *Judah*'s King,
And dip in impious blood its wing.
Through ages laſts, great God, thy Throne,
Thy Scepter Juſtice calls her own,
And (for thy heart his Law purſues,
And guilt with fix'd abhorrence views,)
Thy God, the God who rules the ſkies,
Has o'er thine Equals bid thee riſe,

And,

And, pleas'd, the oil of gladneſs ſhed
In large profuſion on thy head.
Myrrh, Aloes, Caſſia, to the ſenſe
Their all-reviving ſweets diſpenſe,
While, recent from the iv'ry cell,
Their mingled odours round thee dwell.
Their Daughters mightieſt Kings behold
Amid thy Virgin Train inroll'd;
And, ſeated on thy right, the Queen
In faireſt robes array'd is ſeen,
That ſtiff with gold, in *Ophir*'s mine
Matur'd, with fadeleſs luſtre ſhine.
Hear, Daughter, and attentive weigh
The precepts of the Heav'n-taught Lay.
Within thy thought retain no more
Thy Father's houſe and native ſhore:
So ſhall the King delighted ſee
Thy ſpotleſs Form; and O, be He,
That Lord whom Heav'n's high Hoſts revere,
Thy only Love, thy only Fear.
Imperial *Tyre*, that, thron'd on high,
O'er ſubject ſeas extends her eye,
Her Gifts, O Prince, ſhall bring to Thee,
And ſuppliant Nobles ſtoop the knee.
The Virgin (Offspring of a King,)
Whom now thy happy Choice we ſing,
(Herſelf with each perfection bleſt)
E'er Thee ſhe greets, the various veſt
Aſſumes; where 'mid th' inwoven gold
A thouſand colours we behold,

That,

That, kindled by the beams of day,
The needle's utmoſt art diſplay.
By eminence of beauty known
Amidſt her fair Aſſociates, on
She moves, and joys with them to tread
The paths that to thy preſence lead.
No more the Patriarchs of thy line
In Time's long records chief ſhall ſhine;
Thy greater Sons, to Empire born,
Its future annals ſhall adorn,
Thy Pow'r to Them deriv'd diſplay,
And ſtretch through Earth their boundleſs ſway.
That Earth, while thus to Thee I raiſe
A laſting Monument of praiſe,
With thankful voice ſhall join the ſtrain,
And own the Bleſſings of thy Reign.

## PSALM XLVI.

ON Thee, great Ruler of the Skies,
On Thee our ſtedfaſt hope relies:
When hoſtile pow'rs againſt us join,
What Aid ſo preſent, Lord, as thine?
By Thee ſecur'd, no fears we own,
Though Earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
Though tempeſts o'er her ſurface ſweep,
And whirl her hills into the Deep:
Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
That Deep in all its horrors riſe,
While, as the tumult ſpreads around,
The mountains tremble at the ſound.

Behold

Behold fair *Sion*'s bleſt retreat,
Where God has fix'd his awful Seat:
No Tempeſts there licentious ſtray,
But ſoft along their level way
The ſacred Streams their courſe maintain,
And crown with health her happy plain.
God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids ſtorms around her harmleſs fly;
His early care each foe withſtands,
And backward turns the yielding Bands.
See, rous'd by Diſcord's fierce alarms,
The headlong Nations ruſh to arms;
But God aloud aſſerts his ſway,
And Earth's whole fabrick melts away.
On Heav'n's high Lord our truſt we build;
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.
O come, behold a ſcene of dread,
Behold a World with ſlaughter ſpread;
And know, 'tis God who bids each Land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
'Tis His, again the Earth to chear,
To break the bow, to ſnap the ſpear,
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And huſh the tumult of the war.
Bow then, ye Sons of Pride, and own
That I am God, and I alone:
Exalted o'er each Heathen Land,
Exalted o'er the Earth, I ſtand;
I bind all Nature to my Will,
And bid the factious World be ſtill.

On

On Heav'n's high Lord our truſt we build;
The God of *Jacob* is our Shield.

## PSALM XLVII.

1.

ARISE, ye People, clap the hand;
Exulting ſtrike the chord:
Let ev'ry Iſle, and ev'ry Land,
Confeſs th' Almighty Lord.

2.

How awful his myſterious Name!
How high advanc'd his Seat!
Who bids the Nations own our claim,
And caſts them at our feet.

3.

He to our lot a Land aſſign'd,
His favour'd *Jacob*'s boaſt,
And bleſt with gifts of various kind
Her health-incircled coaſt.

4.

Hear, while the ſhouts wide-echoing round
Th' aſcending God proclaim,
The anſw'ring trump through Heav'n reſound,
And ſhake its vaulted frame.

5.

Sing to our God; in loudeſt ſtrain
Perpetual praiſes ſing:
O'er Earth's wide bounds extends his reign;
O praiſe our God and King.

6. Prepare,

6.

Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
In one aſſembled throng,
Your ſhares of harmony to part,
And raiſe the Heav'n-taught Song.

7.

His ſway the Sons of human kind
With humbleſt homage own;
And Sanctity with Pow'r combin'd
Supports his laſting throne.

8.

Kings from afar conven'd behold,
Whoſe breaſts with zeal have glow'd,
Among the tribes to ſtand inroll'd,
That bow to *Abraham*'s God.

9.

For He, whoſe hands amid the ſkies
Th' eternal ſcepter wield,
To Earth's whole race his care applies,
And o'er them ſpreads the ſhield.

## PSALM XLVIII.

1.

GREAT is our God: With warmeſt zeal
O let his name be bleſt,
Within the precincts of his Hill,
And City of his reſt.

2.

Fair is that Hill; how wondrous fair!
Imperial *Sion*'s Seat:
There centers, Earth, thy Joy, and there
Its measure owns complete.

3.

Her Walls, while there his lov'd receſs
The Northern Heav'n ſurveys,
With ſafety God vouchſafes to bleſs,
And pleas'd her ſcepter ſways.

4.

Earth's haughty Monarchs thither came;
They came, they ſaw, they fled.
Amazement ſhook their inmoſt frame,
And undiſſembled dread.

5.

Such fears they ſhare as Matrons find
That feel th' increaſing throe,
Struck by that God, whoſe ſhatt'ring wind
Thy Ships, O *Tharſis*, know.

6.

Lord! what our ears long ſince have known,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy Love in long ſucceſſion ſhown
To *Salem*'s choſen race.

7.

Thrice bleſt Abode! whoſe ev'ry tow'r
By Thee ſupported ſtands,
That God whoſe wide-extended pow'r
Th' ethereal Hoſt commands.

8. When,

8.

When, proſtrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Thy mercies each ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, we join
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

9.

Thy Name, through Earth's wide confines ſpread,
Eternal honours crown;
Each ſentence by thy hand decreed
Fair Juſtice ſtamps her own.

10.

Let *Sion*'s Heav'n-devoted Mount
With ſhouts of triumph ring,
And *Judah*'s Daughters pleas'd recount
The Judgements of her King.

11.

Go, walk her ſacred ſtreets along,
And let her tow'rs be told;
With curious eye her bulwarks ſtrong
And beauteous domes behold.

12.

So ſhall the fair deſcription laſt,
Preſerv'd in full record,
And tell what glories once have grac'd
The Seat of *Jacob*'s Lord.

13.

To Him our thankful hearts ſhall bow,
Nor own a God beſide;
To life's laſt period Him avow
The ever faithful Guide.

## PSALM XLIX.

YE Nations, hear: Ye Sons of Earth,
Of higheſt or obſcureſt birth,
Ye who from wealth's full board are fed,
And Ye who eat with toil your bread,
My words with juſt attention weigh,
And liſten to the hallow'd Lay.
My lips ſhall Wiſdom's leſſons yield,
My heart, with nobleſt ſcience fill'd,
Shall prompt me with obedient ear
The Heav'n-deſcending truths to hear,
While, touch'd with holy fire, my tongue
Forms to the harp the myſtic ſong.
Why ſhould my ſoul with anxious dread
Behold the foes around me ſpread,
Who build on wealth their truſt, and ſtore
In boaſted heaps the glitt'ring ore?
Ceaſe, Mortals, ceaſe your pride; nor dream
That riches ſhall from death redeem,
Or from the all-diſpoſing hand
A Brother's forfeit life demand;
But, taught the Soul's juſt price to know,
At once the frantic thought forgo:
In vain would Friendſhip's zeal eſſay
The full equivalent to pay,
In vain the flitting breath to ſave,
And plead exemption from the grave,
Though envied *Ophir*'s wealthieſt mine
Its treaſures to the purchaſe join.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt the Man in Wiſdom's ſchool
Long tutor'd, like the untaught fool,
To death ſubmit, and leave his heir
His heaps of gather'd wealth to ſhare.
Though Art extends them all its aid,
Mortality's ſtrong graſp t' evade,
And bids them build the Dome ſublime,
Proof to the rage of eating Time,
While Lands ſubjected to their claim
Take from their haughty Lord a name,
Yet Man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the Brute an equal doom,
And ſleeps forgotten in the tomb.
Their hope thus fond thus faithleſs found
Their Sons aſſume; in endleſs round
Another and another race
Their Fathers' wayward ſteps ſhall trace.
Together now behold them laid,
As Sheep, when Night extends her ſhade,
While Death within the vaulted rock,
Stern Shepherd, guards the ſlumb'ring flock.
Corruption there its work ſhall ply,
And, wrapt in darkneſs as they lie,
Each feature fair, each boaſted grace,
With unrelenting hand efface:
Ye Juſt, exulting lift your eyes;
Behold the promis'd Morn ariſe,
That bids you, o'er each haughty foe
Exalted, endleſs triumphs know.

My Soul, amidſt your happy train,
The wiſh'd redemption ſhall obtain,
By God adopted, Death ſhall brave,
And mock the diſappointed Grave.
Let not the Sight thy heart diſmay,
If Man's proud Offspring thou ſurvey
With growing wealth incircled round,
Or mark his houſe with honours crown'd;
Nor think his treaſures, at his end,
Shall with him to the grave deſcend,
Or the vain pomp, that ſtrikes thy view,
Through Death's dark ſhade its Lord purſue.
His life with each enjoyment fraught,
How bleſs'd his pamper'd Soul its lot!
And Thee, while pleaſure crowns thy days,
Admiring Crouds perchance may praiſe;
Yet Thou, like Him, the way ſhalt tread,
Which, one by one, thy Sires have led,
And 'midſt th' impenetrable gloom
Shalt find with Them thy laſting home.
For Man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the Brute an equal doom,
And ſleeps forgotten in the tomb.

## PSALM L.

THE Lord, th' Almighty Monarch, ſpake,
And bade the Earth the ſummons take,
Far as his eyes the realms ſurvey
Of riſing and declining day.

Reveal'd

Reveal'd from *Sion*'s ſacred bound,
The Seat with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
Our God his courſe ſhall downward bend,
Nor ſilent to his Work deſcend.
Devouring flames ſhall march before,
And mightieſt tempeſts round him roar.
Heav'n from above ſhall hear his call,
And Thou, the vaſt terreſtrial Ball;
While Man's whole race their Judge ſhall meet,
In countleſs throngs before his Seat
Aſſembled. " From the diſtant poles
" My Saints collect; the faithful Souls,
" With whom my compact firm it's ſtood,
" Seal'd with the ſpotleſs Victim's blood."
Th' applauding Heav'ns the changeleſs Doom,
While God the balance ſhall aſſume,
In full memorial ſhall record,
And own the Juſtice of their Lord.
With humbleſt awe, my People, hear;
For God, thy God, his voice ſhall rear:
Myſelf, O *Iſrael*, will atteſt
The guilt that ſtains thy erring breaſt.
Not ritual Sacrifice withheld
My theme of juſt complaint ſhall yield:
Still let thy Stall the Steer detain,
Still let thy Goat untouch'd remain
Amidſt his herd-mates: from thy hands
Nor Goat nor Steer thy Lord demands:
Mine are the Beaſts that range the wood,
Mine all the tame or ſavage Brood

Whoſe train the Earth's wide paſture fills,
And wanders o'er her thouſand hills.
Each fowl, that from its airy flight
Deſcends upon the mountain's height,
Each brute that o'er the champaign ſtrays,
My all-obſerving eye ſurveys.
Admit, I hunger; ſhall thy God
Deſcend from Thee to aſk his food,
Lord of the World and all its Store
Thy aid, thou Child of Earth, implore?
Shall Bulls to eaſe my want be ſlain,
Or blood of Goats my thirſt reſtrain?
Go, ſuppliant at my altar bow,
And pay thy thanks, and pay thy vow:
(Be this thy Off'ring:) In thy woes
On Me with ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;
So ſhall my ear receive thy pray'r,
And, grateful, Thou my mercy ſhare.
Thou Wretch by diſcipline unaw'd,
(Thus to the Impious ſpeaks my God,)
Thy ſecret crimes to Me are known;
I ſee my Laws behind thee thrown:
And Thou, doſt Thou with lips profane
The precepts of my will explain,
And, rank'd thyſelf amid my foes,
My terms of offer'd grace propoſe?
Say, has the Thief to Thee applied,
And Thou thy wanted aid denied?
Or fail'd th' Adult'rer e'er to ſee
A partner of his guilt in Thee?

Thy

Thy tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins,
And lye with lye connected feigns.
Haſt thou not ſat, with cruel aim
Reflecting on a Brother's fame,
And with invented ſcandal ſtain'd
Whom erſt one womb with Thee contain'd?
While ſilent thus thy crimes I ſee,
Thy folly pictures me like Thee:
But ſoon my op'ning lips ſhall yield
The juſt rebuke ſo long withheld,
And bid, before thy conſcious eyes,
Thy guilt in all its horror riſe.
Ye Souls forgetful of my fear,
With full regard my dictates hear;
Leſt, at my word, your life the Grave
Demand, and none be nigh to ſave.
Who yields the Sacrifice of praiſe,
His beſt-accepted homage pays:
Who forms his ſteps aright, ſhall know
What Joys from my Salvation flow.

## PSALM LI.

LORD, let thy clemency divine
Conſpicuous in my pardon ſhine;
O let the fulneſs of thy grace
Each error of my life efface,
Its influence to my ſoul convey,
And waſh my ev'ry ſtain away.
My conſcious heart its guilt ſhall own;
My Deed to Thee, and Thee alone,

Obnoxious,

Obnoxious, nor the day nor night
Conceals from my abhorring ſight.
Juſt is thy ſentence, holieſt Lord,
And Truth eternal ſeals thy word.
Thou from the birth my ſoul couldſt view,
As ſhap'd in ſin my breath I drew,
And ſeeſt me guilt's tranſmiſſive ſtain
Through life's revolving courſe retain.
But deep within my inmoſt frame
(Nor dares my ſoul conteſt thy claim,)
Thy juſt decrees, Almighty Sire,
Integrity and Truth require;
Thy hand, corrective of my will,
Shall wiſdom in my breaſt inſtill;
With hallow'd hyſſop ſprinkled o'er,
My ſoul its ſpots ſhall mourn no more,
But, cleans'd by Thee, the whiteneſs know,
That clothes the new-deſcended ſnow.
How ſhall my ear thy pard'ning voice
Tranſported welcome! How rejoice
My bones, with vital moiſture fill'd,
That, cruſh'd by Thee, by Thee are heal'd?
O turn, great Ruler of the Skies,
Turn from my Sin thy ſearching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded ſtand.
Give me a will to thine ſubdu'd,
A conſcience pure, a ſoul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endleſs gloom,
An outcaſt from thy preſence roam,

Or abſent mourn th' ethereal Gueſt,
Whoſe viſits chear th' afflicted breaſt.
O let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from ev'ry fear releaſe,
And ſooth my troubled thoughts to peace.
So ſhall the ſouls, whom Error's ſway
Has urg'd from Thee, bleſt Lord, to ſtray,
From Me thy heav'nly precepts learn,
And humbled to their God return.
O would thy healing grace beſtow'd
Abſolve me from my debt of blood,
How ſhould my tongue thy Juſtice ſing,
Inviſible, Immortal King,
And, long as breath extends my days,
The God of my Salvation praiſe!
Not Victims, Lord, in ſolemn rite
Preſented, thy deſire excite;
Elſe ſhould my hand with zealous care
Th' exacted holocauſt prepare:
A Spirit griev'd is ſacrifice
Delightful to th' all-ſeeing eyes;
The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its pray'r, its groans, its ſighs,
To Thee in full acceptance riſe.
Thy grace to *Sion*, Lord, extend,
And bid fair *Salem*'s walls aſcend:
So ſhall the Sons of *Jacob*'s line
With pureſt offrings load thy Shrine,

And,

And, while in many a lengthen'd wreath
Their incenſe ſhall its odours breathe,
Before thy altar doom'd to bleed
The ſlaughter'd ſteer the flames ſhall feed.

## PSALM LII.

1.

WHY, Tyrant, boaſts thy heart the pow'r
To work a Brother's woe;
While God his mercy bids each hour
In ſtreams unmeaſur'd flow?

2.

With joy thy tongue, to falſehood prone,
Its venom deals around;
Nor razor ſharpen'd on the ſtone
Inflicts ſo deep a wound.

3.

Thy lips far readier Ill than Good
And Lies than Truth have ſought;
Nor e'er has word that aim'd at blood
Unwelcom'd met thy thought.

4.

But God, whoſe wrath thy crimes inflame,
Shall pluck thee from thy home,
Root from the land of life thy name,
And ſeal thy changeleſs doom.

5.

The Juſt, with thankful awe poſſeſs'd,
Shall view thy blaſted pride,

And,

And, from their fierceſt foe releas'd,
Thy impious boaſts deride.

6.

" Lo there the Wretch in treſpaſs bold,
" Who God's ſupport diſdain'd,
" And on his heaps of treaſur'd gold
" His frantic hope ſuſtain'd."

7.

Freſh as the verdant olive, I
Within thy Courts ſhall ſtand,
And, fix'd, indulgent Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

8.

Thy Acts my praiſe ſhall ever claim,
Thy Name, amidſt my woes,
(How grateful to thy Saints that Name!)
My ev'ry fear compoſe.

## PSALM LIII.

BEHOLD the Fool, whoſe heart denies
The God who form'd the Earth and Skies:
While, fearleſs, ſin's worſt paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example ſpreads
Through human race. Not one we find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midſt infectious times has ſtood
Unſtain'd, and obſtinately good.
Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the Sons of Earth his eye,

If haply ſome he yet might ſee
From error's baleful influence free,
Whoſe lives an impious Age might ſhame,
Who ſought his Love, and own'd his Name.
He look'd: But Ah! not one could find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
Each, led from Wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenour of his way.
O ſay, what frenzy thus could blind
Their Souls, that with remorſeleſs mind
As bread my People they devour,
Nor ſuppliant own their Maker's pow'r.
Yet ſee their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See cauſeleſs terrors ſhake their ſoul:
Wide o'er the field the bones are ſpread
Of Chiefs who by thy ſword have bled,
And ſpeak the doom that All muſt ſhare,
Whom God abandons from his care.
Who, mightieſt Lord, to *Iſrael*'s eyes
Shall bid the wiſh'd Salvation riſe,
From *Sion*'s hill its healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day?
When Thou (Thy pow'r the Work demands,)
Shalt back recall our captive bands,
The bleſt event to *Judah*'s ſhore
Her ſongs of triumph ſhall reſtore,
And ceaſeleſs ſhouts, through heav'n's wide frame
Loud-echoing, *Jacob*'s joy proclaim.

## PSALM LIV.

1.

THY Name my ſtedfaſt heart avows;
Do Thou my injur'd cauſe eſpouſe,
And be thy Strength my aid:
My plaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear
With full regard be weigh'd.

2.

For Nations from thy fear eſtrang'd,
With Tyrants fierce, againſt me rang'd,
My guiltleſs ſoul purſue:
But 'midſt my helpers Heav'ns high Lord
Shall ſtand, and faithful to his word
Each adverſe pow'r ſubdue.

3.

O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
Itſelf a willing off'ring yield;
To Thee its praiſe ſhall flow,
While to my thought thy Mercies riſe,
That gave me with exulting eyes
To ſee my proſtrate foe.

## PSALM LV.

O Hear my voice, All-potent Sire,
Nor diſtant from the pray'r retire,
Whoſe accents to thine ear impart
The anguiſh of my heaving heart.

A Croud, whose thoughts from Thee have stray'd,
With falsehood arm'd, my peace invade;
Oppression's shouts around me roar,
Death's blackest horrors whelm me o'er,
And griefs and fears, that shun controul,
Shake to its inmost depth my soul.
O who shall give me (thus my breast
Its vain inquietude express'd,)
The Dove's light wing, that through the air
A wretched fugitive may bear,
And grant me safe from harms to dwell
Within the rock's sequester'd cell?
How would I mount the wafting wind,
How leave the wrathful storms behind,
And in the Desert's lone retreat
Contented fix my lasting Seat!
Thy vengeance, Lord, inflict; their tongue
Divide; for Tumult, Strife, and Wrong,
Where'er I turn, before my eyes
In giant forms amid them rise;
Within their wall's unhallow'd bound
By day, by night, they take their round;
Nor cease their guilty streets to hear
The voice of falsehood, grief, and fear.
Not threaten'd Rage, or Hate profest,
My fame insult, my peace molest;
My soul, when Foes had aim'd the wound,
Some safe recess perchance had found,
Or, disciplin'd by previous care,
Had learn'd th' expected ill to bear;

But

But Thou, 'twas Thou, the Friend diſguis'd,
The Man, whom chief of Friends I priz'd,
To whom, its Counſellor and Guide,
My ſoul in ev'ry doubt applied:
In bands of ſweeteſt union join'd,
Each wiſh, each ſecret of the mind,
We ſhar'd, and 'midſt th' aſſembled Train
Familiar trod the hallow'd Fane.
Let death (eternal Juſtice cries,)
Let death their impious race ſurprize;
Let Earth its op'ning jaws extend,
While living to the grave deſcend
The lawleſs Throng; whoſe Land profane
Hell's worſt-invented miſchiefs ſtain.
But God my vows ſolicit; He
From each diſtreſs my ſoul ſhall free;
He, as with fervent lips I pray,
At dawn, at noon, at cloſe of day,
Shall ſtoop to my complaint his ear,
And inſtant in my cauſe appear.
He, when the battle round me bled,
From hoſtile myriads ſcreen'd my head,
Gave to my pray'r the wiſh'd for peace,
And bade the dreadful tumult ceaſe.
That Pow'r, who ſate inthron'd above,
E'er Heav'n's vaſt Orbs were ſeen to move,
Whoſe Counſels, fix'd through ages paſt,
Shall time's remoteſt date outlaſt,
That Pow'r my conteſt ſhall decide,
And humble to the duſt their pride.

See, unprovok'd, the reſtleſs foe
Aim at thy Saints the deathful blow,
Thy fear, great God, behind him thrown,
And compacts oft confirm'd diſown.
While War's fierce flames within him burn,
As milk new foaming from the churn
Smooth are his lips; as oil his words;
Yet wound they deep as keeneſt ſwords.
O caſt thee fearleſs on thy God;
He, prompt to ſave, the grateful load
Within his ſoft'ring arms ſhall bear,
And feed thee with a parent's care.
Author of good! beneath thy hand
Secure from lapſe the Juſt ſhall ſtand,
While (ſuch thy Mandate!) on his foes
Deſtruction's pit its mouth ſhall cloſe.
Who thirſt for blood, who falſehoods raiſe,
To death ſhall yield, e'er half their days
Be number'd, while, exulting, I
On Thee with ſtedfaſt hope rely.

## PSALM LVI.

OReach me, Lord, thy aiding pow'r,
While hoſtile troops my ſtrength devour;
My ſtrength devour, and day by day
With fierceſt threats my heart diſmay:
Yet Truſt in Thee my ſpirit chears,
And checks my ſighs, and wipes my tears.
Thy promiſe, Lord, to notes of praiſe
In each diſtreſs my ſong ſhall raiſe:

God

God in my cauſe his arm will rear;
And Man, ſhall Man excite my fear?
My words they torture; and, their thought
Each hour with deepeſt malice fraught,
In impious council nightly meet,
And watch, with murth'rous aim, my feet.
On wrong, and ſuperſtition vain,
Their hope the frantic tribe ſuſtain;
But teach them, Lord, thy wrath to know,
And quell the inſults of my foe.
My grief to thine obſerving eye,
As chas'd from realm to realm I fly,
In full diſplay, great God, appears;
O treaſure in thy vaſe my tears:
But ſee! already by thy hand
Recorded in thy book they ſtand.
Whene'er to Thee, my God, I cry,
Secure of aid the fight I try,
While hoſts beneath my falchion bleed,
And back with headlong flight recede.
Thy word my breaſt with joy ſhall ſwell,
Thy promiſe, Lord, my woes diſpell:
God in my cauſe his arm will rear,
And Man, ſhall Man excite my fear?
Their thanks, their vows, (thy juſt demand,)
My lips ſhall yield: Thy fav'ring hand
My feet from error, from the grave
My fainting ſoul, has deign'd to ſave,
And bids me ſtill, to Thee allied,
Within the land of life reſide.

## PSALM LVII.

THY Mercy, Lord, amidſt my woes,
Thy Mercy to my eyes diſcloſe;
Let me, my hope on Thee reclin'd,
Beneath thy wings a refuge find,
Till thy prevailing beams diſpell
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.
To Him, the God who reigns on high,
To Him with ſuppliant voice I cry,
Aſſur'd that He, indulgent ſtill,
My plaint ſhall hear, my pray'r fulfill,
His timelieſt aid from heav'n extend,
My fame from obloquy defend,
And bid his Truth and Mercy ſhed
Their kindeſt influence on my head.
The Lions round me roar aloud;
And, fir'd with cauſeleſs rage, a Croud
Advance, (thy foes, eternal Lord,)
Whoſe teeth are ſpears, whoſe tongue a ſword.
Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O bid thy fulleſt glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.
Oft, as amid the ſnares I tread,
Each hour by hoſtile fraud outſpread,
What fears, what woes, my boſom prove!
Yet, ſav'd by thy preventing Love,
Th' artificers of death I ſee
Faln in the pit prepar'd for me.

My

My heart is fix'd, Almighty Sire,
My heart is fix'd: To Thee aſpire
My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
An argument of endleſs praiſe.
Awake (thou glory of my frame)
Awake, my tongue, to loud acclaim;
Awake my lute, and new-ſtrung lyre;
Inſtinct, myſelf, with holy fire
I wake; and lo, the dawning ſun
Already hears the ſtrain begun.
From Me aſſembling crouds ſhall burn
The triumphs of thy Love to learn,
And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round
Catch from my lips the ſacred ſound.
Lo! to the clouds thy Truth extends,
Thy Mercy Heav'n's vaſt height tranſcends:
Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O bid thy fulleſt glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.

## PSALM LVIII.

YE whoſe lips the cauſe decide,
Say, does Truth your ſentence guide?
Are your thoughts by Juſtice ſway'd,
And in Reaſon's balance weigh'd?
Let your conſcious tongues atteſt
What ye harbour in your breaſt.
Hearts ye bear, that deep within
Cheriſh each ſuggeſted ſin,

And the dictates of your will
With remorseless hands fulfill.
From the womb, in error's way
See the infant sinner stray:
Nurtur'd in deceit and wrong
See him with advent'rous tongue
(Prompt his earliest skill to try,)
Lisp the meditated lye.
See their veins with venom swell;
Arm'd with such, the Adder fell
Stops her ear, in many a fold
'Mid the shelt'ring brake uproll'd,
While each note the Charmer tries,
And his utmost art defies.
  Smite, great God, the Lions' cheek,
And their fangs indignant break.
While they arm them for the war,
And their quiver'd stores prepare,
Let th' Oppressors feel thy pow'r,
Let thy sword their strength devour;
Let them waste in swift decay,
As the Torrents pass away,
As the earth-bred Snails consume,
As th' Abortions of the womb
(Life's short circuit scarce begun,)
Perish e'er they see the sun.
  E'er the Caldron learn to glow
From the kindling thorns below,
Let thy hotter wrath be shed
Quick on each rebellious head:

Let

Let the Storms, that through the ſky,
Miniſters of vengeance, fly,
Inſtant, Lord, at thy beheſt,
Sweep from earth the living Peſt:
While the Souls that truſt in Thee
Pleas'd their cauſe aveng'd ſhall ſee,
And, the dreadful conflict o'er,
Waſh their ſteps in hoſtile gore.
" Doubtleſs, each convinc'd ſhall cry,
" Doubtleſs, there's a Judge on high;
" And who His commands regard,
" Reap at length their full reward."

## PSALM LIX.

TH' impending ſtorm, my God, aſſuage;
High o'er the foes, that round me rage,
Exalt me, (foes, whoſe ſtubborn mind,
To wrong and violence reſign'd,
Thy ſacred Laws has long withſtood,)
And ſave me from the Man of blood.
Aſſembling crouds the deadly ſnare,
Without my crime, great God, prepare;
Without my crime, in ſin allied,
To diff'rent paths their courſe divide:
O, obvious to my pray'r, ariſe,
Nor let their guilt eſcape thine eyes.
Leader of Hoſts, and *Iſrael*'s God!
Stretch o'er the Heathen tribes thy rod,
Nor let them, unchaſtis'd, each hour
With mad preſumption brave thy pow'r.

When

When eve's dark ſhades o'er heav'n are hung,
See! as the Dog with fury ſtung,
While hideous yells their wrath betray,
From ſtreet to ſtreet they urge their way.
Swords in their lips, without a fear
Their threats they vent: for who ſhall hear?
By Thee, by Thee, thoſe threats are heard;
Superior Thou each frantic word,
Eternal Monarch, ſhalt deride,
And check with juſt reproach their pride.
Rock of my ſtrength! To Thee on high
My Soul ſhall lift the ſtedfaſt eye,
Whoſe aid, e'er yet invok'd, each foe
Beneath my conqu'ring feet ſhall throw.
Let not thy wrath, O God our ſhield,
Their name to full exciſion yield,
Leſt, vaniſh'd from th' obſerving eye,
Th' example of the vengeance die;
But, arm'd with pow'r, through foreign lands
Diſtribute wide their vanquiſh'd Bands.
Such vengeance from thine arm, great Sire,
Their tongue's repeated crimes require,
Their thoughts, inflam'd with impious pride,
Their oaths to guile's worſt ends applied,
And urge thee with impartial doom
Each bold tranſgreſſor to conſume:
Strike, Lord, O ſtrike the needful blow,
And teach an erring World to know,
That *Jacob*'s Sons thy pow'r obey,
And Earth's wide confines own thy ſway.

When

When eve's dark ſhades o'er heav'n are hung,
Still, as the Dog with fury ſtung,
Still let them, clam'ring for their prey,
From ſtreet to ſtreet purſue their way,
Inſatiate; while their deſtin'd ſpoil
Eluſive mocks their fruitleſs toil.
I, Lord, ſecure in Thee, thy might
Will praiſe, and with the riſing light
Thy Love, that in the dreadful day
Redeem'd me, on my harp diſplay,
Thee own my Refuge, (heav'nly King!)
And Mercy's unexhauſted Spring.

## PSALM LX.

REPULS'D, diſpers'd, chaſtis'd by Thee,
O grant us, Lord, thy face to ſee,
And let the People, once thy care,
Again thy fav'ring preſence ſhare.
How trembles this divided Land
Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
O Thou, the God whom we adore,
Its breaches heal, its peace reſtore.
Thy juſt Decrees to *Iſrael*'s eyes
Have bid a ſcene of ſorrow riſe,
And to his pallid lips the wine
Of dire Aſtoniſhment conſign.
Yet ſee, thy hands a ſtandard rear;
Beneath it Each, who owns thy fear,
Engag'd in Truth's neglected cauſe,
His ſword, ſecure of conqueſt, draws.

Such,

Such, objects of thy tend'reſt Love,
Defend propitious from above;
Let Me with Them thy Mercy ſhare,
And hear, O hear, my ceaſeleſs pray'r.
God with an Oath his purpoſe ſeals;
My hand with joy his word fulfills:
Behold me *Sichem*'s plain divide;
My line, to *Succoth's* vale applied,
Its bound deſcribes; Thee mine I ſee,
O *Gilead*, and, *Manaſſes*, Thee.
Thou, *Ephraim*, art my ſtrong defence,
Thou, *Judah*, ſhalt my Law diſpenſe;
A diff'rent lot ſhall *Moab* find,
A Vaſe to vileſt uſe aſſign'd;
A doom like his let *Edom* meet,
And wipe the duſt from off my feet.
*Philiſtia*, pleas'd thy tribute bring,
And own in Me thy future King.
Who, as our troops in cloſe array
To *Edom*'s forts direct their way,
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs ſtrength ſhall bid
Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?
Behold us, Lord, oppreſs'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go:
Shall *Iſrael*'s hoſts, thy aid withheld,
Still unſucceſsful take the field?
Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
O let thy Strength, great God, ſuſtain:
Thus arm'd, each adverſe pow'r we dare,
And dauntleſs meet the ruſhing war,

While

While from thy ſword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the duſt expire.

## PSALM LXI.

OPPRESS'D with grief, in exile loſt,
To Thee from *Judah*'s utmoſt coaſt
My voice, eternal God, I ſend:
O hear my plaint; my pray'r attend.
High on the rock my footſteps rear;
There let me ſtand unmov'd, and hear
The ſtorms, that now around me beat,
At diſtance roll beneath my feet.
Thee, Lord, I ſeek, whene'er my foes
With dire intent my path incloſe,
And own thee in the dang'rous hour
My ſtedfaſt Hope, my ſtrongeſt Tow'r.
Remote from fear, within thy ſhrine
Thou, Lord, my dwelling ſhalt aſſign;
Thy wings ſhall wrap me in their ſhade;
Thou, Thou haſt heard me when I pray'd,
And yielded to my wiſh the joys
Of Thoſe whoſe care thy Will employs.
Long Life ſhall *Iſrael*'s King behold,
And ages count on ages roll'd:
Safe in thy preſence let him ſtand,
And ſhare the bleſſings of thy hand;
His dwelling let thy Truth defend,
Thy Mercy on his ſteps attend.
So ſhall thy Love awake my ſong,
Thy Name the willing note prolong,

While, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bleſs thee to my lateſt day.

## PSALM LXII.

MY Soul in God its reſt has found;
When various griefs beſet me round,
His Love ſhall ſure deliv'rance yield;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
And ſafe from lapſe my courſe maintain,
Or, falling, inſtant riſe again.
How long, Artificers of ill,
Shall ſchemes of death employ your ſkill?
Behold the miſchiefs ye intend
Retorted on your heads deſcend:
Your ſemblance ſee yon looſen'd Wall,
Yon Bulwark, nodding to its fall.
Vain are the wiles for Him prepar'd,
Whom Heav'n's high Lord vouchſafes to guard,
And, crown'd with honours from above,
Proclaims the object of his Love.
See, vers'd in fraud, the impious Throng
With bleſſings charge their guileful tongue,
While deep within the heart's diſguiſe
The ſecret curſe invelop'd lies.
But Thou, my Soul, on God reclin'd,
In Him thy wiſh'd for reſt ſhalt find;
His Love ſhall ſure deliv'rance yield;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
Superior brave the hoſtile Train,
And ſafe from lapſe my courſe maintain.

Thee,

Thee, Lord, my Glory, Thee alone
My Rock, my Health, my Strength, I own:
Ye Tribes, in God your help behold,
To Him, with me, your hearts unfold;
Each want confeſs, each grief reveal;
For who, O who like Him can heal?
O Vanity, thy name is MAN:
Intent the human mind to ſcan,
Come, try, if aught of weight there ſeem;
Suſpend the balance, fix the beam:
In vain.—With equal eaſe were weigh'd
The flitting air, or empty ſhade.
Truſt not in Wrong and Fraud; no more
On Hope's light wing preſumptuous ſoar;
Let gather'd wealth before thee lie
Beheld with unretorted eye,
Nor let the glitt'ring heap impart
One wiſh to thy deluded heart.
Once from his throne th' Almighty ſpake,
And forth again the accents brake:
" I claim the univerſal ſway,
" I mark if Man my will obey,
" And, where my Fear the mind impells,
" (For Pow'r in Me with Mercy dwells,)
" Each act obſerve with kind regard,
" And pleas'd confer the juſt reward."

## PSALM LXIII.

THOU art my God; to Thee my eyes
I lift, e'er yet the dawn ariſe:
With ſacred thirſt, O Lord, I burn,
My Heart, my Fleſh, thy abſence mourn,
As o'er th' unhoſpitable way
Amidſt a barren waſte I ſtray,
Yet here, by heav'nly Wiſdom led,
Expectant wait, till o'er my head
Thy beams in mild effulgence play,
And turn my darkneſs into day;
Thoſe beams which oft my eyes beheld
From *Salem*'s hallow'd Shrine reveal'd.
Thy Love my lips ſhall ever tell,
(Can Life itſelf that Love excell?)
Nor ceaſe, while breath prolongs my days,
In thankful notes the hymn to raiſe.
To Thee thy Servant, Lord, as now,
His hands ſhall rear, his knees ſhall bow.
For nought like this my ſoul can chear;
Nor marrow from the fatted ſteer
Could e'er to the luxurious ſenſe
Such full delight, my God, diſpenſe,
As what my ſatiate ſoul injoys,
Whene'er thy praiſe my tongue employs.
Thou Moon, be witneſs if my bed
Forgetful of my God I ſpread;
And Thou, revolving Sun, if e'er
I wake unconſcious of his care.

Safe

Safe in the ſhadow of thy wings,
In Thee I joy, O King of Kings;
When dangers threaten to devour,
Superior to each adverſe pow'r
Thy Arm extends the help divine,
And long Experience calls it mine.
Behold my foes in dread retire,
Or proſtrate at my feet expire:
While to my conqu'ring ſword they yield,
The Beaſts that nightly range the field
Amid the ſlaughter'd heaps ſhall ſtray,
And rav'nous ſeize their licens'd prey.
By Thee exalted to the throne
Shall *Judah*'s King thy mercies own;
And bleſt be Each, my God, whoſe tongue
With Him ſhall raiſe the grateful ſong,
Who ſuppliant at thy ſhrine ſhall kneel,
While ſhame the Lyar's lips ſhall ſeal.

## PSALM LXIV.

THY Suppliant's voice propitious hear;
My life, Bleſt Lord, from hoſtile fear
Secure, while Men of impious mind,
Their pow'rs in ſecret league combin'd,
With factious rage my ſoul purſue,
And hide, O hide me from their view.
Behold the ſlaughter-breathing Throng
Whet as a ſword their baleful tongue,
And words, as arrows keen, prepare,
That edg'd with death ſhall walk the air,

Conceal'd from ſight each fear diſclaim,
And level at the Juſt their aim,
Nor reſt, till in the blameleſs heart
Their hand has lodg'd the ſudden dart.
Their dire deſigns, in guilt allied,
They form; ſecure, their ſnares provide;
" And who our aim ſhall thwart? What eye
" (They aſk,) the hidden death deſcry?"
With future miſchiefs teem their breaſts,
(As each to each new wiles ſuggeſts,)
And ſeek in art's obſcureſt veil
Their guilty purpoſe to conceal.
Ah! Wretches, whither will ye fly?
Behold the arrow from on high
Deſcend, that bears upon its wing
The wrath of Heav'n's offended King:
The fatal ſhaft its errand knows,
And red with hotteſt vengeance glows.
Their tongue, that ſeeks another's hurt,
Itſelf their footſteps ſhall ſubvert,
And paſſers by with inward dread
Behold them on the earth outſpread.
Each heart ſhall own, with rev'rent thought,
That Thou the work, great God, haſt wrought,
And, pleas'd, thy chaſtiſements ſhall trace,
Inflicted on their guilty race,
While, reſcu'd from their rage, the Juſt
Exulting fix on Thee their truſt.

## PSALM LXV.

THEE *Sion*'s praiſe, O Lord, attends,
To Thee the frequent vow aſcends
From each whom *Salem*'s walls behold
Among her faithful ſons inroll'd:
To Thee, whoſe ready ear the pray'r
Prevents, ſhall Man's whole race repair:
Amidſt them at thy footſtool I,
Preſs'd with a weight of guilt, apply,
Aſſur'd from Thy free grace to win
The wiſh'd atonement of my ſin.
Bleſt, who by ſweet experience knows,
What Joys thy Preſence, Lord, beſtows,
The Man, who, privileg'd by Thee,
Thy face in near approach ſhall ſee,
Behold thy beams effulgent play,
And in thy Dwelling fix his ſtay.
Let *Iſrael*'s Tribes, their foes o'erthrown,
The terrors of thy Juſtice own,
O Thou, the Hope of human race,
Of all whom Earth's wide arms embrace,
Of all who toſt by tempeſts ſweep
The ſurface of the pathleſs Deep.
In Thee they truſt, who girt with pow'r
Haſt bid the Mountains heav'nward tow'r,
And, fix'd on ſtrongeſt baſe, defy
The warring blaſts that round them fly:
In Thee—Who know'ſt at will to rein
The inſults of the foaming Main,

Check

Check the brute waves that roar aloud,
And ſtill the madneſs of the Croud.
Remoteſt Realms with dire diſmay
Thy wonders, mightieſt Lord, ſurvey;
And, as they walk th' ethereal Round,
The Morn and Eve thy praiſe reſound.
Thy viſits teach the grateful ſoil
To recompenſe the tiller's toil:
By unexhauſted ſprings ſupplied
Thy River pours its copious tide,
And bids the ſtrength-infuſing grain
Earth's countleſs Family ſuſtain.
The Clouds, in frequent ſhow'rs diſtill'd,
Drop fatneſs on the pregnant field,
Break the tough glebe, the furrows chear,
And crown with good the gliding year.
The paſtures of th' extended Waſte
Thy gifts in rich profuſion taſte;
The hills around exulting ſtand,
And own the bounty of thy hand.
Nurs'd by thy care the fleecy train
Inveſts with white the rural plain,
While, as beneath the fav'ring ſkies
In crouded ranks the harveſts riſe,
The laughing Vale aſſumes a tongue,
And burſts triumphant into ſong.

## PSALM LXVI.

YE Sons of Men, in God rejoice;
Lift in one choir your thankful voice,
And ſpread through Earth's extended frame
The honour of your Maker's name.
How awful are thy Works, how great!
(Thus let the ſong his praiſe repeat,)
Thy late obdurate foes behold,
By thy ſuperior ſtrength controul'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And Earth's whole empire own thy ſway.
Each tribe of human race to Thee
Shall ſuppliant bend the humble knee,
Each tongue in hymns of praiſe ſhall join,
And joyful bleſs the name divine.
O come, and view with rev'rent thought
The Acts by Heav'n's high Monarch wrought,
His wonders ſhown ſince Time began,
And friendlike intercourſe with Man.
His word the Deep's vaſt channel dried,
And backward roll'd th' obedient Tide:
Now ſafe athwart its ſandy bed
By Him our reſcu'd troops are led,
Now loſt in grateful tranſport ſtand,
And ſhouts of triumph ſhake the ſtrand.
Time's lateſt period long o'erpaſt,
His pow'r ſhall ſelf-ſupported laſt;
Each realm to his obſerving eyes,
From pole to pole, ſubjected lies,

And ſees its rebel Sons in vain
With ſtrength combin'd oppoſe his reign.
Ye Nations All of various tongue,
To *Jacob*'s God exalt the ſong;
Sing, ſing aloud, that Nature's ear
His praiſe through all her bounds may hear,
Whoſe wakeful care within our breaſt
(Though countleſs foes our peace infeſt,)
Still gives the vital pulſe to beat,
And guards from dread of lapſe our feet.
Oft has thy hand, All-potent Lord,
By various proof our faith explor'd,
And bid the flame each heart refine,
As ſilver recent from the mine:
Now round us waves the net, and now
Beneath oppreſſion's weight we bow,
While o'er our heads the Sons of pride
With hoſtile ſcorn exulting ride.
Through fires, through torrents, led by Thee,
At length th' expected Land we ſee,
Where ſtreams irriguous cleave the ſoil,
And crown with wealth the tiller's toil.
Lo, to thy Dome, my God and King,
The ſacred holocauſt I bring,
That late, oppreſs'd by ſorrow's cloud,
To Thee with fervent lip I vow'd:
Before thy Altar's kindled fire
The promis'd victims ſhall expire,
Here bleed the full-fed Goat, and here
The fleecy Ram, and ſtubborn Steer.

O come,

O come, Ye Souls that fear your God,
And learn his grace on Me beſtow'd,
As, ſupplicating loud, my tongue
Wak'd to his praiſe the hallow'd ſong.
Had conſcious guilt my boſom ſtain'd,
How had his ear my pray'r diſdain'd,
That upward now through tracts of day
In ſure acceptance wings its way!
Bleſt be my God, who, thron'd on high,
Rejects not from his care my cry,
Nor, while afflictions round me riſe,
His mercy to my ſoul denies.

## PSALM LXVII.

MAY God his fav'ring ear incline,
And bid his face on *Iſrael* ſhine,
That All thy counſels, Lord, may know,
Where Earth extends, or Oceans flow,
And, thankful, to their wondring eyes
Behold thy wiſh'd Salvation riſe.
To Thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,
Inviſible, All-potent King,
One chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.
Exult each Tribe, exult each Land;
Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds, and Earth's domain
Shall own to lateſt age his reign.
To Thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,
Inviſible, All-potent King,

One

One chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.
So, warm'd by genial ſuns, the field
With full increaſe its fruits ſhall yield,
And God, thy God, O *Iſrael*, ſhed
His choiceſt bleſſings on thy head.
God ſhall on Us his bleſſings ſhow'r,
And Man's whole Race revere his pow'r.

## PSALM LXVIII.

LET God ariſe, and let his foes,
His arm unable to oppoſe,
Back from the field, with wild affright
O'erwhelm'd, precipitate their flight.
Behold, great God, the impious Hoſt
Like ſmoke in quick diſperſion loſt:
Behold them, at thy look, expire,
Diſſolv'd, as wax before the fire;
While all who own thy juſt command
Exulting in thy preſence ſtand,
And bid the ſhout of triumph riſe
Loud echoing to the diſtant ſkies.
O, while his Acts your lips inſpire,
And animate the vocal lyre,
A path for *Iſrael*'s God prepare,
Who, ſeated on his regal Car,
Triumphant o'er the Deſert wide
In ſolemn ſtate is ſeen to ride:
His Name JEHOVAH; Theme of praiſe
Exhauſtleſs! in his preſence raiſe

The grateful ſtrain, and joyous ſing
The Mercies of your heav'nly King.
Their Parent Him the Orphans hail;
He bids the Widow's cauſe prevail,
And, ſhrin'd above th' empyreal ſky,
Extends to All his equal eye,
A manſion to the Outcaſt gives,
The Captive from his chain relieves,
But bids the Sinner wear away
In barren wilds his ſhorten'd day.
When o'er the long-extended Waſte
Thy glory, Firſt of Beings! paſt,
And, beaming o'er thy People's head,
Their Bands to certain conqueſt led,
Earth, groaning, to its centre reel'd,
The Heav'ns, in clouds diſſolv'd, beheld
The footſteps of th' approaching God,
And *Sinai* own'd, with lowly nod,
Thy viſits, everlaſting Lord!
The Pow'r by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd.
While yet the burning ſands they tread,
Thy kindlieſt rains, around them ſhed,
Beſpeak them fav'rites of thy care,
And Nature's wearied pow'rs repair.
Thus joy the Tribes whom Thou haſt lov'd,
Thus boaſt their lot by Thee improv'd,
Whoſe aid the humble and the poor
Shall ne'er with fruitleſs vows implore.
Heav'n's mighty Monarch gave the word;
His mandate *Sion*'s Daughters heard,

And thus in one aſſembled throng
With ſweet accordance form the Song:
" Kings with their hoſts have fled; and We,
" Who ſate from toils of battle free,
" (Content the houſhold's care to guide,)
" The Victor's richeſt ſpoils divide."
Again (their form obſcur'd awhile
By taſks of ſervitude and toil,)
Again the Sons of *Abraham*'s line
Array'd in ſpotleſs luſtre ſhine,
As Doves, while obvious to the Sun
From plume to plume the ſplendors run,
Their wings in ſilver dipt unfold,
And necks that glow with living gold.
See Peace (for God thy wars has fought;)
See Peace, thy full deliv'rance wrought,
While back thy foes, O *Iſrael*, turn,
Preſent amid thy gloom a Morn,
Unſullied as the glitt'ring ſnow,
Diffus'd o'er *Salmon*'s ample brow.
No more, O *Baſan*, vaunt thy height,
That ſtrikes with awe the diſtant ſight,
No more, ye ſwelling Mountains, riſe
In haughty triumph to the ſkies:
On humbler *Sion*'s favour'd head
His tent th' eternal King has ſpread,
Her ſacred Hill his choice confeſt,
And laſting manſion of his reſt.
Ten thouſand Cars, and yet again
Ten thouſand Cars, in lengthen'd train

Along

Along her hallow'd way proceed,
While God the Pomp vouchſafes to lead,
And *Iſrael* views within her ſhrine
(Bleſt ſeat of Majeſty divine,)
The ſcene that erſt his Tribes beheld
On *Sinai*'s myſtic top reveal'd.
Admiring Crouds with upcaſt eye
Have ſeen thee, Lord, aſcend on high:
Behind thee move a captive Train,
Faſt fetter'd with the ſervile chain,
While gifts through Thee on All below
From Heav'n's high throne tranſmitted flow.
A Race, who ſhun'd thy Laws to own,
The Bleſſings of thy hand have known,
And, objects of thy tend'reſt care,
With Us the heav'nly preſence ſhare.
To God, our ever conſtant Aid,
Be thanks and ceaſeleſs honour paid:
On Him thy wiſh'd ſalvation reſts;
Him, *Iſrael*, praiſe; whoſe high beheſts
Death's dreaded march through Earth's domain
To paths by Him preſcrib'd reſtrain.
To Each whoſe heart rejects his ſway,
His terrors ſhall their guilt repay;
Intent on plans of future ill
His ſtroke the hairy ſcalp ſhall feel,
And ſhare the vengeance, thus aloud
Denounc'd on the rebellious Croud.
" Once more from *Baſan*'s fertile plain,
" Once more from the divided Main

" Thee, *Jacob*, my reſiſtleſs hand
" Shall lead, and guard thy choſen Band.
" When foes thy ſword preſumptuous brave,
" Thy feet the ſanguine ſtream ſhall lave,
" Thy dogs devour the ſlaughter'd throng,
" And tinge with impious gore their tongue."
My God, my King, with joyful view
Thy ſteps our wond'ring eyes purſue,
While, rang'd in order's ſtricteſt line,
Before, (as onward to thy ſhrine
The Ark thy ſhrouded preſence bears,)
The Singers walk, parting their ſhares
Of ſacred harmony; Behind,
The Minſtrels tread, in concert join'd,
While, in the midſt, the Virgin train
Awake the timbrel's loudeſt ſtrain.
" Your praiſes (thus begins the lay,)
" To Heav'n's eternal Sov'reign pay,
" Ye Tribes that boaſt your hallow'd Race
" From *Iſrael*'s fruitful ſource to trace."
Leaſt of that Race, Thou, *Benjamin*,
With mightier *Judah* there art ſeen,
While *Naphthali*'s glad Chiefs conſpire
With *Zebulon* to form the choir.
Strong in thy God, O *Iſrael*, riſe;
And Thou, great Ruler of the Skies,
Thy Work perpetuate; let thy Love,
Fair *Salem*'s ſhrine incircling, move
Aſſembled Kings her Courts to greet,
And caſt their gifts before thy feet.

The Beaſt, that from his reedy bed
On *Nile*'s proud bank uplifts the head,
Rebuke, indignant; nor the Throng
Forget, from whoſe miſguided tongue
The Heifer and the grazing Steer
The offer'd Vow unconſcious hear,
While to the ſilver's tinkling ſound
Their feet in ſolemn dance rebound.
Their thirſt of war, great God, reſtrain,
And backward drive their ſcatter'd train:
So, ſummon'd from her fartheſt end,
Shall *Egypt*'s Lords to *Salem* bend
Their footſteps, and *Arabia*'s Land
Extend to Thee the ſuppliant hand.
Ye various Realms that Earth divide,
O ſing to *Iſrael*'s God and Guide,
Who o'er the ſkies, in awful ſtate,
From earlieſt age, exalted ſate;
Whoſe voice, in frequent thunders giv'n,
Tremendous ſhakes the vault of Heav'n.
To Him the pow'r aſcribe, whoſe rays
To *Jacob*'s view conſpicuous blaze,
Who downward from th' ethereal height
O'er ſubject Worlds extends his ſight.
What terrors from thy preſence flow!
O Thou, of *Iſrael*'s foes the Foe,
Whoſe ſtrength his arm for toil prepares,
And crowns with ſure ſucceſs his wars.
To Thee, till Time ſhall reach its end,
Let ſongs of higheſt praiſe aſcend.

## PSALM LXIX.

O Reach me, Lord, thy hand, and save
My soul from the voracious wave.
In depths of mire behold me bound;
In vain my sinking feet the ground
Explore; while high above my head
The whelming floods their billows spread.
Faint are my limbs, my palate dry,
While ceaseless to my God I cry;
With wasting orbs my eyes attend
To see his promis'd grace descend.
Behold my Foes around me spread,
The hairs that shade my hapless head
Outnumb'ring; Foes, that, arm'd with pow'r,
My soul have labour'd to devour,
Though pure of each offence I stand,
Plight to their terms my willing hand,
Nor shun (Extortion's easy prey,)
The wrong-imputed debt to pay.
To Thee, my God, to Thee alone
The errors of my heart are known:
O let not, heav'nly Lord, thine aid
Thus long to my request delay'd
Their hope to hostile scorn consign,
Whose hearts on *Israel*'s God recline.
Thy Cause, by Me avow'd, my fame
To insult gives, my cheek to shame:
Domestick Wrath and kindred Hate,
In thy defence, my soul await;

The

The Brothers of my blood in Me
An Alien and an Outcaſt ſee.
With zeal devour'd my boſom burns,
While frequent to my thought returns
Thy Dwelling by an impious Train
Diſhonour'd, and each taunt profane,
That loud-tongu'd Rage for Thee intends,
On Me with fulleſt weight deſcends.
Diſſolv'd in tears, with faſting worn,
What obloquy my ſoul has borne!
My loyns with ſorrow's garb o'erſpread
With jeſts their cruel fancy fed:
I paſs the crouded gate, purſu'd
By laughter and reproaches rude,
The proverb of the Drunkard's tongue,
And theme familiar of his ſong.
O let me in th' accepted hour
In pray'r to Thee my ſpirit pour;
Thine ear in full accordance bend,
And pleas'd thy promis'd help extend.
Snatch from the miry depths my feet;
Back let my furious foes retreat;
And O! the ſwelling ſtorm aſſuage,
E'er yet the flood's remorſeleſs rage
In dreadful whirlpools wrap me round,
And plunge me in the dark profound.
Hear, Lord, and to my ſoul diſplay
Thy Mercy's all-enliv'ning ray;
Look down, eternal God, look down,
Behold me, but without a frown,

Nor to thy Servant's longing eye
Thy face, amidſt my woes, deny.
Haſte to my aid, O haſte thee near,
Do Thou my ſoul from hoſtile fear
Releaſe; thine ears each inſult keen
Have heard; thine eyes my ſhame have ſeen,
And ſtedfaſt mark'd the adverſe Band,
That leagu'd in guilt around me ſtand.
My ſoul, by evil tongues aſſail'd,
Unequal to the conflict fail'd:
In ſad inquietude of thought
Some partner of my grief I ſought,
And wiſh'd; in vain, the friend to find,
Whoſe voice might ſooth my troubled mind.
Theſe, 'mid the Croud that wait me nigh,
Gall to my lothing lips apply;
While Theſe my thirſt's afflictive rage
With juice of ſharpeſt taſte aſſuage.
Say, what requital from thy hand
Shall guilt like theirs, great God, demand?
While pleas'd the ſocial board they ſhare,
Let Death around it plant a ſnare,
And what ſhould bliſs and health beſtow
With aim inverted work their woe.
Let blindneſs check their fell deſigns,
Bow with affliction's weight their loyns,
And let thy Wrath, with looſen'd rein,
Deſcending cruſh the rebel Train.
Let Horror and Deſtruction drear
Amid their tents the ſtandard rear,

Nor

Nor human habitant be found
Within their dome's capacious round:
Since, unprovok'd, with murth'rous view,
Whom Thou haſt ſmitten they purſue,
And ſeek, inſtinct with cruel joy,
The Man of ſorrows to deſtroy.
Let Each (for nought their hearts could bend;)
From depth to depth in ſin deſcend,
Ne'er, touch'd by healing Mercy, ſee
The path that leads to Bliſs and Thee,
Nor let them, 'mid thy choſen Band,
In life's fair page recorded ſtand.
And O! while preſs'd with ills I lie,
Caſt on my ſtate a pitying eye,
And let thy Mercy to my grief
In full ſufficience yield relief.
So ſhall thy name my tranſport raiſe,
And dictate to my lips thy praiſe.
To Thee my voice the ſong ſhall rear;
Nor ſhall the hoof'd and horned Steer,
New draughted from the fat'ning field,
A Sacrifice ſo grateful yield.
Ye humble Souls, that ſeek his aid,
His Love, in my releaſe diſplay'd,
His Love your dying hearts ſhall chear,
Who ſtoops the helpleſs poor to hear,
That, injur'd in his Cauſe, complain,
And captive drag the ſervile chain.
O praiſe him, Heav'n, and Seas, and Earth,
And All whom Nature wakes to birth:

Him

Him praiſe, who *Sion* deigns to ſhield,
Whoſe hand ſhall *Judah*'s Cities build,
And bid her Sons the Land divide,
Where unmoleſted ſhall reſide,
Through rolling Time's extended Year,
A Race devoted to his fear.

## PSALM LXX.

1.

HASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haſte;
My Soul, by hoſtile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r:
In wild confuſion backward borne
Their wiſh defeated let them mourn,
And loſt in empty air.

2.

Be ſhame their juſt reward aſſign'd,
While round me with relentleſs mind
Deriſion's ſhout they raiſe:
Thy Bliſs let All who ſeek thee ſhare,
And, taught thy Love, that Love declare
In ſongs of ceaſeleſs praiſe.

3.

While Theſe in thy Salvation joy,
Increaſing griefs my thought employ,
And ſpeedieſt aid demand.
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, inſtant in my cauſe appear,
And reach thy ſaving hand.

PSALM

## PSALM LXXI.

ON Thee my Soul, with ſteady frame,
(O blaſt not Thou my hope with ſhame)
On Thee my Soul its truſt has ſtaid,
And aſks thy Juſtice to its aid:
Thy Servant, God of Gods ſupreme,
O hear, and haſten to redeem.
Be Thou my Rock, and ſafe Reſort;—
My Rock thou art, my ſtrongeſt Fort:
Thy lips my reſcue have decreed,
And bid each threaten'd ill recede:
Haſte then, thy promis'd help beſtow,
And ſave me from th' invading foe,
Whoſe heart, with impious rage inflam'd,
Thy heav'nly precept has diſclaim'd.
On Thee my hopes ſupported ſtand;
My Life from earlieſt youth thy hand
(That Life which firſt from Thee began,)
Preſerv'd, and led me up to Man.
When lodg'd within the womb I lay,
Thy Care produc'd me to the day,
And, while that Care my years prolongs,
Thy Name ſhall animate my ſongs.
Though Crouds, with ſilent gaze, in Me
A ſpectacle of wonder ſee,
Amidſt my grief, amidſt my pain,
Thy Love ſhall ſtill my faith ſuſtain.
Thy arm in my relief employ,
That ſoon, my hope abſorb'd in joy,

From

From op'ning dawn to closing eve
Thy praises on my tongue may live.
O let me not, Almighty Friend,
While with a weight of Age I bend,
And wearied Nature's succours fail,
The absence of thine aid bewail.
" Behold (such words the ranc'rous heart
Suggests, while, pleas'd, with secret art
My foes the deathful snare provide,)
" A Wretch whom God has cast aside:
" Pursue, and mark him for the grave;
" Pursue; for None is nigh to save."
My God, my God, depart not far,
But haste, and make my life thy care.
Let Shame, let Death their deeds repay,
Who wish my guiltless soul their prey,
And black Disgrace their name o'erspread,
Who aim their mischiefs at my head.
My heart shall still on Thee depend;
My thankful voice to Thee ascend,
And, through the day, my God and King,
Thy Justice, thy Salvation, sing,
Yet ne'er, O ne'er, in equal strain
The measure of thy Love explain.
Strong in thy Might I take my way,
Thy Righteousness my only stay,
Whose Lessons on my youthful breast
Fair Wisdom's sacred lines impress'd,
And taught me, each advancing hour,
To speak the wonders of thy Pow'r.

Recede

Recede not now, while grey with years
His hands to Thee thy Servant rears,
Nor e'er thy wonted help withhold,
Till, pleas'd, my tongue thy Acts has told:
Such Acts as ſhall the ear invite
Of All who now th' ethereal light
Injoy, and oft rehears'd engage
The wonder of each future age.
Thy Pow'r, thy Juſtice, let my lay
To Nations yet unborn diſplay.
How glorious are thy Works, how great!
Say, What in Earth, or Heav'n's high ſeat,
What ſhall the ſearching eye to Thee
Or equal, Lord, or ſecond, ſee?
How haſt thou bid my ſoul to know
A long viciſſitude of woe,
Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray
Haſt chas'd each cloud of grief away!
Thy hand, when Earth had clos'd me round,
Has ſnatch'd me from the dark profound,
My head with endleſs honours bleſs'd,
And ſooth'd my anxious thoughts to reſt.
O Thou, whom, wrapt in holy fear,
The Sons of *Iſrael*'s Line revere;
Thy Truth my pſalt'ry ſhall inſpire,
And tune to loudeſt notes my lyre,
My willing lips with praiſe o'erflow,
My reſcu'd Soul with tranſport glow.
From morn to night, indulgent Lord,
My tongue thy Juſtice ſhall record;

That gave the period to my woes,
And whelm'd in ſhame my vaunting foes.

## PSALM LXXII.

INSTRUCT, great God, the kingly heart,
Nor ceaſe thy guidance to impart,
Till, pleas'd, the Heir of *Judah*'s throne
Thy precept's full extent has known.
So ſhall his hand diſpenſe thy Laws,
Prompt to defend the poor man's cauſe,
Peace from the fort-clad Mountain's brow
Deſcending bleſs the plains below,
And Juſtice from each rocky cell
Shall Violence and Fraud expell.
In Him the Souls to ſcorn conſign'd
The Advocate and Friend ſhall find;
His arm their injur'd race ſhall right,
And cruſh the proud Oppreſſor's might.
Thy fear ſucceeding Times ſhall own,
Long as the Sun and waxing Moon,
With varied light, in ſwift career,
Alternate guide the circling year.
Behold his influence downward pour,
Delightful as the copious ſhow'r,
Whoſe drops refreſh the new-ſhorn plain,
And ſwell with life the foodful grain.
His Care the Juſt aloft ſhall raiſe,
Nor fair Proſperity his days
Deſiſt to crown, till round the pole
The meaſur'd Months ſhall ceaſe to roll.

From

From Sea to Sea his wide Command
Shall reach, and from *Euphrates'* ſtrand
Through Realms of various tongue extend
Far as to Earth's remoteſt end.
To Him the Deſert's Tribes ſhall kneel;
His Foes, that on their conqu'ring ſteel
Repos'd e'erwhile their frantic truſt,
Shall proſtrate fall, and lick the duſt.
From *Tharſis* and each diſtant Iſle
See vaſſal Kings with willing toil
Their preſents bring: Before him meet
The Chiefs, at whoſe imperial feet
*Arabia*'s far-divided ſhores
Prolific ſpread their richeſt ſtores.
Each Prince to Him ſhall homage pay,
Each Nation own his equal Sway.
He, when the helpleſs Poor ſhall cry,
Shall hear propitious from on high,
Health to their fainting ſouls convey,
And challenge from the Grave its prey.
Nor Fraud, nor Rapine's iron hand
Shall dare to touch the pious Band;
For ſacred is their blood, and high
Its price in his paternal eye.
Long ſhall he live, and *Sheba*'s gold
In tributary heaps behold
Diſplay'd, while Crouds ſhall ſuppliant bow,
His health the ſubject of their vow,
And through the length of days his fame
Aloud with thankful voice proclaim.

Lift to the Mountain's height your eyes;
And see the yellow harvests rise,
Wide-waving, as the verdure spread
On *Lebanon*'s exalted head.
Behold his Cities o'er the plain
Pour from their gates a num'rous Train,
And healthful as the vernal Birth,
That shades with green the joyous Earth.
From age to age the Orb of day
His brighter glories shall survey,
While Man's whole Race his Love confess,
And, blest in Him, his Name shall bless.
Exalt, exalt your heav'nly Lord,
The God by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd,
Whose wondrous Acts to Him alone
Assert the everlasting Throne.
To Him in loftiest praises join,
And bless the Majesty divine;
That Majesty whose cloudless rays
O'er Earth's capacious round shall blaze.
To Him again in praises join;
O, bless the Majesty divine.

## PSALM LXXIII.

YES: mightiest Lord! My soul has known
Thy Love to *Israel*'s Offspring shown,
And owns the Bliss by Thee ordain'd
To Each who bears a heart unstain'd.
Yet griev'd awhile thy paths, my God,
With hesitating step I trod,

And,

And, but for Thee, the faithful Guide,
My erring feet had ſwerv'd aſide,
As fix'd in happieſt ſtate I ſee
The foes to Virtue, Truth, and Thee.
Health ſtrings their nerves; and Death, (their hour
Approaching,) with remitted pow'r
And ſlow advance his eaſy doom
Inflicting, bows them to the tomb.
Forbid the gen'ral lot to ſhare
Of pain, affliction, want, and care,
The lawleſs Tribe with cruel ſkill
Augment the woes that others feel.
Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And Violence inveſts them round.
Their ſwelling eyes and pamper'd frame
Their boundleſs appetite proclaim:
Their wiſhes by ſucceſs outrun,
Their headlong wills controulment ſhun;
And words with fury wing'd impart
The genuine dictates of their heart.
Lo, train'd to inſolence and wrong,
Againſt the Heav'ns their impious tongue
Defiance and reproach has hurl'd,
And unreſiſted walks the world.
Untaught to ſcan thy wiſe Decree,
With wonder, Lord, thy People ſee
Life's choiceſt gifts their want ſupply,
Whoſe breaſts thy ev'ry threat defy:
Who aſk, "Shall He our acts ſurvey,
"Whoſe hands th' ethereal ſcepter ſway?

" Who ſits inthron'd above the ſtars,
" To Earth's low ſcene extend his cares?"
While daring Mortals thus each hour
Thee, Lord, inſult, and brave thy pow'r,
Yet, ſunk in eaſe, and bleſt with health,
Amaſs in heaps their growing wealth,
In vain, (thy Servant cried,) in vain,
I purge my breaſt from ev'ry ſtain,
My acts conform to thy commands,
And waſh in innocence my hands.
Each day oppreſt with fierceſt pains,
Thy ſcourge my chaſten'd Soul ſuſtains;
Each Morn, that riſing ſtreaks the ſky,
Awakes me but to miſery.
My heart, while thus by grief aſſail'd,
In ſilence long its thought has veil'd,
Leſt Doubts like mine thy Saints betray
From thy Decrees, great God, to ſtray.
Thy Conduct weigh'd, awhile my mind
Its hidden Cauſe eſſay'd to find;
That Cauſe, as deeper it inquires,
Still farther from its ſearch retires.
Thy Fane at length I ſeek; and there,
(My anxious ſoul effus'd in pray'r,)
Inſtructed by thy Spirit, read
The period to their guilt decreed.
I ſee thee on the ſlipp'ry ſeat
Of high Ambition plant their feet,
Then mark them as they downward bend,
And headlong to the earth deſcend.

How

How ſwift, how ſudden is their fate!
What horrors, Lord, their death await!
Wrapt in Oblivion's ſhade they lie,
Their image vaniſh'd from the eye,
As the light fabrick of a Dream,
Diſſolv'd by day's intruding beam.
Such woes, in error's fetters chain'd,
Such heart-felt anguiſh, I ſuſtain'd,
Inſenſate, as the Brutes that rove
Th' extended Wild, or ſhady Grove:
Yet ſtill thy Care confeſs'd me thine;
My hand within the hand divine
Was lock'd; and, by thy Counſel led,
Life's maze I yet, ſecure, ſhall tread,
And wait till thy appointed hour
The promis'd Glory round me pour.
O ſay, in Heav'n's capacious round
What Friend like Thee my Soul has found;
Or who, great God, on Earth reſides,
Whoſe love with thine my breaſt divides.
My heart, my fleſh, have fail'd; but Thee
My laſting heritage I ſee;
Thy ſtrength my fainting ſpirit chears,
And checks my grief, and calms my fears.
Who, taught to ſpurn his equal ſway,
From *Iſrael*'s God adult'rous ſtray,
His Juſtice, with reverſeleſs doom,
In Life's full vigour ſhall conſume;
While, warm with holy tranſport, I
To Him with ſure ſucceſs apply,

Him truſt, and, guarded by his Care,
To Man's whole race his acts declare.

## PSALM LXXIV.

O Thou, whoſe hand has *Iſrael* led,
His fold enlarg'd, his paſture ſpread,
Why haſt thou doom'd us thus to bear
A long excluſion from thy care?
Why thus beneath thy anger groan
The Flock whom Thou haſt ſeal'd thine own?
Call to thy thought the ſacred Band
Once own'd the purchaſe of thy hand:
The Heritage by Thee redeem'd;
Fair *Sion*'s Mount, where copious ſtream'd
Th' eternal light, and ſpoke her Shrine
The Seat of Majeſty divine:
Lift to that Seat thy ſteps again;
See Deſolation ſpread her reign
Around it, and its wide extent
Each mark of hoſtile rage preſent.
With clamours fierce a lawleſs Train
The ſilence of thy Courts profane,
And bid their ſtandard to the ſkies
Aloft in haughty triumph riſe.
As when the Woodman's ſtroke invades
The lofty Grove's thick-woven ſhades,
So through thy Temple's awful bounds
Now here now there the axe reſounds;
And down in ſhapeleſs ruins fall
The ſculptures fair that grac'd its wall,

Rich

Rich with the foreſt's nobleſt ſpoil,
And wrought by Heav'n-directed toil.
Along the violated Dome
Th' intruding flames licentious roam,
While ſpacious Courts, and Tow'rs ſublime,
Whoſe roofs through long-revolving time
With holy wonder ſtruck each eye,
Now heap'd in dire confuſion lie.
" Come, (thus th' inſulting foe has cried,)
" Come, deal the vengeance far and wide;
" And let the flames with equal doom
" Each Houſe of *Iſrael*'s God conſume."
They ſpeak: and, inſtant, all around
The blazing ruins ſtrew the ground.
No more thy wonders to our eyes,
Bleſt ſignals of thy preſence, riſe;
No more the Prophet's lips thy will
In myſtic Oracles reveal,
Or to thy People's view diſcloſe
The deſtin'd period of their woes.
But ſay, O ſay, great God, how long
Thus unchaſtis'd the hoſtile tongue
Shall mock thy pow'r, thy fear diſclaim,
And load with loud reproach thy Name.
While Crimes like theſe redreſs demand,
Why in thy boſom ſleeps thy hand?
O pluck it forth, and let the foe
Repentant feel th' inflicted blow.
Thee from of old my King I ſee,
Nor knows my heart a Friend but Thee:

Thine

Thine Arm alone, in *Jacob's* right,
Has turn'd each adverſe pow'r to flight.
At thy command, the watry Deeps
Aſunder ſtood, in liquid heaps
Suſpended; 'midſt their waves, his head
Low to thy ſtroke ſubmitted, bled
The proud *Leviathan*; his Train
Around their mighty King are ſlain,
While Rapine waits upon the ſtrand,
And calls from far her hungry Band,
That ſcatter'd range the Deſert wide,
The promis'd banquet to divide.
Thy ſtroke the rock's dark entrails clave;
Forth from its depth the foaming wave
Sprang inſtant, and with lengthen'd train
Irriguous lav'd the thirſty plain.
Thy Mandate *Jordan's* channel dried,
And backward roll'd its wondring tide.
By Thee prepar'd, the Night and Day
Alternate walk th' ethereal way;
Thy Art the Light's thin texture ſpun,
And with it cloth'd the jocund Sun;
Thy hand the Earth's vaſt fabrick rounds,
Its balance fixes, marks its bounds,
With ſummer's ſhow'rs its glebe unbinds,
Or warps it with the wintry winds.
Parent of Nature! God ſupreme!
While Folly's Sons thy acts blaſpheme,
O vindicate thy Name from wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful tongue.

Let

Let not the fangs of cruel pow'r
Thy trembling Turtle's life devour,
Nor dark Oblivion's ſhade our pain
For ever from thy thought detain.
O give the Flock that bears thy Name,
Thy fed'ral mercy yet to claim:
Behold within each cavern'd cell
Fraud, Violence, and Rapine dwell:
Behold; and let th' afflicted Poor,
From terror and from ſhame ſecure,
With grateful heart, and joyous tongue,
Wake to thy praiſe the hallow'd ſong.
Riſe, mightieſt Lord; thy cauſe defend:
Wide o'er a guilty Race extend
Thy rod, and let the needful blow
Repreſs the licenſe of the Foe,
Whoſe mad preſumption ev'ry hour
With heighten'd rage inſults thy pow'r.

## PSALM LXXV.

THY Name, immortal God, thy Name
Our love and higheſt praiſe ſhall claim,
Whoſe Acts atteſt thee ever near,
And plant within each heart thy fear.
To Me, to Me the hour is known,
When, ſeated on th' eternal Throne,
My Juſtice ſhall aſſert its Laws,
And arbitrate each dubious cauſe.
Though Earth's wide Reign before mine eye
Diſſolv'd in wide confuſion lie,

Secure from lapſe its pillars ſtand,
And reſt on my ſupporting hand.
Lift not the horn, ye Sons of pride,
(Aloud with fierce rebuke I cried,)
Lift not the horn; nor thus in vain,
With ſtubborn neck, and lip profane,
My Rule oppoſe, or madly deem
That boundleſs Wealth and Pow'r ſupreme,
Their courſe to Eaſt or Weſt inclin'd,
Float caſual on the wafting wind,
Or iſſue from the Climes, that blaze
Beneath the Sun's meridian rays:
That God, who erſt the Heav'ns outſpread,
The regal crown from head to head
Transfers: Wealth, Honour, Pow'r, his Doom
At will ſhall grant, at will reſume.
His hand the full-charg'd cup preſents,
While red with wrath its wine ferments,
Whoſe mixture Earth's rebellious Train
Low to its utmoſt dregs ſhall drain.
But I, with ſacred tranſport fill'd,
To *Jacob*'s God my praiſe will yield;
Through Life's continu'd round, my tongue
Shall wake to Him the joyous ſong.
Behold me, conqu'ring in his right,
Now cruſh the horn of impious Might,
Now bid the Juſt, that proſtrate lies,
With lifted head triumphant riſe.

## PSALM LXXVI.

THY Confines, *Judah*, God have known,
His greatneſs *Iſrael*'s Offspring own,
His glories *Salem*'s temple fill,
And reſt on *Sion*'s ſacred hill.
There broke his hand the ſword and ſhield,
And caſt them uſeleſs on the field;
There ſnap'd the arrows wing'd with fire,
And bade the raging War expire.
O cloth'd with Majeſty divine,
O ſay, what ſtrength ſhall equal thine;
Not ſuch the Mountains boaſt, whoſe ſeat
To Rapine's Sons a ſafe retreat
Preſent, and, neighb'ring to the ſky,
With awful wonder ſtrike the eye.
Who wont with ſpoils the earth to heap,
Now ſpoil'd themſelves have ſlept their ſleep:
Amaz'd the Chiefs were ſeen to ſtand;
Nor knew the once reſiſtleſs hand
Its taſk, but, ſummon'd to their aid,
Shrunk trembling back, and diſobey'd.
At thy rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
The Steed, whoſe hoofs in hoſtile blood
Were dipt, the Car that o'er the plain
Ruſh'd headlong on, nor heard the rein,
With horror ſtruck confeſs thee nigh,
And wrapt in iron ſlumber lie.
Thou, Thou alone our fear ſhalt claim:
O who, when, kindled to a flame,

Thy Vengeance ſhall its debt demand,
Shall dare within thy ſight to ſtand?
Earth heard, when God the judgement gave,
And roſe his injur'd Saints to ſave,
In ſilent dread beheld his look,
And inſtant to her centre ſhook.
While impious Crouds oppoſe thy Reign,
Thou, Lord, their fury ſhalt reſtrain,
Thy ſtroke correct their ſtubborn will,
And teach them at thy ſhrine to kneel.
Low to our God, ye Nations, bow,
Yield to his Name the faithful vow,
Him ſerve with fear, and duteous bring
Your preſents to the heav'nly King;
That King, whoſe ſword, in wrath applied,
Lops in mid growth the Tyrant's pride,
And threatful bids each earthly throne
His mightier ſway ſubmiſſive own.

## PSALM LXXVII.

TO God my ſuppliant voice I rear,
With holy violence his ear
Solicit, and expectant kneel,
Till He my inward anguiſh heal.
With ſtretch'd out hand, and reſtleſs thought,
Beſet with woes, his aid I ſought:
When night's dark ſhades the earth inveſt,
And weary Nature ſinks to reſt,
Still, deaf to comfort, I complain,
And give my ſtruggling griefs the rein.

Now fix'd on God, to Him in pray'r
My fainting ſpirit pour'd its care,
And words, in artleſs form compos'd,
The tumult of my ſoul diſcloſ'd:
Now, dumb with ſorrow while I weep,
My eyes their ceaſeleſs vigils keep:
Anon my mind its ſearch began;
And back to diſtant years I ran,
That, big with wonders, to my tongue
Had yielded themes of joyous ſong,
And deep inquiry to my breaſt
At midnight's thoughtful hour ſuggeſt.
Will God a heart oppreſs'd as mine
For ever to its griefs reſign?
Has Mercy from his boſom fled?
His Word with vain aſſurance fed
My hope? Forgets he to be kind?
And ſhall his Love, in wrath confin'd,
No more its wonted aid beſtow,
Or fix a meaſure to my woe?
Now Reaſon's pow'rs collected riſe,
And thus each anxious doubt chaſtiſe.
Though preſt with various ills I ſtand,
And mourn the changes of his hand,
His Works, atchiev'd in ages paſt,
Shall fix'd in my remembrance laſt,
His Wonders on my thought ſhall dwell,
My tongue his Acts unwearied tell.
For Sanctity thy counſel guides,
And o'er thy paths, Bleſt Sire, preſides.

Where finds, O where, the ſearching eye
A God, with *Iſrael*'s God to vie?
Maker of All! At thy command
Revers'd the Laws of Nature ſtand;
Stupendous ſcenes thy Acts afford,
And bid the Nations know their Lord.
Let *Jacob* and let *Joſeph* ſay,
How ſtrong thy Arm to chaſe away
Each woe that waits thy People near,
Each danger that excites their fear.
The Deeps beheld thee, heav'nly King!
The Deeps beheld thee; and each Spring,
That roſe from out their ſandy bed,
Tumultuous own'd its ſudden dread.
Inceſſant from the burſting cloud
Down ſtream'd the bidden rain; aloud
Peal'd the big thunder; through the ſky
Thy flaming ſhafts were ſeen to fly,
And, as thy voice around the pole
In awful threats was heard to roll,
Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her head
Its livid ſheet the lightning ſpread.
Wide yawn'd the Flood from ſhore to ſhore,
And op'd a path unknown before,
While *Iſrael*'s Guardian and his God
With trackleſs ſtep its channel trod.
As ſheep to diſtant paſtures led,
Secure thy People march'd, convey'd
By *Moſes*' and by *Aaron*'s hand
To promis'd *Canaan*'s happy Land.

## PSALM LXXVIII.

YE Nations, to my Law give ear,
The dictates of my lips revere,
While Heav'n-taught Parables they yield,
And Truths in myſtic ſong conceal'd:
Truths, which, from earlieſt ages heard,
To Us in ſacred truſt transfer'd,
From Sire to Son ſucceſſive flow,
That lateſt times his praiſe may know,
Whoſe pow'r preſides o'er *Judah*'s Land,
And own the wonders of his hand.
He, bounteous Parent of Mankind,
His Law to *Jacob*'s Race conſign'd,
Th' appointed Theme of ev'ry tongue;
That Children from their Children ſprung
The Bleſſings of his Love might learn,
And grateful yield the juſt return,
Truſt in his Aid, his Works record,
And mark the Precepts of his Word:
Unlike the Fathers of their line,
Who, Rebels to the Will divine,
Turn'd from that Word their ſtubborn ear,
Nor ſought his Love, nor own'd his Fear.
Such *Ephraim*'s ſons; a heartleſs train,
That, arm'd for war, but arm'd in vain,
With bows unbended from the fight
In wild diſorder urg'd their flight.
His ſacred League, and juſt Decrees,
Th' Almighty Lord forgotten ſees,

His wonders by their Sires beheld
On *Nile*'s wide banks, and *Zoan*'s field.
What hand but His from ſide to ſide
Could bid the foaming Deep divide,
In liquid heaps ſuſpended ſtand,
And ſafe tranſmit the choſen Band?
That hand the cloud around them threw,
Day's kindled fervors to ſubdue,
And, lit by Him, with friendly ray
The fire nocturnal led their way.
He ſaw, when faint with thirſt they ſtood;
And, faſt as from the boundleſs Flood,
Call'd from the op'ning Rock, the wave
Its ſtreams in full effuſion gave,
And onward pour'd with headlong haſte
Luxuriant lav'd the burning Waſte:
Strange to relate! Yet, ſtranger ſtill,
That Waſte beholds them, to his Will
Oppos'd, in heighten'd ſin conſpire,
And dare to wrath the heav'nly Sire,
While Each, inſatiate, from his hands
Meat for their fancied want demands.
" Will God, to give his People bread,
" A table in the Deſert ſpread?
" Our eyes have own'd the flinty Rock
" Obſequious to his mighty ſtroke,
" And ſeen the ſtreams, with lengthen'd train,
" Run copious o'er the thirſty plain;
" But can his ſtores, exhauſtleſs ſtill,
" With fleſh our hungring myriads fill?"

He

He hears, and now in kindling flames
His vengeance dire at *Iſrael* aims,
And (for their ſpeech a heart betray'd
Diſtruſtful of his promis'd aid,)
Opes to their wiſh the doors of heav'n,
While back the parting clouds are driv'n,
And, downward pour'd, th' ethereal grain
In wide profuſion fills the plain:
Their wants the full ſupply have known,
And Angels' food and theirs are one.
The Winds, that o'er the Deſert fly,
New paths, by Him directed, try,
And onward, through th' aerial way,
In flocks the vagrant fowls convey,
Till o'er their tents the cloud impends,
And down the living ſhow'r deſcends,
Thick as the duſt, or as the ſand
That lies upon the ſea-beat ſtrand.
Fed to the full, th' inſenſate throng
At will the joyous feaſt prolong,
While o'er their heads the vengeful ſword
Hangs viewleſs, and but waits the word
To ſnatch their Princes to the tomb,
And *Iſrael*'s choiceſt ſtrength conſume.
Yet ſuff'rings ſtill to ſuff'rings join'd
Fail to correct their faithleſs mind,
Though ſhorten'd in duration flow
Their years, and meaſur'd out by woe.
Scourg'd by his wrath, his pow'r they own,
And humbled bow before his throne:

With

With ſeeming gratitude poſſeſs'd,
His arm each tongue their ſhield confeſs'd;
And "who ſo ſtrong to ſave, they cry,
"As Thou, great Ruler of the Sky?"
Diſſembling praiſe their lips prepare,
And ſolemn mockery of pray'r,
While, deep within, a mind they nurſe
To Truth and to his Laws averſe.
Yet He their treſpaſs could forgive,
And bid th' obdurate Sinners live;
Oft arts of mild perſuaſion tried,
And laid th' uplifted bolt aſide;
Ev'n wrath with mercy mix'd applies,
Nor lets his whole diſpleaſure riſe.
Indulgent He their frame ſurvey'd,
Of fleſh and frailty knew them made,
A Wind, that life's ſhort paſſage o'er
Flits tranſient, and returns no more.
The conſcious Wilderneſs ſhall tell
How oft the thankleſs Race rebel;
How oft, by mercies unſubdu'd,
Their Maker, wiſe, and juſt, and good,
(While, frantic, to their will they bind
The Counſels of th' eternal mind,)
They grieve, and challenge to the teſt
His Pow'r, ſo late their Aid confeſt,
When *Cham*'s proud offspring felt his Hand
Diffuſing vengeance through their Land,
And Scenes, each hour, to Nature new,
In dreadful ſeries met their view.

Their

Their *Nile* corrupted now they mourn,
And, though with fierceſt thirſt they burn,
Start back, affrighted, from the flood;
For Ah! its channel foams with blood.
Athirſt for human gore, the Fly
In countleſs legions fills the ſky,
And ſwarming Frogs, where'er they tread,
With dire intruſion round them ſpread.
The Beetle, cluſt'ring on their trees,
Now haſtes the ripen'd fruit to ſeize,
While Locuſts fell the tiller's toil
Conſume, and riot in the ſpoil.
The froſt-burnt fig-trees fade and die,
Their vines by hailſtones ruin'd lie;
The ſturdy tenants of the ſtall
Beneath the rattling tempeſts fall,
The flocks, by fire ethereal ſlain,
In heaps promiſcuous ſtrew the plain.
Wrath, horror, trouble, at his word,
Quick on the guilty Race were pour'd,
And Angel-Forms with dreadful haſte
From door to door vindictive paſt.
With courſe direct his Vengeance flew,
Its path, by Him inſtructed, knew,
And Peſtilence with noxious breath
Sow'd through the air the ſeeds of death.
Now to the grave, with anguiſh torn,
Each Mother yields her eldeſt-born,
And *Egypt*, through her waſted ſhores,
The firſt-fruits of her ſtrength deplores.

Now,

Now, *Iſrael*, ſhines the Day to Thee,
That bids thy captivé Sons go free.
Safe as beneath the ſhepherd's care
The flocks from waſte to waſte repair,
Each hoſtile fear by Him diſpell'd,
Their deſtin'd courſe his People held,
While deep beneath the whelming wave
Their proud Purſuers found a grave.
Behold them, borne to ſeats of reſt,
Seats by his hallow'd preſence bleſt,
With joyful ſtep the Mount aſcend,
By his victorious arm obtain'd.
The Tribes whom *Canaan*'s tents confine
(A lawleſs Race!) to *Jacob*'s Line,
Themſelves by Heav'n's high Doom expell'd,
Their forfeited poſſeſſions yield.
Yet, like their Sires, perverſe they prove,
Reject the offers of his Love,
And, rebels to his juſt command,
Elude the guidance of his hand,
As ſtarts aſlant the Bow of ſteel,
And faithleſs mocks the Archer's ſkill.
On interdicted Hills uprais'd,
With impious flame their altars blaz'd,
While figures by the Artiſt made
Thy honours, mightieſt Lord, invade.
See, urg'd to wrath, th' eternal Sire
From *Silo*'s hallow'd Tent retire,
And quit the ſeat ſo lov'd before,
Reſolv'd with Man to dwell no more.

His

His Ark, inviolated ſhrine
Of Strength and Majeſty divine,
Now wanders captive o'er the plains,
Where Guilt in all its horror reigns.
Prevailing foes, conven'd from far,
On *Iſrael* pour the tide of war,
While God his Houſhold from on high
Beholds with alienated eye.
No Virgins to the nuptial band
Aſſenting give the plighted hand,
While, ſnatch'd by the devouring fire,
Their Sons in early youth expire.
The ſword deſtruction round them ſpread,
Nor ſpar'd the Prieſt's anointed head;
Nor lives the Widow to bemoan
Her Huſband's fate, but meets her own.
His People's cry th' Eternal hears;
As wak'd from ſleep, his ſtrength he rears,
Shouts like a Giant chear'd with wine,
And wrathful lifts the Arm divine:
Th' averted Foe that Arm confeſt,
With ſhame and dire diſeaſe oppreſs'd.
But where, O *Iſrael*, ſhall thy God
Returning chuſe his bleſt Abode?
Nor *Ephraim*'s Dwelling to his eyes,
Nor Thine, *Manaſſeh*, grateful riſe:
On *Judah*'s Tribe he plac'd his care;
Thy Temple, *Sion*, founded there,
From age to age his Love demands,
Fix'd as the ground whereon it ſtands.

That

That Tribe a *David*'s birth has known,
Rais'd from a ſheep-fold to a Throne.
As o'er the waſte the teeming ewes
His eye with wakeful care purſues,
A Voice arreſts the youthful Swain,
And calls him from the humble plain,
O'er *Jacob*'s realms to ſtretch the rod,
And feed the Heritage of God.
He hears, and, while each kingly art
Thy ſuccours to his breaſt impart,
(All-potent Lord!) with faithful mind
Abſolves the charge by Thee aſſign'd.

## PSALM LXXIX.

O *Iſrael*'s Father and his God!
The Heathen Pow'rs thy lov'd abode
Rapacious ſeize; the Heathen Pow'rs
Thy ſhrine profane; and *Salem*'s Tow'rs,
That ſtruck with ſacred awe the eye,
Now whelm'd in wide confuſion lie.
Each Beaſt, each Bird that wings the air,
Thy ſlaughter'd Saints inſatiate tear,
Whoſe blood beneath the Victor's ſword
Like water on the earth was pour'd:
While pierc'd they lay with many a wound,
And ſcatter'd *Salem*'s walls around,
None wept their fall, or pitying gave
The cheap indulgence of a grave.
See on our heads each neighbour Foe
Reproach and fierce deriſion throw;

See, Lord, and say how long thine ire
Shall blaze with unextinguish'd fire,
How long thy Flock are doom'd to prove
The sad suspension of thy Love.
On Nations who thy Laws disown,
Nor yet, with humbled heart, have known
Thy Pow'r to fear, thy Name invoke,
On These, great God, inflict thy stroke;
On These, — who *Jacob*'s strength devour,
And ruin on his Dwelling pour.
O let not our transgressions past
Within thy breast remember'd last,
But haste, while helpless thus we grieve,
Thy long-lost People to relieve.
Blest Saviour! Let thy pow'r divine
Conspicuous in our rescue shine,
And *Israel*'s trespass purg'd away
Thy boundless clemency display.
Say, why should the reproaching Foe
His triumphs build on *Judah*'s woe,
And ask, while thus thy scourge we bear,
"Where's now your God, ye Outcasts, where?"
Behold, behold thy Servants slain;
Nor let their loud-tongued blood in vain
The vengeance of thine arm demand,
But give us o'er each hostile Land
To see thy Wrath terrific rise,
And Folly's impious Brood chastise.
O hear the wretched Captive's groan;
The Souls whom Death has mark'd his own

Propitious ſave; the ceaſeleſs wrongs,
By hands profane, and daring tongues,
Repeated, in thy balance weigh,
And ſev'nfold to thy foes repay.
So ſhall the Flock acknowledg'd thine
To Thee in grateful praiſes join,
And, long as *Iſrael* boaſts a name,
From ſire to ſon tranſmit thy fame.

## PSALM LXXX.

SHEPHERD of *Iſrael*, bow thine ear;
O Thou our pray'r indulgent hear,
Who *Joſeph*'s paſture haſt prepar'd,
His Guide by day, by night his Guard.
Betwixt the Cherubs ſeated high,
Glad with thy beams our longing eye:
With All who from *Manaſſes* claim
Their birth, and All of *Ephraim*'s name,
Each hoſtile pow'r by Thee o'erthrown,
Let *Benjamin* thy preſence own;
Thine aid, great God, intreated give,
And teach our fainting hope to live.
O turn us, Lord, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.
How long ſhall *Iſrael*'s Offspring ſee
Thy wrath (while thus with bended knee
Their ſupplicating hands they ſpread,)
Smoke unextinguiſh'd o'er their head?
Her food the bread of tears, her draught
With ſorrow's largeſt mixture fraught,

Sad

Sad *Sion* ſees contending foes
Her ſons, their deſtin'd prey, incloſe,
And hears, with inward anguiſh torn,
The ſhouts of Obloquy and Scorn.
O turn us, Lord, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.
Tranſplanted by thy ſoft'ring hand,
Behold a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land
(Each Pow'r in adverſe league combin'd
To juſt exciſion firſt conſign'd,)
To *Canaan*'s ſhores convey'd: its bed
By Thee prepar'd, its root outſpread
Far as the utmoſt coaſt extends;
While o'er the Hills its ſhade aſcends,
And round the Cedar's loftieſt boughs
Its cov'ring veil luxuriant throws.
Long cheriſh'd by thy care it ſtood;
Here, verging tow'rd th' *Aſſyrian* Flood,
In circuit wide the earth it crown'd,
And, There, the Ocean mark'd its bound.
But now, in ſad reverſe, (Ah! why?)
By Thee o'erthrown its fences lie,
Its fruits expos'd beſide the way,
To each rapacious hand a prey.
The ſavage Boar with reſtleſs toil
Uproots it from the looſen'd ſoil,
And ev'ry Monſter of the wood
Crops from its branch the obvious food.
Leader of Hoſts, and *Iſrael*'s Lord!
Return: Thy ſuccours oft implor'd

Extend: from Heav'n's high ſeat incline
Thy eyes, and viſit this thy Vine.
Behold the offspring of thy hand,
The Plant, which Thou hadſt bid to ſtand,
And ſtrengthen'd by thy pow'r defy
Each ſtorm that rends the wintry ſky:
The gath'ring flames its trunk ſurround,
Its ruin'd honours ſtrew the ground.
Beneath the terrors of thine eye
We tremble, Lord, we faint, we die.
O let the Man whom, arm'd with might,
Thy hand ordains our cauſe to right,
By Thee, great God, ſupported ſtand;
And ſave, O ſave, a ſinking Land,
So ne'er ſhall Sin our ſteps betray
Again in devious paths to ſtray,
But while, by Thee redeem'd, we brave
The threats of the devouring grave,
Each knee in pray'r to Thee ſhall bend,
Thy praiſe from ev'ry tongue aſcend.
O turn us, Lord, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

## PSALM LXXXI.

TO God our Strength exalt the ſong,
To *Jacob*'s Lord the note prolong:
Come, take the Hymn, the timbrel ring,
Praiſe on the harp your heav'nly King;
Strike into life the trembling wire,
With loudeſt blaſts the trump inſpire;

For ſee the Moon with recent horn
Lead joyous on the feſtal Morn,
Whoſe hallow'd mirth to *Iſrael*'s Tribes
Thy Mandate, mightieſt Lord, preſcribes.
Its juſt obſervance *Joſeph* learn'd,
When, pleas'd, with parting ſtep he ſpurn'd
The ruthleſs ſoil, along whoſe ſhore
A tongue of ſound unheard before
His ear had wounded.—I, his God,
I from his ſhoulders took the load;
I from the clay his toiling hands
Releas'd, and burſt his ſtubborn bands.
O Thou, the voice of whoſe diſtreſs
From out the thunder's dark receſs,
Propitious to thy pray'r, I heard;
In whoſe defence my arm I rear'd;
Whoſe faith my light inflictions tried
Near *Meribah*'s contentious tide,
O *Iſrael!*—with attentive ear
Thy Maker's juſt injunction hear.
Let none thy homage claim but Me,
Nor bow to foreign Gods the knee;
*Jehovah* only be thy Dread;
Thy footſteps He from *Egypt* led,
And gracious bids thee wide extend
Thy lap, while down his gifts deſcend,
And ſtreaming copious from on high
Yield to thy wiſh the full ſupply.
Thus ſpake my Voice, but ſpake in vain;
Th' obdurate Race with fierce diſdain,

Reſolv'd their error to purſue,
Back from my yoke their neck withdrew.
No more their frenzy I reſtrain,
But give their wild deſires the rein,
And leave them, guideleſs, to fulfill
The dictates of a headlong Will.
O had my People in their breaſt,
By heav'nly Diſcipline impreſs'd,
The leſſons of my Love retain'd,
And trod the path by Me ordain'd!
When forth to War thy troops were led,
Myſelf, O *Iſrael*, at their head
Had met the Battle on its way,
And, while to time's remoteſt day
Each foe reluctant own'd thy pow'r,
To eaſe thy want, its pureſt flour
Th' augmented harveſt had beſtow'd,
And honey from the rock had flow'd.

## PSALM LXXXII.

WHILE, cloth'd with pow'r divine, their bar
Earth's Lords have fix'd, a mightier far
Amidſt the Conſiſtory ſtands,
And juſtice from their lips demands.
How long ſhall your unequal ſcale
Thus bid the impious cauſe prevail?
Let Law the Orphan's claim ſecure;
Lend to the helpleſs and the poor
Your willing ear; aſſert their right,
And ſave them from oppreſſive might.

In

In vain I call: Their ſtubborn mind
To error's full exceſs reſign'd,
Through mazy glooms, to Wiſdom's ray
Impervious, onward ſtill they ſtray,
While Earth the dire confuſion feels,
And, groaning, to her centre reels.
Gods Ye were nam'd; Earth's tribes in You
The Sons of Heav'n's high Monarch view;
But Death your frailty ſhall betray,
And mix with vulgar mould your clay.
Riſe, mightieſt King, to judgement riſe,
Th' oppreſs'd redeem, the proud chaſtiſe,
Till Man's whole offspring Thee alone
Their Lord and juſt Poſſeſſor own.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

MY God, no longer ſilent ſtand;
No longer let thy pow'rful hand
Withhold its oft requeſted aid,
While thus thy foes our peace invade,
In mingled tumult round us riſe,
And brave with lifted head the ſkies.
Behold them, Lord, their arts employ,
The Heav'n-rais'd People to deſtroy,
The Souls, whom with thy favour crown'd
Thy ſecret preſence wraps around.
" Come, (thus, by lawleſs fury led,
" Aloud they cry,) deſtruction ſpread
" Along their deſolated ſhore,
" Till *Iſrael*'s name be heard no more."

Their

Their leagues, their plans, with frantic aim,
Againſt Omnipotence they frame;
And, fir'd to rage, with fierce alarms
The headlong Nations ruſh to arms.
The tents of *Edom* o'er the plain
Here vomit forth their impious train,
While with the Sons of *Iſmael*'s line
The harneſs'd *Agaræans* join.
Here *Gebal*, *Moab*, *Ammon* ſtand,
And *Amalec*'s unconquer'd Band.
See, fearleſs, with imperial *Tyre*
*Philiſtia*'s habitants conſpire;
See *Aſſur* draw the hoſtile blade,
And lend to *Lot*'s vile Race his aid.
But give them, Lord, thine Arm to feel,
That Arm that made fierce *Midian* reel,
And to th' expecting Mother's pride
Her *Siſera*'s return denied;
That *Jabin*'s warlike troops ſubdu'd
Near antient *Kiſon*'s purpled flood,
While *Endor Iſrael*'s foes beheld
Inrich with ſlaughter'd heaps her field.
As *Oreb* and as *Zeeb* o'erthrown,
Beneath thy terrors let them groan;
What woes thy ſin-chaſtiſing ſword
On *Zebah* and *Zalmunna* pour'd,
Such let their Princes, Lord, endure,
Who vaunting to their arms inſure
The Land by holy Patriarchs trod,
The Heritage of *Jacob*'s God.

As

As chaff, as ſtubble, let them fly,
That driv'n by winds obſcure the ſky.
Swift as the fiery deluge ſtrays,
And wraps the foreſt in its blaze,
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The mountain's ſhaggy waſte devours,
Purſue them, mightieſt Lord, purſue,
And let thy vengeance, to their view
Preſented, whelm their ſouls in dread,
And burſt in tempeſts o'er their head.
With wild confuſion clothe their cheek,
And teach them, Lord, thy Name to ſeek,
While ruin, death, and ſhame, they ſee
To each ordain'd that errs from Thee.
" *Jehovah*, ſhall the Rebels cry,
" *Jehovah* only reigns on high,
" And o'er the Earth from day to day
" Aſſerts his everlaſting Sway."

## PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW ſweet thy Dwellings, Lord, how fair!
What Peace, what Bliſs, inhabit there!
With ardent hope, with ſtrong deſire,
My heart, my fleſh, to Thee aſpire;
I burn to tread thy Courts, and Thee,
My God, the living God, to ſee.
Eternal King, within thy Dome
The Sparrow finds her peaceful home;
With her the Dove, a licens'd Gueſt,
Aſſiduous tends her infant neſt,

And to thy Altar's ſure defence
Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
Bleſt, who, like theſe, from day to day
Within thy Houſe permitted ſtay,
Whoſe joyous tongue thy Mercies raiſe
To Hymns of gratitude and praiſe.
Bleſt, who, their ſtrength on Thee reclin'd,
Thy Seat explore with conſtant mind,
And, *Salem*'s diſtant tow'rs in view,
With active zeal their way purſue:
Secure the thirſty Vale they tread,
While, call'd from out their ſandy bed,
(As down in grateful ſhow'rs diſtill'd
The Heav'ns their kindlieſt moiſture yield,)
The copious ſprings their ſteps beguile,
And bid the chearleſs Deſert ſmile.
From ſtage to ſtage advancing ſtill,
Behold them reach fair *Sion*'s hill,
And, proſtrate at her hallow'd ſhrine,
Adore the Majeſty divine.
O Thou, whom Heav'n's high Hoſts revere,
God of our Fathers, bow thine ear:
Look down, our only Hope! look down;
Behold us, but without a frown,
And let thy beams, in mercy ſhed,
Stream copious on th' anointed head.
One day if in thy Courts I dwell,
That day a thouſand ſhall excell:
Amidſt the menial tribe to wait,
And guard th' approaches of thy gate,

Far happier taſk my ſoul ſhould find,
Than, mix'd with Men of impious mind,
To ſee the proud pavilion ſpread
Its dazzling ſplendors o'er my head.
Thou, Lord, art *Iſrael*'s Sun and Shield;
Thy Love ſhall grace and glory yield,
Nor e'er permit the pious train
Thy gifts to aſk, and aſk in vain.
Bleſt, who in confidence of pray'r
To Thee, great God, reſign their care.

## PSALM LXXXV.

OUR eyes, great God, have ſeen thy grace
Its beams effuſe on *Jacob*'s race,
Looſe from their chains the captive Band,
And call them to their native land.
Thy Mercy, Lord, their woes has heal'd,
Their treſpaſs hid, their pardon ſeal'd,
Check'd in mid courſe thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire.
O grant us ſtill thy Love to ſhare;
God of our health! accept the pray'r,
That ſeeks thy clemency to win,
And cleanſe, O cleanſe us from our ſin.
Say ſhall thy Wrath perpetual burn?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return
Thy quick'ning influence to impart,
And wake to mirth each grateful heart,
While *Iſrael*'s reſcu'd Tribes in Thee
Their Bliſs and full Salvation ſee?

No

No longer, heav'nly Sire, delay
Thy wonted Mercy to diſplay,
But let thy All-diſpoſing Will
Thy People's ſtedfaſt hope fulfill.
Rev'rent I wait, nor ſilence break,
Till Heav'n's high Lord his purpoſe ſpeak.
What ſhall he ſpeak, but Peace, to Thee,
O *Iſrael?* What, but Joy, decree
To Each whoſe heart his precept learns,
Nor back to folly's path returns?
Behold, ye Souls that own his fear,
Behold your wiſh'd Redemption near;
See Glory, burſting from the Skies,
O'er *Judah*'s Land effulgent riſe,
And fix amidſt her coaſts its ſeat;
There Verity and Mercy meet,
With mutual ſtep advancing; There
Shall Peace and Juſtice, heav'nly Pair,
To laſting compact onward move,
Seal'd by the kiſs of ſacred Love.
Truth from thy furrows, Earth, ſhall ſpring,
And Righteouſneſs, her healing wing
Expanded, downward caſt her eye,
While Heav'n's great Monarch from on high
Shall crown th' expecting Lab'rer's toil,
And bleſs with full increaſe our ſoil:
She, as on earth thy feet ſhall tread,
Shall march direct, with lifted head
Preceding, and with duteous care
Thy path, eternal King, prepare.

PSALM

## PSALM LXXXVI.

LORD! to my wants thy ear incline;
Behold me, as with grief I pine;
My hope confirm, and guard from ill
A ſoul ſubjected to thy Will.
From riſing to declining day
To Thee with fervent lip I pray:
Propitious, to thy ſervant's heart
Thy chearing influence impart:
To Thee, to Thee I vent my care;
I know thee, Lord, nor ſlow to ſpare,
Nor weak to vindicate from harm
The Souls with pure devotion warm.
My days with ſorrow clouded o'er,
Thy wonted ſuccours I implore:
Regard me, gracious; nor forbear
The voice of my requeſt to hear.
For who, among the Seats divine,
Shall boaſt or Pow'r or Works like Thine?
Behold, their Maker taught to own,
Earth's future Sons before thy throne
In *Sion* ſuppliant kneel, and raiſe
To *Iſrael*'s God their joyful Lays.
Eternal Excellence! Thy hand
At will ſhall Nature's pow'rs command;
Thy wonders, through her confines wide,
She ſpeaks, nor owns a God beſide.
O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread,
And, while thy Truth my ſteps ſhall lead,

(The faithful Guide by Thee aſſign'd,)
Train to thy fear my willing mind.
My heart, by ſacred zeal impell'd,
To Thee the grateful ſong ſhall yield;
Long as I breathe the vital air,
Thy Love my loudeſt praiſe ſhall ſhare,
Whoſe aid my ſoul with health has crown'd,
And ſnatch'd me from the pit profound.
Thou ſeeſt, my God, the Sons of Pride,
In leagues of violence allied,
(Thy fear behind them thrown) my way
Surround, and mark me for their prey:
But well my great Preſerver knows
To weigh and to relieve my woes;
Long is thy patience, ſlow thine ire;
Eternal Mercy, mightieſt Sire,
Thy word (on that my truſt I build;)
And unrepenting Truth have ſeal'd.
My griefs with tend'reſt pity view,
With ſtrength thy Servant's heart renew,
And inſtant from th' expecting grave
The Offspring of thy Handmaid ſave.
O grant me, Lord, ſome fav'ring ſign,
Some pledge that may beſpeak me Thine,
That, ſtung with ſhame, my foes may ſee
What Aid, what Bliſs, I boaſt in Thee.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

FIX'D on the holy Mountains ſtand
Thy deep foundations: *Jacob*'s Land,
Throughout its wide-extended coaſts,
No City, beauteous *Sion*, boaſts,
Whoſe hallow'd gates have ſhar'd, like thine,
The favour of the hand divine.
Thee God the Manſion of his reſt,
And Seat of Empire has confeſs'd,
While thus aloud to lateſt days
His heav'nly Edict ſpeaks thy praiſe.
Amidſt the Souls that own my ſway,
And learn my precepts to obey,
Thy Sons, O *Nile*, ſhall find a place,
And *Babylon*'s accepted Race;
Nor thine, O *Tyre*, nor, *Midian*, thine,
Nor whom *Philiſtia*'s bounds confine,
Excluded from my thought ſhall ſtand,
But mix with *Sion*'s ſacred Band.
Each tenant of the peopled Earth
Shall claim from Her his happy birth:
Aliens no more, within her Seat
Behold th' united Myriads meet,
And joyous tread her bleſt Abode,
The *Iſrael* and the Heirs of God:
That God, whoſe pow'r upholds her State,
And ſeals to endleſs time her date.
When on the page, whoſe wide extent
Shall *Adam*'s num'rous Line preſent,

Each Kindred, Family, and Tribe,
Th' eternal Cenſor ſhall inſcribe,
His hand th' adopted Names ſhall there
Thy Natives, *Solyma*, declare,
And bid them with thy Sons reſide,
In concord's ſtricteſt bands allied.
Hark, how the trump, and tuneful tongue,
The ſacred Jubilee prolong,
To notes of loudeſt triumph riſe,
And echo to the diſtant ſkies:
While I (thy Maker, God, and King,)
I, *Salem*, bid the living Spring
Amid thee yield its copious ſtore,
And crown with health thy happy ſhore.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

GOD of my health! To Thee by day,
To Thee by night, aloud I pray:
O bend thine ear, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne ariſe.
Satiate of griefs, with downward feet
I ſeek the hollow grave's retreat,
And, ſtrengthleſs, mingle with the train,
That fill its melancholy reign.
A Gueſt familiar of the Dead,
Lo, in the duſt I make my bed,
As One, on whom thy ſtroke its aim
Directs, and blots from earth his name.
As, loſt to ev'ry human eye,
Deep in the loweſt pit I lie,

Thy

Thy wrath incumbent whelms me o'er,
And all thy billows round me roar.
No friendly feet approach me nigh,
But backward, each, abhorrent fly;
While, in my prison fast immur'd,
My eye with sorrow's mist obscur'd,
With ceaseless moan my suppliant hand
To Thee, great Monarch, I expand.
Shall, whom the bands of death infold,
The wonders of thy pow'r behold,
And, starting from the tomb, thy Name
In hymns of joyful praise proclaim?
Shall echo on thy Mercies dwell
Amid the dark sepulchral cell?
Or through Destruction's vaults profound
Thy Truth, eternal God, resound?
Shall regions that exclude the day
Thy miracles to view display,
And pale Oblivion's confines drear
The records of thy Justice hear?
To Thee I call; to Thee in pray'r
At earliest dawn disclose my care:
Lord! why hast Thou my soul repell'd?
Why thus thy quick'ning beams withheld?
E'er yet to manly years I grew,
My fainting heart thy terrors knew,
And through succeeding life sustains
A long vicissitude of pains.
While thus beneath thy wrath I groan;
While countless woes come rolling on,

And o'er me, as a ſwelling Sea,
Hang imminent; remov'd by Thee,
Each Friend, that wont my board to ſhare,
Each kind Conſoler of my care,
As round I look, my ſight evade,
And ſeek concealment's thickeſt ſhade.

## PSALM LXXXIX.

MY grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever ſing,
My verſe to time's remoteſt day
Thy Truth in ſacred notes diſplay.
That Mercy (thus thy Voice mine ear
Beſpeaks,) on firmeſt baſe I rear;
That Truth in Heav'n my lips command
From age to age confirm'd to ſtand.
My Love to *Jeſſe*'s Son reveal'd
Th' irrevocable Oath has ſeal'd.
Bleſt Object of my choice! Thy Line,
Protected by the hand divine,
In long deſcent thy Throne ſhall heir,
Nor rolling years their pow'r impair.
Thy Acts, great God, Heav'n's lofty Seat
With awful wonder ſhall repeat;
And, while within thy hallow'd ſhrine
Thy Saints in humbleſt homage join,
Thy Truth to thankful mirth ſhall raiſe
Each heart, each tongue incite to praiſe.
O ſay, what ſtrength ſhall vie with Thine?
What Name, among the Seats divine,

Of

Of equal excellence poſſeſs'd,
Thy ſov'reignty, great God, conteſt?
Ye Tribes, that form his choſen Choir,
Let *Iſrael*'s God your fear inſpire,
Ye Natives of each neighb'ring ſhore,
With proſtrate hearts his pow'r adore.
Thee, Lord, Heav'n's Hoſts their Leader own;
Thee Might unbounded, Thee alone,
With endleſs majeſty has crown'd,
And faith unſullied veſts thee round.
'Tis thine the Ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its ſwelling tide:
From Thee the deep-inflicted wound,
Her guilt's juſt portion, *Egypt* found;
When, rang'd in fight, the lawleſs Band
Thy pow'r, preſumptuous, durſt withſtand,
Each foe thine Arm beheld with dread,
And back in wild confuſion fled.
The Heav'n above, and Earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great Poſſeſſor know;
By Thee this Orb to being roſe,
And All that Nature's bounds incloſe.
From Thee amid th' aerial ſpace
The North and South aſſume their place;
While *Tabor*'s brow, with ev'ning red,
And Eaſtern *Hermon*'s unſhorn head,
Wide through their echoing groves thy name
In ſongs of grateful joy proclaim.
Strong is thy Arm; thy ſtedfaſt Will
Thy Hands with ſure effect fulfill;

While

While Juſtice, 'mid th' ethereal plain,
And Equity thy Throne ſuſtain,
And white-rob'd Truth and Mercy fair
Thy ſteps precede, thy path prepare.
O, Bleſt the Tribes, whoſe willing ear
Awakes the feſtal ſhout to hear;
Who thankful ſee, where'er they tread,
Thy fav'ring beams around them ſpread.
How ſhall they joy from day to day
Thy boundleſs Mercy to diſplay,
Thy Righteouſneſs, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record,
Thy Strength their ſureſt refuge deem,
Thy Grace their dignity ſupreme!
Behold, ye Saints, behold a Shield
In *Iſrael*'s aid by God upheld;
Behold exalted to the Throne
A King, whom He has ſeal'd his own.
Thy Viſions, Lord, from Heav'n reveal'd,
The raptur'd Prophet has beheld;
And thus thy Voice in awful ſtrains
The purpoſe of thy Love explains.
To One ſelected from thy Line
Thy ſafety, *Jacob*, I conſign,
And, cloth'd with ſtrength, before thy eyes
High o'er his Equals bid him riſe.
See *David*, prompt my Will t' obey:
On Him th' important charge I lay,
And copious on his favour'd head
The conſecrating unction ſhed.

My

My hand ſhall hold him faſt; my care
From each aſſault, from ev'ry ſnare,
Shall guard him: with reſiſtleſs ſtroke,
When hoſtile Crouds his wrath provoke,
My Arm ſhall cruſh the impious train,
And load with ſlaughter'd heaps the plain.
On Mercy and on Truth divine
Behold him (nor in vain,) recline
His truſt, and, by my ſtrength upborne,
Aloft, exulting, lift the horn;
While (ſuch my Will;) o'er ſubject Lands
In wide extent are ſtretch'd his hands;
Beneath his left the Ocean rolls,
His right th' *Aſſyrian* Flood controuls.
Thou art my Father, (thus my Name
His lips, inſtinct with grateful flame,
Aloud ſhall hail;) My God in Thee,
And Rock of ſure defence, I ſee.
Him, pleas'd, my Firſtborn I avow,
Bid mightieſt Kings before him bow,
And Bleſſings to his reach expand,
Inſur'd by Compact's ſacred band.
Transfer'd by Me from Sire to Son,
To Heav'n's extremeſt date his Throne
Shall laſt: If from my Laws his Line,
Ingrateful, ſhall their ſteps decline,
Fond (while their hearts reject my ſway,)
In interdicted paths to ſtray,
My rod their treſpaſs ſhall purſue,
My ſcourge their ſtubborn will ſubdue.

Yet

Yet never, never, ſhall my Love
From Him its ſteady beams remove;
Ne'er ſhall my Truth forget to guard
The promiſe by my lips declar'd.
To *David*, once, (nor need I more,)
Once by my Sanctity I ſwore,
That, cheriſh'd by my care, his Race
Thy Throne, O *Judah*, long ſhall grace;
Long as the Sun, with welcome ray,
Shall warmth and life to Earth convey,
Or Thou, O Moon, in circuit wide
The witneſs of my Compact glide.
Yet Ah! repuls'd, contemn'd, by Thee,
Th' Anointed of thy hand we ſee
No more thy plighted mercy ſhare,
But, doom'd thy wrath, juſt God, to bear,
With countleſs woes contend: His Crown
Low in the duſt by Thee is thrown;
No more his Forts aſcend on high,
But, fal'n, in heapy ruins lie;
No more his Walls the War exclude;
But paſſers by with inſult rude
His rights invade, and Nations round
His ear with keen reproaches wound.
Their hand by Thine uprais'd, each foe
Aims at his head the deathful blow;
With fierceſt joy their boſom burns,
While back with edge rebated turns
His ſword, and, thy ſupport withheld,
His vanquiſh'd legions quit the field.

His

His pow'r extinct, his luſtre gone,
On earth, ſubverted, lies his Throne:
Age on his Youth has ſtoln; and ſhame
With thickeſt cloud obſcures his fame.
How long ſhall I, with anguiſh torn,
Thy face, my God, averted mourn?
How long behold, in dire amaze,
Thy wrath with flames inceſſant blaze?
O weigh within thy thought my State!
How frail my life! how ſhort its date!
Nor leave me, Lord, to deem (my mind
To dark inquietude reſign'd,)
Thy plaſtic Art employ'd in vain,
Or Man created but to pain,
While thus through varied ſcenes of woe
With haſt'ning ſtep to death we go.
For Who ſhall boaſt, of human frame,
Exemption from his doom to claim,
Or, arm'd with native might, withſtand
The Sepulchre's rapacious hand?
Say, where is now the Love, O where,
Which erſt thy lips to *David* ſware?
That Love, by Truth eternal ſeal'd,
Again to view, great Father, yield:
O think what wrongs thy Servants bear,
Wrongs pour'd on Me in largeſt ſhare,
As deep within my ſilent breaſt
Each offer'd inſult I digeſt,
While impious Crouds his ſteps revile,
Whom Thou haſt touch'd with ſacred oil.

O wiſe

O wiſe in all thy Works! thy Name
Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,
And, grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaſeleſs ſongs repeat thy praiſe.

## PSALM XC.

THEE, Lord, their refuge, Thee alone,
From earlieſt age thy People own:
E'er yet the Mountains roſe to birth,
E'er yet their form the Heav'ns and Earth
Aſſum'd, Thou cloth'd in light divine
Haſt ſhone; and ſhalt for ever ſhine.
Thou to the ſons of human kind
In ſhort extenſion haſt aſſign'd
Their term, and bid them, at its end,
Low to their native duſt deſcend.
To Thee as Yeſterday appears
The proſpect of a thouſand Years;
And Ages, roll'd ſucceſſive on,
Quick as the circling Watch are gone,
That, 'midſt the hours of ſoft repoſe,
With ſilent lapſe unheeded flows.
As plants that drink the nightly ſhow'r,
Refreſh'd by ſleep's irriguous pow'r
(Thy gift,) at Morn the mortal Race
With joyous bloom, and vernal grace,
Exulting flouriſh: Ev'ning nigh,
Cropt like the plant, they fade and die.
Thy hand with unremitted force
In mid progreſſion ſtops our courſe,

While

While ſtorms of vengeance round us roll,
And whelm in dread our conſcious ſoul.
Thy eyes our inmoſt guilt can read;
Thy preſence, Lord, on each miſdeed,
That ſtudious ſhuns the ſight of day,
Reſiſtleſs darts its ſearching ray.
See, faſt as words diſſolv'd in air,
While crimes on crimes thy Juſtice dare,
Our days in rapid flight conſume,
And bear us onward to the tomb.
Its date to ſev'nty years confin'd,
If aught of life remain behind,
If Nature yet a ten years' day
Indulge us, e'er her debt we pay,
Our ſtrength but weakneſs then we know,
And added Age but lengthen'd Woe.
Strip'd of our pride, we cloſe our ſpan,
And vaniſh from the eye of Man.
O, who thy terrors juſtly weighs?
Who to thy pow'r ſubmiſſive pays
Proportion'd homage? Teach us Thou
To count life's moments as they flow,
And, while its end our thoughts ſurvey,
By Wiſdom's line to guide our way.
Return, All-potent Lord, return:
How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn?
Return, and let thy wonted Love
With ſpeedieſt aid our griefs remove:
Thy Mercy, to our Souls reveal'd,
Satiety of bliſs ſhall yield,

And, while thy breath our life prolongs,
With grateful mirth inſpire our tongues:
That Mercy, mightieſt Lord, diſplay;
And bid at length ſome happier day
Compenſate with its joys the years
Conſign'd to ſorrow, groans, and tears.
Author of Good, thy Work mature;
Let *Iſrael*'s Tribes, in Thee ſecure,
From age to age the Bleſſings trace
Intail'd on their diſtinguiſh'd Race.
O may the Majeſty divine
On Us its mildeſt beams incline,
And while, new Scenes of hope to view
Diſclos'd, our labour we purſue,
Thy fav'ring hand with full ſucceſs
That hope confirm, that labour bleſs.

## PSALM XCI.

WHO makes Omnipotence his Aid,
Who reſts beneath *Jehovah*'s ſhade,
And joyful cries, "My God, in Thee
"My Fortreſs and my Hope I ſee,
"And, ſtedfaſt, on the Arm divine
"My truſt in each diſtreſs recline,"
How bleſt that Man!—Thy Maker's care
Shall ſnatch thee from the hunter's ſnare:
When ſick'ning Nature's pow'rs ſhall fail,
No fatal ſtroke ſhall Thee aſſail:
His wings around thee ſhall be ſpread,
His pinions guard thy favour'd head.

His

His Truth thy ſhield, nor terror pale
By night ſhall o'er thy ſoul prevail,
Nor ſhaft, that aims its flight by day,
Thy guiltleſs boſom ſhall diſmay;
Nor Plague, that with gigantic ſtride
In darkneſs walks its circuit wide,
Nor ſultry blaſt, whoſe dreaded breath
Taints the meridian air with death.
Though thouſands by thy ſide are ſlain,
And myriads round thee preſs the plain,
No dart ſhall thy deſtruction dare,
Or wound whom God has bid to ſpare.
Each foe before thine eyes o'erthrown,
Still ſhalt thou paſs in triumph on,
And, ſince thy heart, to God reſign'd,
In him its refuge boaſts to find,
Behold him on each impious head
The fulneſs of his vengeance ſhed.
No dangers ſhall thy path await,
Or touch thine interdicted gate.
While, round thee plac'd, th' Angelic Train
Thy ſteps with tend'reſt care ſuſtain,
Safe ſhalt thou walk through ways unknown,
Nor ſtrike thy foot againſt the ſtone.
Go, fearleſs on the Dragon tread,
And preſs the proſtrate Lion's head:
Behold the Tyrant of the wood
(In vain with youthful ſtrength indu'd,)
Behold the Serpent (in his veins
Though half the poiſon of the plains

Be lodg'd,) before thee vanquish'd lie,
And close in death their languid eye.
Thy duteous Zeal, thy filial Love,
I mark, and all thy Acts approve:
For this, thy head aloft I rear,
Bow to thy pray'r the willing ear,
Thy fears avert, thy griefs attend,
(Thy God, thy Guardian, and thy Friend,)
Thy years prolong; and to thy heart
My health-dispensing grace impart.

## PSALM XCII.

HOW blest the task, with fervent heart
To summon from the tuneful Art
Its succours, and thy Name record,
O Thou, whom Nature owns her Lord!
Thy boundless Mercies, heav'nly King,
At morning's earliest hour to sing,
And, rapt in praise, thy Truth to tell,
When night's dark shades around us dwell:
While with the ten-string'd instrument
The psaltry's measur'd strains consent,
And o'er the harp each liquid note
With solemn sound is taught to float.
How have thy Acts my wakeful breast
With rapt'rous gratitude impress'd!
How joys my tongue, with holy flame
Inspir'd, thy Wonders to proclaim!
Great are the Works thy hand has wrought,
And deep beyond all search thy Thought.

Thy

Thy Acts the minds of brutiſh mould
With unregarding eye behold,
And, ſtrangers to thy wiſe deſign,
In erring cenſure madly join;
Nor know, that, when the impious Band
In guilty pomp conſpicuous ſtand,
Freſh as the flow'r, or verdant blade,
In ſummer's fulleſt pride array'd,
Mature for death their heads they rear,
And ſwift deſtruction waits them near.
But Thou, above the ſtarry plain,
In endleſs Majeſty ſhalt reign:
Thy foes, eternal God, thy foes
In death's long ſleep their eyes ſhall cloſe,
And all, whoſe hearts thy pow'r defy,
In wide diſperſion backward fly:
While I, by heav'nly Might upborne,
Strong as the Oryx lift the horn;
And o'er my head in copious ſhow'rs
Thy Oil its richeſt fragrance pours.
When factious Crouds againſt me riſe,
With ſcenes of triumph Thou my eyes
Shalt ſatiate, and their full defeat
My ears with happieſt tidings greet.
Fair as amidſt their native bed
The ſtately Palms their branches ſpread,
Or Cedars, tow'ring to the ſkies,
On *Lebanon*'s broad ſummit riſe,
Within thy Courts the Juſt ſhall ſtand;
And, nouriſh'd by thy foſt'ring hand,

Each adverſe blaſt by Thee repell'd,
To lateſt age their fruits ſhall yield
In large increaſe, through life's whole round
With health and youthful verdure crown'd.
Thy Goodneſs ſhall their lips record,
(God of my ſtrength!) thy ev'ry Word
In Truth's unvarying balance weigh'd,
Thy ev'ry Act by Juſtice ſway'd.

## PSALM XCIII.

1.

THE Lord th' eternal ſcepter rears,
And Nature's pow'r obſervant hears
Whate'er his Will injoins:
His head with pureſt ſplendors crown'd,
With majeſty he veſts him round,
And girds with ſtrength his loyns.

2.

Encircled by th' ethereal ſpace,
And fix'd by Him on firmeſt baſe,
The Earth's vaſt Orb appears:
From earlieſt age, great God, thy Throne
Aloft in Heav'n prepar'd has ſhone;
Nor numbers Time thy years.

3.

A ſcene of horror ſtrikes my eyes;
The Floods, my God, the Floods ariſe,
And lift their voice on high:
What pow'r ſhall curb the headlong tide?
What bid the ſwelling waves ſubſide,
And clear the ſtormy ſky?

4.

Thee, o'er all height exalted, Thee
The Deeps revere; at thy Decree
The Waves their rage reſign:
Fix'd are the Laws by Thee ordain'd;
And Truth and Sanctity unſtain'd
Adorn thy awful ſhrine.

## PSALM XCIV.

THOU God with vengeance arm'd, appear;
Thou God with vengeance arm'd, whoſe fear
The Earth (for Thee her Judge ſhe knows,)
Submiſſive owns, thy pow'r diſcloſe,
And inſtant from thy ſeat ariſe,
Each proud tranſgreſſor to chaſtiſe.
How long ſhall impious Crouds, how long,
With haughtieſt inſult arm their tongue?
How long in bitt'reſt gall each word
Infuſe, and boaſt their conqu'ring ſword?
Thy Flock, great God, their fury own;
Beneath their ſtroke thy People groan:
Their hands, remorſeleſs, to the tomb
The Widow and the Stranger doom;
Nor innocence nor tend'reſt age
Can ſhield the Orphan from their rage.
" Ne'er ſhall our deeds in Heav'n be known,
" Or reach (they cry,) the diſtant Throne
" Of *Iſrael*'s Lord." — Ye fools and blind!
Return, and ſeek a better mind.

Say

Say when ſhall Wiſdom's light ſerene
Your ſouls from error's childhood wean?
Who knew to plant the ear, ſhall HE
Not hear? Who form'd the eye, not ſee?
Shall aught of guilt his ſearch evade,
Who bids the Nations he has made,
Inform'd by his paternal care,
The gifts of various Science ſhare,
Who Reaſon in the boſom pours,
Its growth improves, its fruit matures,
Each counſel of the human brain
Weighs in his ſcale, and ſtamps it vain?
O, Bleſt the Man, for ever bleſt,
Whoſe faithful heart, by thee impreſs'd,
Eternal Teacher, from thy Laws
The leſſons of his conduct draws;
Who ſhelter'd from the evil day
Its diſtant dangers ſhall ſurvey,
And wait, till Thou the pit prepare
For Each whoſe crimes thy vengeance dare.
Ne'er from the Children of his Love
Shall Heav'n's high Lord his care remove,
Or to the foes of *Iſrael*'s Line
His purchas'd Heritage reſign:
For Judgement ſhall its ſeat aſſume,
Triumphant; while its equal doom
Each heart to Virtue's cauſe a friend
With conſcious tranſport ſhall attend.
Say, who with Me will plight the hand,
With Me the ſons of guilt withſtand?

Had God his aiding pow'r withheld,
How had my ſoul in ſilence dwell'd!
But when my foot with fault'ring tread
Suggeſted to my thought a dread,
Thy Love, its ſpeedieſt care applied,
Forbade my dubious ſteps to ſlide.
While deepeſt woe my boſom tries,
And thoughts with thoughts conflicting riſe,
Thy comforts, Lord, my ſoul ſuſtain,
And calm my fears, and ſooth my pain.
Shall proud Oppreſſion's lawleſs Chair
In thy Alliance find a ſhare,
Whoſe Mandates to the impious Tribe
Their taſks of cruelty preſcribe?
See willing Myriads, at its word
Aſſembled, graſp the hoſtile ſword,
In guiltleſs blood their thirſt allay,
And mark the Righteous for their prey.
But God, my refuge and my ſhield,
Firm on himſelf my truſt ſhall build;
That Lord, whom *Iſrael*'s Sons adore,
Their ſin ſhall in their lap reſtore,
Their ſteps with certain vengeance trace,
And root from earth th' offending Race.

## PSALM XCV.

O Come, and to th' eternal King
New ſongs of triumph let us ſing;
With holy tranſport Him alone
The ſtrength of our Salvation own;

Admitted to his preſence pay
The tribute of the grateful lay,
And, while his Acts our mirth inſpire,
Wake to his praiſe the vocal lyre.
Extended wide beyond all bound,
Beyond all height, his pow'r is found,
Nor Lords, with Him, nor Gods beſide
The honours of his Throne divide.
Earth's ſtores, throughout its inmoſt frame,
He, great Proprietor, ſhall claim;
Your Range, ye cloud-tranſcending Hills,
His pow'r commands, his preſence fills.
Inrich'd by his prolific hand
In Him the All-productive Land,
In Him the Sea, that rounds its ſhore,
Their Maker and their Lord adore.
O come, and let your knees with mine
To Him in lowlieſt homage join;
In Him your God, your Father, ſee,
The People of his paſture Ye,
The Flock that guided by his care
The bleſſings of his bounty ſhare.
O *Judah*, if in this thy day
My Will thou purpoſe to obey,
Steel not thy breaſt to truths divine,
As erſt the Fathers of thy line;
Whoſe Bands th' incloſing Deſert ſaw,
Rebellious to the Heav'n-taught Law,
With mad preſumption from my hand
The ſignals of my pow'r demand;

Indulg'd,

Indulg'd, the wiſh'd for ſight obtain;
And, ſeen, demand them yet again.
Through forty years the circling ſun
Beheld their date of mercy run,
As, griev'd, I ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain,
Their growing frenzy to reſtrain:
Behold a Race, at length I cried,
Whoſe heart from Me has ſwerv'd aſide,
(By Error's pow'r ſubdu'd,) nor known
That Wiſdom's paths and Mine are one.
My Oath, for by Myſelf I ſwear,
My kindled anger ſhall declare,
And bar them from my Reſt, decreed
To faithful *Abraham*'s choſen Seed.

## PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord ſome new-taught Song;
Earth, to his praiſe the note prolong:
Bleſs, bleſs his Name; from day to day
Let His Salvation prompt the lay,
Till Realms remote his Acts have known,
And Man's whole Race his Wonders own.
Great is the Lord, and great his Praiſe:
What God like Him our fear can raiſe?
Not ſuch as Heathen Lands afford,
Created firſt, and then ador'd:
Creation Him its Lord avow'd,
When erſt the arch of Heav'n he bow'd;
And Light and Majeſty divine
With fadeleſs ſplendor grace his ſhrine.

Let

Let ev'ry People, ev'ry Tribe,
Pow'r, glory, ſtrength, to Him aſcribe:
Yield to his Name the honours due;
Oft to his Courts your way purſue
With ſolemn ſtep, and joyful bring
The off'ring to your heav'nly King.
Before the Beauty of his ſhrine,
Ye Saints, in low proſtration join:
Ye Natives of each diſtant ſhore,
His Pow'r revere; his Name adore.
O tell to All whom Earth ſuſtains,
O tell them, that *Jehovah* reigns,
That, fix'd by His Almighty hand,
Its pond'rous Orb unmov'd ſhall ſtand,
And All who iſſue from its womb
Receive from Him th' unerring doom.
Exult, ye Heav'ns; exult, O Earth;
And, partner in the ſacred mirth,
Let Ocean in its fulneſs riſe,
And thunder to the diſtant ſkies.
Rich in his gifts, ye Fields, rejoice;
While in his praiſe the Woods their voice
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The preſence of th' approaching God.
He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the World he made.
Truth ſhall with Him the cauſe decide,
And Equity his ſentence guide.

## PSALM XCVII.

TO God belongs th' eternal Sway;
Let Earth with joy his Will obey:
Exult, ye Iſles that crown the Main,
Bleſt in his mild auſpicious Reign.
The ſtation'd Clouds around him meet,
And Darkneſs rolls beneath his feet;
While Equity and Truth combine
To rear aloft his awful ſhrine.
Before him walks the waſting Fire;
Wrapt in the blaſt his foes expire;
While Earth, convuls'd, in dire diſmay,
Beholds the forky lightnings play,
And down, like wax before the flame,
Down flows the Mountain's ſolid frame,
That late, ambitious, met the ſky;
For God, the World's great Lord, is nigh.
His righteous Acts the Heav'ns diſplay,
His fame from pole to pole convey,
And bid the Majeſty divine
To ev'ry eye conſpicuous ſhine.
Shame to the Wretch that wood and ſtones
The Objects of his homage owns,
And frantic to the Creature pays
The Maker's interverted praiſe.
Ye Gods, his ſov'reign Might avow,
And rev'rent at his footſtool bow.
Well-pleas'd thy Counſels, Lord, to hear,
Imperial *Salem* bows the ear;

And *Judah's* happy Daughters ſing
The Mercies of th' eternal King.
Thou, Lord, in Majeſty ſerene
Exalted o'er the Earth art ſeen:
What Pow'r, great God, ſhall boaſt a Name
Like Thine? Like Thee our homage claim?
Ye Souls with Love divine impreſs'd;
Juſt to its precepts, Sin deteſt:
Each fear deliver'd to the wind,
In God your certain refuge find,
Whoſe pow'r protects the pious Band,
Though Myriads, leagu'd, againſt them ſtand.
To You, ye Good, to You alone
The ſeeds of heav'nly light are ſown,
That wake within the human breaſt
Joys ne'er by human tongue expreſs'd.
O crown'd with Mercies from above,
To God your grateful zeal approve:
His Sanctity revere; his Name
In hymns of loudeſt praiſe proclaim.

## PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the God whom we adore;
O ſing, in lays unheard before,
The Mercies ſhown us from above,
The Wonders of redeeming Love:
His Hand, exerted in our aid,
His Hand thoſe Wonders has diſplay'd;
His holy Arm Salvation ſends,
And Conqueſt on its ſtroke attends.

His

His Juſtice through the World has ſhin'd;
His Truth, with endleſs Mercy join'd,
Now ſeals the promiſe of his Grace
To faithful *Abraham*'s choſen Race;
And Earth, to juſt obedience aw'd,
Has own'd her Saviour and her God.
Ye diſtant Realms, your voice employ
In ſhouts of gratitude and joy:
Let hymns of rapture ſwell each throat;
Call from the harp th' according note;
On the ſhrill trump your mirth prolong,
And ſound the cornet to the ſong.
To Him who claims th' eternal ſway,
To Him the vocal tribute pay:
Him let the hoarſe-reſounding Tide,
With All that in its depths reſide,
Praiſe, thank, and bleſs, in loudeſt ſtrains;
Him Earth, and All whom Earth ſuſtains.
Ye Floods, triumphant clap the hand;
Ye cloud-topt Hills, exulting ſtand;
See, thron'd aloft in awful ſtate,
While Man's whole Race his ſentence wait,
The Judge ſupreme his ſcale aſſume;
And Equity directs the Doom.

## PSALM XCIX.

1.

*JEHOVAH* reigns: Ye Nations own,
With proſtrate hearts, his ſway:
Betwixt the Cherubs ſtands his Throne;
Earth! tremble and obey.

2.

His Rule, in *Sion* long confeſt,
O'er All extends; his Name
Shall hallow with its fear each breaſt,
Each tongue with zeal inflame.

3.

Thy Pow'r with Equity allied
Through time's long courſe has ſtood:
Thy Judgements *Jacob*, Lord, has tried,
And knows them juſt and good.

4.

Let Each, with humble joy elate,
Before thy footſtool bow;
Thee, ceaſeleſs, praiſe: For who ſo great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou?

5.

By God with ſacred honours crown'd,
See *Moſes*, *Aaron*, ſee,
And *Samuel*, ever faithful found,
To Him incline the knee.

6.

To Him the favour'd Three aloud
The frequent Vow prefer'd,
And inſtant from the pillar'd cloud
His awful Anſwer heard.

7.

With wakeful zeal their boſoms burn'd;
Obſervant of his Will,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd,
And haſten'd to fulfill.

8.

To Thee, great God, their ev'ry pray'r
In full acceptance roſe:
Thy hand their weakneſs knew to ſpare,
And, pitying, heal'd their woes.

9.

Yet could thy Wrath, when Sin had dar'd
Their erring breaſt to ſtain,
Deal to their guilt its juſt reward,
And vindicate thy Reign.

10.

Let Each, with humble joy elate,
On-*Sion*'s Mountain bow;
Thee, ceaſeleſs, praiſe: For who ſo great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou?

## PSALM C.

YE Tribes of Earth, in God rejoice,
His preſence hail with thankful voice;
To Him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay.
Submiſſive to his Will, in Him
Behold the God of Gods ſupreme:
With conſcious wonder oft ſurvey'd,
He, not Ourſelves, our frame has made:
The ſubjects of his pow'r we ſtand,
The ſheep that own his guiding hand.
" O, enter then his gates with praiſe,
To Him your loudeſt accents raiſe,
With grateful hearts his Love proclaim,
And bleſs, O bleſs, his awful Name.

For Truth in Him and Mercy live:
That Truth shall time itself survive;
That Mercy through the length of days
Unclouded pour its healing rays.

## PSALM CI.

MERCY, Judgement, now my tongue
Makes the subject of its Song:
Lord! to whom then shall I sing,
But to Thee, th' eternal King?
Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide,
Or from Thy All-perfect Way,
Lost in paths of Sin, to stray.
When, O when, celestial Guest,
Shall my roof with Thee be blest?
Lo! my heart with studious care
For thy presence I prepare,
And my Dwelling's full extent
Spotless to thy view present.
Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand
Dare to break thy just Command;
Ne'er within me shalt thou find
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.
Serv'd by none who serve not Thee,
Let me not the Impious see;
Let the wretch of froward heart
From my gate repuls'd depart;
And the Man of lofty eye,
Scornful mien, and stomach high,

And

And the Tongue to ſlander bred,
Learn my heavieſt wrath to dread.
Come, ye Good and Juſt, O come,
Sure with Me to find a home:
Pleas'd I ſee the pious Band
Round my throne attendant ſtand,
And in ſacred homage join
To their own great Lord and mine.
Hence ye Children of deceit,
From my threſhold turn your feet:
Let the ſoul that dares a lye
Inſtant from my preſence fly.
Soon, O *Judah*, ſhall my hand
Root th' offenders from thy Land;
Wrathful ſeize the rebel train;
And from ſin's infectious ſtain
By my guilt-avenging rod
Purge the City of my God.

## PSALM CII.

HEAR, Lord, my pray'r, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne ariſe:
O turn not Thou thy face away,
Nor longer my relief delay;
But mark my ſorrows from on high,
And pitying to my call reply.
Faſt as the mounting ſmoke decays,
On time's light pinion flit my days:
My bones the hearth's fierce heat ſuſtain;
My heart the herbage of the plain

Reſembles, o'er whoſe leaves have paſt
The fervors of the ſouthern blaſt.
For ah! forgetful of my food,
Inceſſant o'er my griefs I brood,
While ſtruggling groans their weight proclaim,
And waſte with toil my languid frame.
Not the wide Deſert's confines drear
Laments of louder accent hear,
When, 'midſt its fens, with diſmal note
The Pelican diſtends her throat,
Or to the winds in lengthen'd ſtrains
The ſelf-ſequeſtring Owl complains;
Nor vents its ſiſter-bird a moan
So deep, when on the roof alone
She ſits; whoſe woes, like mine, affright
The ſilence of the tedious night.
From Morn, till Eve extend its veil,
Reproaches keen my ears aſſail;
And, leagu'd by mutual oaths, my foes
With fierce intent my ſteps incloſe.
See aſhes, ſcatter'd o'er my head,
Mix, undiſtinguiſh'd, with my bread;
See mingled tears my cup ſupply;
Since firſt thy wrathful Arm on high
Caught me amaz'd, and ſwiftly round
Reverting hurl'd me on the ground.
As fades the ſhadow of the ſun,
With quick decline my moments run,
Juſt verging to their cloſe: my face,
Its vernal bloom and youthful grace

Extinguiſh'd, withers on the eye,
As plants beneath a hoſtile ſky.
But Thou, Bleſt Guard of *Iſrael's* fold,
Shalt ages ſee on ages roll'd,
And, thron'd above, to endleſs days
Extend thy honour, name, and praiſe.
O riſe, (th' appointed hour is come;)
Riſe, mightieſt Lord, thy Charge aſſume;
And let ſad *Sion's* ſeat no more
The abſence of thine aid deplore.
How lovely to thy Servants' eyes,
How lovely ev'n in ruin lies
Her hallow'd Wall! a penſive Throng,
They walk her fenceleſs courts along,
And, as her ſcatter'd waſtes appear,
Drop on her duſt the pitying tear.
How ſhall thy Name, great Sire, its dread
Through Earth's awaken'd regions ſpread!
How ſhall her Kings with deep diſmay
Thy boundleſs Majeſty ſurvey,
When *Salem's* ſtructures from their fall
Thy hand, propitious, ſhall recall,
While down th' eternal Glory pours,
Incircles with its blaze her tow'rs,
And ſpeaks thy favour (oft implor'd,)
To *Iſrael's* exil'd Tribes reſtor'd!
Thy Acts the faithful pen ſhall trace,
And Myriads of the human Race,
Yet ſtrangers to the birth, thy fame
In Songs of loudeſt note proclaim.

For He, beneath whose sacred seat
The starry Orbs their course repeat,
Th' eternal Ruler of the sky,
Has cast on Earth his equal eye,
Intent the injur'd cause to own,
To hear the helpless Captive's groan,
The Souls to death consign'd to save,
And snatch them from the greedy grave.
For this, through *Sion's* ample bound
*Jehovah's* Name shall oft resound,
Thy shouts, distinguish'd *Salem*, raise,
And wake thy tongue to hymns of praise:
See to thy Courts the Nations flow,
His just dominion taught to know,
And, Each with Thee in compact join'd,
Their hearts to his obedience bind.
'Twas He, whose unresisted force
In mid progression stop'd my course;
My healthful vigour reft away;
And hasten'd to its eve my day.
Spare, mightiest Lord! nor thus, I cried,
My brittle chain of years divide,
O Thou, of Life th' exhaustless Spring,
Invisible, Immortal King!
Thy hand the Earth's foundation laid,
Thy hand the Heav'n aloft display'd,
E'er yet along the vast profound
The restless Months began their round:
That Earth, that Heav'n's stupendous frame,
Corruption with permitted claim

Shall ſeize: But Thou, from Age ſecure,
Shalt ſelf-exiſtent ſtill endure.
Theſe, as the labours of the loom,
Shall Time with gradual force conſume;
Till Thou, whoſe hand their texture ſpun,
When Time its ſtated courſe has run,
Again that pow'rful hand apply,
And fold them up, and lay them by;
While brighter Scenes, diſclos'd to view,
Creation's varied face renew.
But varyings Thou haſt none: Thy rays
With undiminiſh'd luſtre blaze;
Thy years ſhall circumſcription ſpurn,
And back upon themſelves return,
In endleſs courſe revolving. Thee
Thy Saints their ſtrong Support ſhall ſee,
And, rang'd in long ſucceſſion, ſhare
The gifts of thy paternal Care.

## PSALM CIII.

AWAKE to praiſe, my Soul, and ſing
The Mercies of th' eternal King:
O deep throughout thine inmoſt frame
Bleſs, bleſs the great *Jehovah*'s Name;
Nor ceaſe with ſtudious thought to trace
The Acts of that ſtupendous Grace,
That blots from Heav'n's record thy ſin,
That, while thy paſſions war within,
Aſſuaſive calms their furious ſtrife,
And reſcues from the pit thy life;

Bids countleſs bleſſings round thee riſe;
Thy ev'ry wiſh with Good ſupplies;
Thy years renews in their decline;
And makes the Eagle's vigour thine,
That, ſtript of age, exulting ſprings,
And heav'nward ſpreads his recent wings.
'Tis God's, the friendleſs and the poor
From proud Oppreſſion to ſecure.
His Ways to *Moſes* ſtood reveal'd;
Thou, *Iſrael*, haſt his Works beheld,
His breaſt with mercy fraught haſt known,
To anger ſlow, to pity prone.
He ne'er with erring mortals knew
A ceaſeleſs conteſt to purſue,
But, when their crimes his vengeance raiſe,
His wrath in mid effuſion ſtays.
If e'er our treſpaſs he chaſtiſe,
Not to its weight proportion'd riſe
The juſt corrections of his hand,
But bounded by that Mercy ſtand,
That high as to the ſtarry pole
Extends, and, far as from its goal
The Sun in daily circuit roves,
The humbled ſinner's guilt removes.
What fondneſs for his infant Care
A Father's boſom learns to ſhare,
Such from th' eternal Monarch claim
The Souls that rev'rent own his Name.
For well his eye our texture knows;
Sees that the duſt's light grains compoſe

Our frame; and marks the days of Man
Contracted to the narrow ſpan,
That meaſures to the herb its date,
Or bids the flow'r, in vig'rous ſtate
Exalted, now the field adorn,
Now, by the paſſing tempeſt ſhorn,
At once its vernal pride reſign,
And with'ring on the earth recline:
In ſwift decay behold it waſte;
Nor knows the ſoil, whoſe bed it grac'd,
To witneſs to th' inquirer's view,
Where late the ſhort-liv'd wonder grew.
But Thy Compaſſions, Lord, the Juſt
From age to age with ſtedfaſt truſt
Shall own; Thy Righteouſneſs their Race,
In long deſcent, ſhall joy to trace,
While pleas'd thy Compact they fulfill,
And frame to thy Decrees their will.
His Seat above th' empyreal plain
Our God has fix'd; his equal Reign
Creation's utmoſt bounds confeſs:
His Name, ye Tribes Angelic, bleſs;
Who, cloth'd with might, his word obey,
And wing, as He directs, your way.
Him praiſe, ye bright ethereal Band,
That rang'd beneath his banner ſtand,
And Ye who round his Throne of State
With duteous zeal miniſtrant wait.
Ye Works of God, where'er his ſway
Extends, your Maker's fame diſplay;

Nor Thou, my Soul, forget to ſing
The Mercies of th' eternal King.

## PSALM CIV.

AWAKE, my Soul, to hymns of praiſe;
To God the ſong of triumph raiſe.
O cloth'd with majeſty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
The Heav'ns their ample curtain ſpread.
Thou know'ſt amid the fluid ſpace
The ſtrong-compacted beams to place,
That proof to waſting Ages lie,
And prop the chambers of the ſky.
Behold, aloft, the King of Kings,
Borne on the Wind's expanded wings,
(His Chariot by the Clouds ſupplied,)
Through Heav'n's wide realms triumphant ride.
Around him rang'd in awful ſtate
Th' aſſembled Storms miniſtrant wait;
And Flames, attentive to fulfill
The dictates of his mighty Will.
On firmeſt baſe uprear'd, the Earth
To Him aſcribes her wondrous birth.
He ſpake; and o'er each Mountain's head
The Deep its watry mantle ſpread:
He ſpake; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent ſtood;
And faſt adown their bending ſide
With refluent ſtream the Currents glide:

Aw'd

Aw'd by his ſtern rebuke they fly,
While peals of thunder rend the ſky,
In mingled tumult upward borne
Now to the mountain's height return,
Now lodg'd within their peaceful bed
Along the winding vale are led,
And, taught their deſtin'd bounds to know,
No more th' affrighted Earth o'erflow,
But obvious to her uſe (their courſe
By Nature's ever copious ſource
Supplied,) refreſh the hilly plain,
And life in all its forms ſuſtain.
Here ſtooping o'er the river's brink
The herds and flocks promiſcuous drink;
There, 'mid the barren Deſert nurs'd,
The Wild-Aſs cools his burning thirſt:
While faſt beſide the murm'ring ſpring
The feather'd minſtrels ſit and ſing,
And ſhelter'd in the branches ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun.
His ſhow'rs with verdure crown the hills;
The earth with various fruits he fills:
Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the Brute the ſpringing blade;
For Man, chief object of his care,
His hands the foodful herb prepare,
The glad'ning wine, refreſhing oil,
And bread that ſtrings his nerves for toil.
By Him with genial moiſture fed
The Trees their ſhades luxuriant ſpread;

The Cedars, nurtur'd by his hand,
On *Lebanon*'s high ſummit ſtand,
And weave their ſocial boughs, deſign'd
A refuge for th' aerial kind:
While on the Fir-tree's ſpiry top
The vagrant Stork is ſeen to ſtop,
Where, cradled in their waving neſt,
Her infant brood in ſafety reſt.
See from the hills the Goats depend,
Or bounding from the cliff deſcend:
The leſſer tribes, in furry pride
Array'd, the rock's dark caverns hide.
Her way by Him preſcrib'd, the Moon
Our ſeaſons marks, and knows her own;
And taught by Him the Orb of day
Slopes in the Weſt his parting ray.
Now Night from Ocean's bed aſcends,
And o'er the earth her wings extends;
While favour'd by the friendly gloom
The ſylvan race licentious roam:
The Lions chief with hideous roar
From God their needful food implore,
And eager for the wonted prey
Along the echoing Deſert ſtray;
Till now, as Morn approaches nigh,
Back to their cavern'd haunts they fly,
Where, ſatiate with the bloody feaſt,
The lordly ſavage ſinks to reſt.
His care ſufficient to the day,
Man to his labour takes his way,

His

His taſk at earlieſt dawn begun,
And ended with the ſetting ſun.
Eternal Ruler of the Skies,
How various are thy Works, how wiſe!
Nor Earth alone beholds her ſhores
Inrich'd from thy exhauſtleſs ſtores;
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
Th' extended Seas thy gifts contain:
Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles ſwarm,
Of diff'rent ſize, of diff'rent form;
Above, the ſhips enormous glide,
Incumbent on the burthen'd tide;
And oft, the rolling waves between,
The huge Leviathan is ſeen,
There privileg'd by Thee to ſtray,
And wanton o'er the watry way.
Thy care, great God, ſuſtains them All;
As, urg'd by hunger's furious call,
Expectant of the known ſupply,
To Thee they lift the aſking eye,
And reap from thy extended hand
Whate'er their various wants demand.
If Thou thy face but turn away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray;
If Thou the vital air deny,
Behold them ſicken, faint, and die;
Duſt to its kindred duſt returns,
And Earth her ruin'd offſpring mourns:
But ſoon thy breath her loſs ſupplies;
She ſees a new-born race ariſe,

And, o'er her regions ſcatter'd wide,
The bleſſings of thy hand divide.
Thy Glory, fearleſs of decline,
Thy Glory, Lord, ſhall ever ſhine,
Thy Works in changeleſs order lie,
And glad their great Creator's eye.
Earth at thy look ſhall trembling ſtand,
" Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand,
And, touch'd by Thee, Almighty Sire,
The cloud-topt Hills in ſmoke aſpire.
To God in ceaſeleſs ſtrains my tongue
Shall meditate the grateful ſong,
And, long as breath informs my frame,
The wonders of his Love proclaim,
Aſſur'd that his paternal ear
With full regard my voice will hear;
His Acts its unexhauſted theme,
His Favour my Delight ſupreme.
Behold his wrath on Sinners ſhed;
Behold them number'd with the dead:
But Thou, my Soul, the hymn of praiſe
In loudeſt notes triumphant raiſe;
And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs with Me the Name divine.

## PSALM CV.

COME, celebrate your God and King;
Awake the ſong, awake the ſtring;
His pow'r invoke; his praiſe proclaim;
And, faithful Heralds to his fame,

Aloud

Aloud declare, through ev'ry Land,
The Wonders of his mighty hand.
O let his Name your thought employ;
His Name, fit theme of higheſt joy:
Such joy may each for ever ſhare,
Whoſe ſteps to *Salem*'s Fane repair:
O frequent ſeek that bleſt Abode,
O ſeek the face of *Jacob*'s God.
The Acts of Heav'n's Almighty Lord
Let *Iſrael*'s thankful Sons record;
Ye Seed of *Abraham*, his Friend,
With joy to his Commands attend.
To You his preſence ſtands confeſt;
His judgements Earth's wide Realms atteſt:
His Promiſe kind, and wiſe Decree,
Though Man forget, yet will not He;
The Oath confirm'd through periods paſt,
And doom'd to lateſt times to laſt;
To *Terah*'s Son, to *Iſaac*, ſworn,
And ſeal'd to Nations yet unborn.
The Compact to his Fathers made
See thus to *Jacob*'s hands convey'd:
" Ariſe, thou favour'd of thy God,
" And claim the Gift by Him beſtow'd:
" Behold thy Sons their wide command
" Extend o'er *Canaan*'s fertile Land."
But when? or how? Their number view;
(It aſks no toil;) a helpleſs Few,
Yet Strangers in its coaſt, their ſeat
Of future reſt with weary feet

Ordain'd

Ordain'd to traverſe, long they roam,
And ſeek through diſtant climes a home.
Yet, privileg'd by Him from wrong,
Secure the Exiles march along:
Kings hear his dread reproof, nor dare
To hurt whom God has bid to ſpare.
" Touch, touch not Theſe; for on their heads
" My hand the ſacred unction ſheds:
" Your eyes in Them my Prophets ſee;
" And what they ſpeak, they ſpeak from Me."
He calls; and on the cultur'd ground
Life's needful ſtaff no more is found,
While Drought, incumbent o'er the plain,
Checks in mid growth the rip'ning grain.
Yet Mercy ſtill his Wrath outran;
Thy ſhores, O *Nile*, receive the Man,
Ordain'd the choſen Race to ſave,
Thy future Lord, though now thy Slave.
What though, his feet in fetters bound,
His ſoul th' afflicting irons wound,
Yet, *Joſeph*, patient bear thy lot:
Thy lips, with heav'nly ſcience fraught,
Shall ſoon the myſtic Dream explain,
That ends thy woes, and breaks thy chain.
The Monarch bids; the priſon door
Detains the injur'd Saint no more:
New honours now his wrongs repair;
The regal Palace to his care
Its wealth conſigns; and *Egypt*'s land
Bows to her Captive's wife command.

Ev'n

Ev'n Princes own'd with rev'rent awe
The dictates of his will their Law,
And Senates on his youthful tongue
In silent wonder list'ning hung.
But who is He, that, bow'd with years,
Now first on *Mizraim*'s Coast appears?
'Tis *Jacob:* joy'd, that now his eyes
Have seen his *Joseph* e'er he dies,
Th' illustrious Pilgrim's wearied feet
In *Egypt* fix their last retreat.
With large increase his Line is blest,
And *Zoan* in th' adopted Guest
With hostile eye beholds up-grown
A strength superior to her own.
See hence the woes on *Egypt* pour'd!
(But Thou, O Monarch, shouldst thy word
Absolve, nor thus with impious rod
Oppress the Servants of thy God.)
See *Moses*, pleading, stretch the hand;
See *Aaron* lift the sacred wand,
And lead th' invited vengeance on
In scenes to Nature's Laws unknown.
But O, what terrors, *Cham*, are thine,
While quick on thy devoted Line,
Far as thy utmost coasts extend,
Thou seest the various pest descend!
If Fear their stubborn hearts may melt,
Let Darkness, Darkness to be felt,
Inclose them.—Thus th' Almighty spake:
As forth the awful accents brake,

Darkness

Darkneſs the high beheſt obey'd,
And round them wrapt its thickeſt ſhade.
The Heav'n-ſtruck *Nile*'s extended flood
Now rolls a current black with blood;
While breathleſs on their oozy bed
In heaps the finny tribes are ſpread.
The loathſom Frog, a num'rous Birth,
Springs inſtant from the teeming earth,
Nor walls that guard a Monarch's reſt
Know to exclude the hideous gueſt.
He bids; and through the darken'd air
In troops th' aſſembling Flies repair,
And ſwarms of Reptiles, ſcatter'd wide,
Rebuke the faithleſs Tyrant's pride.
In league againſt them now conſpire
The ruſhing Hail, and bick'ring Fire:
And, inſtant, by the tempeſt torn,
Their ruin'd ſhades the foreſts mourn:
No more array'd in native green
The fig-tree and the vine are ſeen,
No more with flow'ring honours crown'd,
But uſeleſs load th' incumber'd ground.
He bids; and join'd in cloſe array
Th' embattled Locuſts take their way:
Before them plains with verdure grac'd
Appear; behind, a barren waſte:
While the dun Beetle through the ſky
With eager ſpeed is ſeen to fly,
And, partner in the offer'd ſpoil,
Conſumes th' aſtoniſh'd planter's toil.

Now

Now to the grave, with anguiſh torn,
Each Mother yields her eldeſt-born;
And *Egypt*'s land, along its ſhores,
The firſt-fruits of its ſtrength deplores.
Riſe, *Iſrael*, riſe; for in their ear
Thy Sons the voice of Freedom hear:
The wealth of their relenting foes
Earth's ſov'reign Lord on Them beſtows,
And bids them leave the hoſtile ſoil
Each ſtrong for travel, ſtrong for toil.
As now their deſtin'd path they tread,
*Egypt*, yet pale with recent dread,
Exulting ſees the ſacred Band
With parting footſteps preſs her ſtrand.
Expanded wide above their heads
The ſhadowing Cloud its curtain ſpreads;
Before them walks th' embodied Fire,
And bids the ſhades of Night retire.
Quails on their appetite beſtow'd,
And Bread ethereal, gave them food;
While, at his word, from out the rock
Th' impriſon'd ſtreams luxuriant broke,
And onward pour'd, with lengthen'd train,
Ran murm'ring o'er the thirſty plain.
Such Mercies, All-indulgent Lord,
Thy changeleſs promiſes afford,
Such Bleſſings thy remembrance kind
Of *Abraham*'s ever faithful mind.
Redeem'd from ſtern Oppreſſion's ſeat,
With grateful joy their boſoms beat;

Joy,

Joy, yet enlarg'd, when *Canaan*'s Land
Reſigns her ſcepter to their hand,
And bids them reap from off her ſoil
The harveſt of another's toil.
Behold the Love to *Iſrael* ſhown,
That We, great God, thy pow'r might own,
And each with ſtedfaſt heart fulfill
The dictates of thy mighty Will.
Awake the ſong, awake the ſtring,
And thankful praiſe th' immortal King.

## PSALM CVI. *Hallelujah.*

LET ſongs of joy to God aſcend,
Whoſe Love nor limit knows nor end.
But O, what tongue in equal lay
His acts can ſpeak, his praiſe diſplay?
Thrice happy, who with ſtedfaſt will
The dictates of his Law fulfill!
With Theſe, thy choſen Flock, aſſign'd
May I my lot for ever find:
O grant me, Lord, with Theſe to prove
The pow'r of thy redeeming Love,
And, while thy Mercy on our heads
The fulneſs of its bleſſing ſheds,
With Them th' accepted hymn to ſing
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Too faithful followers of our Sires,
Our Life with theirs, great God, conſpires
Thy wrath on *Judah*'s Realm to call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall.

O ſay,

O ſay, thou *Erythræan* Main,
(Thy Waves beheld the rebel Train;)
How ſoon Oblivion could efface
Each act of God's ſtupendous Grace,
The wonders by his mighty hand
Perform'd in *Cham*'s affrighted Land.
Yet, ſtill, that Man his Pow'r might own,
Conſpicuous in their aid it ſhone:
Aw'd by his voice the briny Flood
In gath'ring heaps ſuſpended ſtood,
While, ſafe as o'er the ſandy waſte,
Th' admiring troops betwixt them paſt:
Freed from the ruthleſs Tyrant's hand
Soon as they reach the adverſe ſtrand,
Its ſtrength reſum'd, th' impetuous wave
Their foes within the watry grave
Abſorbs; nor one exempted Man
Back with the dreadful tidings ran.
Convinc'd they now (What could they leſs?)
His words the words of truth confeſs,
Yield to his Name th' extorted praiſe,
And ſongs of grateful triumph raiſe;
But ſoon rebellious as before
(His Works remember'd now no more,)
To times by Them preſcrib'd confine
The counſels of the Will divine.
By lawleſs appetite impell'd,
As o'er the Wild their courſe they held,
Fierce riſe their Bands, in evil hour,
And challenge to the proof his Pow'r:

That Pow'r the wiſh'd for Ill ſhall grant,
And ſatiate their imagin'd want:
That Pow'r alone their outrage fell
From Thee, O *Moſes*, could repell,
And unconteſted rev'rence claim
To conſecrated *Aaron*'s name.
Wide, diſcontinuous, yawn'd the ground,
And *Dathan* in the dark profound,
With proud *Abiram*'s frantic Train,
Receiving inſtant, clos'd again;
While fires impetuous, roll'd along,
Wrapt in the blaze th' apoſtate Throng.
But, *Horeb!* What is wrought on Thee?
Bluſh, conſcious Earth, O bluſh to ſee
A figure from the grazing herd
To God, the living God, prefer'd:
That God, their Glory late confeſt;
But Ah! within their thankleſs breaſt
No longer now recorded ſtand
The wonders of his ſaving hand,
In vain on *Egypt* ſhown, in vain
Repeated on the bord'ring Main.
See, as in awful threatnings heard
Eternal Juſtice gives the word,
The ſummon'd Storms the heav'nly Throne
Surround, impatient to be gone:
But *Moſes* in the breach appears,
And, as his ſuppliant voice he rears,
Averts, yet waiting on the wing,
The vengeance of th' almighty King.

As

As now in near approach they ſtand
To promis'd *Canaan*'s fertile Land,
That promiſe, ſeal'd by Truth divine,
They doubt, and at the gift repine:
From tent to tent the murmur runs,
While each the heav'nly counſel ſhuns,
That bids them ſafe in Him confide,
Their God, their Guardian, and their Guide.
Their guilt mature for vengeance found,
Th' uplifted ſword, in act to wound,
Hangs imminent; and myriads ſlain
In heaps promiſcuous load the plain.
The conqu'ring Foe through unknown ways
The ſcatter'd Fugitives conveys;
Their names *Bel-phegor*'s fanes behold
Amidſt his Votaries enroll'd,
While pleas'd the impious board they ſpread,
And eat the off'rings of the Dead.
New crimes new chaſtiſements provoke;
And forth the Peſt wide-waſting broke,
Unſeen the furious onſet gave,
And ſwept them to the crouded grave;
Till, *Phineas*, thy prevenient care
Purg'd from its taint the deathful air.
The pious deed to lateſt days
Shall conſecrate the Hero's praiſe.
Nor *Meribah*'s yet thirſty ground
Unconſcious of their guilt is found;
Till, ſummon'd from the rock, the wave
Her plain in full effuſion lave.

Nor *He, great Leader of their Bands,
From touch of blame exempted ſtands:
While murmurs, heard on ev'ry ſide,
And loud reproach, his patience tried,
Reſentment quick his boſom ſtung,
And words unweigh'd eſcap'd his tongue.
The Nations round, with error blind,
To juſt exciſion long deſign'd,
Rebellious to their God they ſpare,
Nor ſhun th' accurſed rite to ſhare,
That bids them bow to ſculptur'd ſtone,
And frenzy's deepeſt influence own.
To *Dæmons* rear'd their altars ſtand,
And ſcenes of blood pollute the Land;
While with untrembling hands the Sires
Their Son, their Daughter, to the fires
A victim yield: to lifeleſs Gods
(Such, *Canaan*, ſhame thy dire abodes;)
Streams on the knife the filial gore,
And, guiltleſs, ſtains th' unhallow'd floor.
What, *Iſrael*, now ſhall waſh thee clean,
While Leſſons of inventive Sin
Have prompted thy adult'rous heart
Thus from thy Maker to depart?
Fierce o'er thy head his anger burns;
From his own Heritage he turns,
Abhorrent: Now let *Jacob*'s foes
At will th' abandon'd race incloſe.
Behold them by oppreſſion torn,
And fix'd the mark of hoſtile ſcorn.

* *Moſes.*

Oft

Oft were they ſav'd, and oft again
Rebellious ſpurn'd his equal Reign,
Again their ruin'd ſtate deplor'd,
And bow'd beneath a foreign Lord.
Yet He with pity from on high,
True to his Compact, heard their cry,
Beheld them drag the ſervile chain,
And, ſtudious to relieve their pain,
Compaſſion's tend'reſt ſenſe impreſs'd
On the ſtern Victor's iron breaſt.
O ſtill our Father, ſtill our Friend,
To *Iſrael*'s woes, great God, attend:
From diſtant climes, and hoſtile lands,
Collect once more our ſcatter'd Bands;
That *Sion* with delighted ear
The hallow'd ſtrains again may hear;
Thy Name the ſubject of each ſong,
Thy Praiſe the boaſt of ev'ry tongue.
O thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,
The God by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd:
His fame, e'er Time its courſe began,
O'er Heav'n's wide region echoing ran;
To Him through endleſs ages raiſe
One ſong of oft-repeated praiſe;
And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs with Us the Pow'r divine. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CVII.

1.

TO God above from All below
Let hymns of praiſe aſcend;
Whoſe Bleſſings unexhauſted flow,
Whoſe Mercy knows no end.

2.

But chief by Thoſe his name be bleſt,
To whom his aid he gave;
Beheld them by the Foe oppreſs'd,
And reach'd his arm to ſave.

3.

To Eaſt, to Weſt, to South, to North,
Condemn'd awhile to roam,
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the Wand'rers home.

4.

Behold them o'er the Deſert ſtray,
A helpleſs, hopeleſs, Train:
Some City, where their ſteps to ſtay,
They ſeek, but ſeek in vain.

5.

Ah! what ſhall chear their fainting mind,
Or what their woes aſſuage,
To thirſt's afflictive pain conſign'd,
And famine's fierceſt rage?

6. Diſtreſs'd,

6.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r:
He guides, direct, their feet;
And, ſafe in his protecting care,
They reach their deſtin'd ſeat.

7.

O then that All would bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love.

8.

That Love, whoſe gifts with thankful breaſt
The Sons of want divide,
And find their ev'ry grief redreſs'd,
Their ev'ry wiſh ſupplied.

9.

Theſe erſt he bade th' Avenger's hand
In Death's dark ſhades detain;
And added to the iron band
Affliction's heavier chain.

10.

Such is the Doom to thoſe aſſign'd,
Who, frantic, durſt withſtand
The Counſels of th' Almighty Mind,
And ſpurn his juſt Command.

11.

O'erwhelm'd with deepeſt woe they lie,
And ſinking to the grave:
No pitying ear attends their cry;
No hand is nigh to ſave.

12. Diſtreſs'd,

12.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
He, inſtant, near them ſtands,
Diſpells the gloom of black Deſpair,
And breaks their ſtubborn bands.

13.

O then that All would bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

14.

That Love, that oft its ſuccour gives,
The Captive's woes to heal,
The gates of braſs in ſunder cleaves,
And burſts the bars of ſteel.

15.

Beneath his terrors bid to groan,
Behold the impious Band
The fruits of Folly reap, and own
The Juſtice of his hand.

16.

Eſtrang'd from food, their languid ſoul
The needful meal forgoes:
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And haſtens to its cloſe.

17.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
And Nature, joyous, ſees
His Word her ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Her fierceſt tortures eaſe.

18.

O then that All would bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

19.

That Realms of various tongue would ſing
His Acts in frequent lays,
And yield to Heav'n's eternal King
The ſacrifice of praiſe.

20.

Who o'er the Waves from ſhore to ſhore
The gifts of Commerce bear,
The wonders of the Deep explore,
And own that God is there.

21.

By Theſe his Works are ſeen; his Ways
By Theſe are underſtood:
He ſpeaks the word; the Storm obeys,
And riſing lifts the Flood.

22.

Now high as Heav'n the Bark aſcends,
Now ſeeks the depth below:
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.

23.

As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from ſide to ſide:
Nor Hope ſurvives, their ſouls to raiſe,
Nor Reaſon wakes to guide.

24. Diſtreſs'd,

24.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his Will,
The Storms that rag'd their rage forbear,
The Seas that roar'd are ſtill.

25.

Each grief, each fear, at once reſign'd,
They ſee their labour o'er;
Then led by Him their haven find,
And touch the wiſh'd for ſhore.

26.

O then that All would bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his Love:

27.

That *Salem* in her ſacred ſhrine
His praiſe with thankful tongue
Would utter; while her Elders join
To ſwell the feſtal ſong.

28.

He bids; and lo a burning Waſte,
Where roll'd the floods before;
And, touch'd by the deſcending blaſt,
The ſprings are ſeen no more.

29.

Sad witneſs of ſome dire offence,
Behold the fertile ſoil
No more its wonted gifts diſpenſe,
But mock the tiller's toil.

30.

He bids; and o'er the Desert wide
The liquid Lake is spread:
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the head.

31.

There Myriads, late with hunger wan,
By Him assembled, meet;
There pleas'd the future City plan,
And fix their sure Retreat.

32.

And now they sow the foodful grain,
The tender vine they rear;
Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

33.

Blest in his care, the Sires with joy
A num'rous race behold;
Nor dares Disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

34.

Anon, if, sunk with heaviest woe,
They feel oppression's pow'r;
If civil rage, or conqu'ring foe,
Their boasted strength devour;

35.

Though, humbled from their state, awhile
Their Princes feel his rod,
And wander o'er a barren soil,
By human step untrod,

36.

His hand affords the wiſh'd releaſe;
Collects their ſcatter'd train;
And bids them like the flocks increaſe,
That fill the verdant plain.

37.

Such Truths his Servants ſhall atteſt,
And, joyful, wake the ſong;
While ſhame the impious ſhall inveſt,
And chain their ſpeechleſs tongue.

38.

His Works attentive while it ſees,
The Heav'n-inſtructed Mind
Shall own how equal his Decrees,
His Providence how kind.

## PSALM CVIII.

MY heart is fix'd, eternal Sire;
My heart is fix'd: To Thee aſpire
My thoughts; to Thee my joyous tongue
Preluding forms the grateful ſong:
That tongue, whoſe higheſt praiſe ſhall be
The pow'r it boaſts of praiſing Thee.
Awake, my lute, and new-ſtrung lyre;
Inſtinct, myſelf, with holy fire
I wake; and lo, the dawning Sun
Already hears the ſtrain begun.
From Me aſſembling Crouds ſhall burn
The triumphs of thy Love to learn,

And,

And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round
Catch from my lips the ſacred ſound.
Lo! to the clouds thy Truth extends;
Thy Mercy heav'n's vaſt height tranſcends:
Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O, bid thy fulleſt Glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.
The Juſt, bleſt Objects of thy Love,
Defend propitious from above:
Let Me with Them thy Mercy ſhare,
And hear, O hear, my ceaſeleſs pray'r.
God with an Oath his purpoſe ſeals;
My hand with joy his word fulfills:
Behold me *Sichem*'s plain divide;
My line, to *Succoth*'s vale applied,
Its bound deſcribes; Thee mine I ſee,
O *Gilead*, and *Manaſſes*, Thee.
Thou, *Ephraim*, art my ſtrong defence,
Thou, *Judah*, ſhalt my Law diſpenſe:
A diff'rent lot ſhall *Moab* find,
A Vaſe to vileſt uſe aſſign'd;
A doom like his let *Edom* meet,
And wipe the duſt from off my feet.
*Philiſtia*, pleas'd thy tribute bring,
And own in Me thy future King.
Who, as our troops in cloſe array
To *Edom*'s forts direct their way,
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs ſtrength ſhall bid
Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?

Behold us, Lord, oppreſs'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go:
Shall *Iſrael*'s hoſts, thy aid withheld,
Still unſucceſsful take the field?
Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
O let thy ſtrength, great God, ſuſtain:
Thus arm'd, each adverſe pow'r we dare,
And dauntleſs meet the ruſhing war,
While from thy ſword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the duſt expire.

## PSALM CIX.

GOD of my praiſe, thy ſilence break;
Thy timelieſt aid my woes beſpeak,
While tongues to falſehood train'd prepare
To wrap me in the deathful ſnare:
Now words of deepeſt art they try;
Now hoſtile threats around me fly;
And Crouds, inflam'd with cauſeleſs rage,
Wars, fierceſt wars, againſt me wage.
While ſtedfaſt Hate my Love repays,
To Thee my Soul inceſſant prays:
But O, what anguiſh rends my mind!
What keen regret! condemn'd to find
(As gifts on gifts my hands beſtow,)
In each expected friend a foe.
On Him whoſe heart, with malice fraught,
Againſt my peace has bent its thought,
Thus let thy Juſtice, Lord, by Me
Aloud proclaim its fix'd Decree.

Arraign'd

Arraign'd at ſtern Oppreſſion's bar,
Some dread accuſer let him ſhare,
That, planted on his right, may ſtand,
And vengeance from his Judge demand:
Nor let his deprecation win
The wiſh'd for pardon to his ſin,
But witneſs of his guilt become,
And ſeal, beyond reverſe, his doom.
Let death's accelerated day
To worthier hands his Charge convey,
His roof a weeping Widow ſee,
Her Orphans hanging at her knee;
Let Theſe, by thy inflictions won
Th' example of his deeds to ſhun,
(While, as from morn to eve they roam,
Some ruin'd Cell their caſual home,
Each night, affords,) by hunger led,
Seek at the rich man's gate their bread.
His wealth let fell Extortion ſpoil;
The gather'd harveſt of his toil
Let Rapine's greedy hand ſurprize,
While Each his woes unpitying eyes;
And let his Race, no ſuccour near,
Corrected, leſſon in thy fear
This Age; and, one ſucceſſion o'er,
Be ſeen by human eye no more.
Let what of ſin his Sires have done,
What guilt his Mother's heart has known,
On records uneffac'd by time
In Heav'n be noted, and their Crime

(Its meaſure by himſelf fulfill'd,)
Their name to juſt extinction yield.
Such vengeance on the miſcreant reſt,
Who, when with heavieſt woes oppreſs'd
The helpleſs innocent he view'd,
With murth'rous hate his ſoul purſu'd.
In Curſes (for in them his heart
Delighted,) let him bear his part,
Dread Spectacle! a foe profeſt
To Bleſſing, and himſelf unbleſt.
His tongue with Hell-enkindled fire
Inflam'd, in Execration dire
He veils him o'er, and at thy word
Its influence within him pour'd
Like water ſhall his bowels rend,
Like oil into his bones deſcend:
Faſt as his veſture to his ſide
Still let it cleave, by Thee applied,
And, o'er his loyns for ever bound,
In painful cincture wrap him round.
Such recompence my Foe ſhall claim;
Such All who blaſt with lies my fame.
But let thy Grace on Me beſtow'd
Thy Name exalt, immortal God;
Thy Love (how ſweet that Love!) reveal,
And ſtretch the hand my heart to heal,
That fainting pours th' inceſſant groan,
And ſorrow's deepeſt wounds has known.
To Life's laſt verge, impell'd by woe,
Faſt as the flitting ſhade I go;

Chac'd

Chac'd as the Locuſt ſee me roam;
My knees, by hunger's force o'ercome,
Sink fault'ring; in my waſted frame
While, half extinct, the vital flame
Its due ſupplies in vain demands,
Reproaching foes, their num'rous bands
In ſcornful gaze around me ſpread,
With haughtieſt triumph ſhake the head.
Thy wonted Clemency beſtow;
And give them, mightieſt Lord, to know
Thy Care extended to my aid,
Thy Pow'r in their repulſe diſplay'd.
Though curs'd by Them, yet bleſs me Thou;
O teach their ſtubborn hearts to bow;
And let their rage by Thee ſuppreſs'd
With grateful tranſport fill my breaſt.
On each who calls himſelf my foe
Let ſhame its thickeſt mantle throw,
While I, amid th' aſſembled Throng,
Raiſe to my God the ceaſeleſs ſong,
Who, conſtant at his ſide, the Poor
From lawleſs judgement ſhall ſecure.

## PSALM CX.

THUS to my Lord th' Almighty ſaid;
In awful Majeſty array'd
Come, ſeat thee at my own right hand,
Till, at my word, the hoſtile Band,
As low with proſtrate necks they lie,
A footſtool to thy ſteps ſupply.

Thy God from *Sion*'s lofty tow'r
Shall bid thee ſtretch the rod of pow'r:
Victorious o'er the rebel train,
Ariſe, and vindicate thy reign.
Behold the long-expected day,
When willing Crouds their homage pay,
And, while from out the myſtic ſhrine
Thy beams in mild effuſion ſhine,
To Thee their ſacred off'rings bring,
And hail their Saviour and their King.
Thy future Offſpring view, a Birth
More num'rous than the Dews, on earth
(Beneath the twilight's dubious gloom)
Diffus'd from Morn's prolific womb.
Th' irrevocable Oath is ſworn:
" My Beſt-belov'd, my Eldeſt-born,
" Charg'd with th' eternal Prieſthood ſee,
" And rank'd, *Melchizedec*, with Thee."
Thine arm th' anointed Prince ſhall ſhield,
Thou, Lord, beſide him tread the field,
While Kings ſhall feel th' inflicted wound,
And hardieſt Warriors preſs the ground.
His Name the ſubject World ſhall awe,
His ſword to diſtant Lands give law;
By him their ſcepter'd Chiefs are ſlain,
And heaps of carnage load the plain.
While with advancing ſtep his feet
The Conflict yet prepare to meet,
The Streams, that glide along the way,
New vigour to his heart convey,

And bid him, 'mid the ſcene of dread,
Secure of conqueſt, lift the head.

## PSALM CXI. *Hallelujah.*

1.

MY Soul, with ſacred zeal inſpir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful ſtrain,
In ſecret with his Saints retir'd,
And 'midſt fair *Sion*'s crouded fane.

2.

Great are his Works: With ſtudious aim
Each faithful heart thoſe Works has trac'd;
His Act ſhall higheſt honour claim,
His Equity for ever laſt.

3.

His Wonders to the grateful ſenſe
In ſweet memorial ſtand confeſt:
For boundleſs grace his hands diſpenſe,
And tend'reſt pity warms his breaſt.

4.

His Love the Souls to Him allied
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
Nor ſuffers from his thought to ſlide
The Promiſe to his People ſeal'd.

5.

Thy Pow'r that People, Lord, have known,
Bleſt Heirs of *Canaan*'s fertile Land:
Thy Precept Truth and Juſtice own,
And bid thy Deeds reverſeleſs ſtand.

6. Salvation

6.

Salvation from our God descends;
His Faith shall *Israel*'s bliss insure:
Majestic Awe his Name attends,
And Sanctity from blemish pure.

7.

His Fear th' obedient heart refines,
And Wisdom's path to view displays:
In brightest beams array'd it shines,
And prompts each tongue to endless praise.

## PSALM CXII. *Hallelujah.*

1.

HOW blest the Man, his God who fears!
Thy Precept, on his thoughts impress'd,
Eternal King, his Spirit chears;
And peace perpetual fills his breast.

2.

His Sons the reins of pow'r shall hold,
Transmissive Blessings on their Line
Be pour'd, his treasures swell with gold,
His Righteousness for ever shine.

3.

How to thy Saints, just, kind, and good,
Has light amidst the gloom upsprung!
Their hands have amplest gifts bestow'd,
And fair Discretion guides their tongue.

4. Secure

4.

Secure from fall the Juſt ſhall ſtand,
Nor e'er from thy remembrance ſlide:
No rumour'd ills his fear demand,
Whoſe hopes in Thee, great God, reſide.

5.

Without a dread (Thy ſtrength his truſt,)
He meets the battle on its way,
Nor turns, till proſtrate in the duſt
His eyes the vaunting Foe ſurvey.

6.

Inrich'd by what he gives, his hands
Deal to the ſons of want his bread:
His Innocence unſullied ſtands;
And laſting honours crown his head.

7.

His bliſs Tranſgreſſors ſhall behold,
And grind their teeth, and inly groan,
Their impious toil by Thee controul'd,
Their ev'ry wiſh by Thee o'erthrown.

## PSALM CXIII. *Hallelujah.*

YE faithful Servants of your God,
On Him be all your praiſe beſtow'd;
Through time's extended courſe, his Name
Shall praiſe, and thanks, and homage, claim:
Its circuit from the Eaſt begun,
To fartheſt Weſt his fame ſhall run,
His glory Earth's wide realms o'erflow,
Nor higheſt Heav'ns its limit know.

O whom

O whom to Him shall Mortals dare
To equal? Whom to Him compare?
Who sits aloft, o'er Gods a God,
Eternity his dread Abode,
Yet stoops to view, and, view'd, records
The scenes that Earth's low seat affords;
Lifts from the dust the helpless Poor,
And gives the abject and obscure,
The dunghill for a throne exchang'd,
To sit with mightiest Monarchs rang'd.
'Tis His the barren house to bless;
His gift let Each the Babes confess,
That, long to her request denied,
The joyful Mother's care divide. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CXIV.

1.

WHEN *Jacob*'s Sons through paths unknown
From *Egypt* took their way,
In *Judah*'s Tribe his presence shone,
And *Israel* own'd his sway.

2.

Old Ocean saw them, as they came;
He saw, and backward fled:
Recoiling *Jordan* turn'd his stream,
And sought his fountain-head.

3.

The Mountains feel the sudden shock;
As rams, from off the ground
They spring: As younglings of the flock,
The Hills affrighted bound.

4.

Thou Ocean, ſay, why, as they came,
Thy billows backward fled:
And what, O *Jordan*, urg'd thy ſtream
To ſeek its fountain-head?

5.

Ye Mountains, whence the ſudden ſhock?
Why leap ye from the ground
As rams? As younglings of the flock,
Say why, O Hills, ye bound.

6.

Earth, inſtant, to thy loweſt baſe
Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
While Heav'n's high Lord reveals his face,
While *Jacob*'s God is near:

7.

Diſſolv'd beneath whoſe potent ſtroke
The flint a torrent gave;
Who ſpake; and from the yielding rock
Guſh'd forth the bidden wave.

## PSALM CXV.

O Let not Us, Thou God of Hoſts,
O let not Us with frantic boaſts
The glory claim: To Thee alone
Thy Truth and Grace, to *Iſrael* known,
Shall ceaſeleſs honour yield, and raiſe
Each heart to Love, each tongue to Praiſe.
Why ſhould the heathen tribes demand,
" Where's now the God of *Iſrael*'s Land?"

In

In Heav'n our God has fix'd his throne,
That Lord whose Will and Act are one.
Not such the Gods whom Ye adore,
That, once a mass of shapeless ore,
Now crown'd with furtive honours stand,
The creatures of the Artist's hand;
Of sense-belying parts possess'd,
In useless imag'ry express'd;
Of mouth, but not for speech design'd;
Of ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind:
Whose nostrils, as along the fane
It breathes, the incense greets in vain;
Whose hands th' imprinted kiss ne'er feel,
While suppliant crouds before them kneel;
Whose feet have never step essay'd;
Whose throat has never sound convey'd:
Unvisited by Wisdom's ray
Their breast: nor less insensate They,
Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.
Ye happier Sons of *Israel*'s Line,
Conducted by the Light divine,
On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your shield.
Ye who from vested *Aaron* trace
The honours of your chosen Race,
On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your shield.
Ye Souls with pure devotion warm,
Whose Lives to his Decrees conform,

On

On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your ſhield.
Behold his beams around us ſhine:
He, *Jacob*, He ſhall bleſs thy Line,
You, who from veſted *Aaron* trace
The honours of your choſen Race,
And You, with pure devotion warm,
Whoſe Lives to his Decrees conform,
From Him whoſe hand the ſcepter guides,
To Him who in the cot reſides.
To You, to Yours, till time ſhall end,
His Love its bleſſings ſhall extend,
Heirs of the changeleſs promiſe giv'n
By Him who form'd the Earth and Heav'n:
That Heav'n, within whoſe awful bound
Himſelf, with brighteſt glory crown'd,
His Seat has rear'd; while *Adam*'s Sons
The Earth (his Gift,) its tenants owns.
Not Thoſe whom death has ſnatch'd away
The debt of hallow'd praiſe ſhall pay,
Or wake his wonders to diſcloſe,
But ſilent in the duſt repoſe:
'Tis Ours, who ſtill thoſe wonders view,
The grateful labour to purſue;
Nor ever ſhall our lips decline
To crown with hymns the Name divine. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CXVI.

HOW glows with grateful Love my breaſt!
For God the voice of my requeſt
Accepts, and, while my hands I rear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
For this, to Life's extremeſt hour
My lips to Him the pray'r ſhall pour.
While Death its ſnares around me threw,
The grave its horrors to my view
Preſenting, preſs'd with heavieſt grief,
From Thee, great God, I ſought relief.
" O ſave me, heav'nly Sire, I cried,
" And turn th' impending ſtroke aſide."
Juſt, good, and kind, is *Iſrael*'s Lord,
His breaſt with tend'reſt pity ſtor'd,
And prompt his Arm, when Ills invade,
The guileleſs and the meek to aid.
His Mercies, 'midſt thy deepeſt woe,
By bleſt experience taught to know,
Turn, turn thee to thy reſt, my Soul;
For He who ſits above the pole
(Tremendous Name,) has o'er thy head
The fulneſs of his bounty ſhed.
Thou, mightieſt Father, Thou wert nigh,
To ſave my ſoul from death, mine eye
From tears, to guard from lapſe my feet,
And bid me in this earthly Seat
(Life's wide dominion,) ſtill reſide,
To Thee in filial fear allied.

To God my heart reſign'd its care;
To Him my tongue addreſs'd its pray'r.
While, ſtruck with terrors as I ſtood,
A ſea of ſorrows round me flow'd,
" No more, my Soul, no more, I cried,
" In Man's fallacious aid confide."
O, what requital at my hand
Shall Mercies, Lord, like Thine demand?
By Thee from each diſtreſs enlarg'd,
The Cup with benediction charg'd
I take, and, touch'd with holy flame,
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.
Ev'n now, before th' aſſembled Train,
Ev'n now, within thy ſacred Fane,
Behold me at thine altar bow,
And, pleas'd, abſolve my offer'd vow.
Who Thy Decrees, great God, obey,
Secure on Thee their hope ſhall ſtay;
Great is thy care on ſuch beſtow'd,
Nor worthleſs in thine eye their blood.
In Me thy Servant, Lord, in Me
The Offspring of thy Handmaid ſee,
Who, late in heavieſt fetters bound,
From Thee my full releaſe have found.
For this, my Soul from day to day
The ſacrifice of praiſe ſhall pay,
And, touch'd by Thee with holy flame,
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's Name.
Ev'n now, before th' aſſembled Train,
Ev'n now, within thy ſacred Fane,

(That Fane, whose walls, on firmest base
Uprear'd, fair *Salem*'s confines grace,)
Behold me at thine altar bow,
And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd vow. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CXVII.

1.

LET thy various Realms, O Earth,
Praises yield to Heav'n's high Lord;
Praise him All of human birth,
And his wondrous Acts record.

2.

See his Mercy o'er our Land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his Truth through ages stand;
Praise, O praise, th' eternal King.

## PSALM CXVIII.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.
*Israel*, thy Creator bless,
And with joyous tongue confess,
That his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.
*Aaron*, let thy chosen Line
Grateful in th' avowal join,
That his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.

Ye

Ye who make his Will your care,
With aſſenting voice declare,
That his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.
To my plaint propitious, He
Bade my captive Soul go free.
He ſhall in my Cauſe appear;
Let not Man excite my fear.
He amid my Helpers ſtands;
Struck by Him, th' oppoſing Bands
Inſtant from before mine eye
Back in wild retreat ſhall fly.
O, how ſafe the Man, whoſe mind
Reſts on *Jacob*'s God reclin'd!
Safer far than They who truſt
On the help of breathing duſt,
Or, when threat'ning Ills invade,
Boaſt a Monarch's pow'r their aid.
Gather'd from each diſtant Coaſt
Round me preſs'd th' embattled Hoſt;
But my Arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.
Round me, thirſting for my blood,
Round me adverſe myriads ſtood;
But my Arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.
Round me, ſee! as Bees they dwell,
Bees, that, iſſuing from their cell,
Mix in ſwarms, and on the wing
Arm'd with fury onward ſpring:

Fierce awhile the Battle burn'd;
But, their legions backward turn'd,
Like the thorn-enkindled fire
See its flames at once expire,
While my Arm, by God upheld,
Strews with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.
Soon thy ſtroke, relentleſs Foe,
Soon thy ſtroke had laid me low,
Had not God's ſupporting hand
Bid my fault'ring feet to ſtand:
He my Strength, and He my Song,
Lo! my days I yet prolong,
And, each hoſtile force o'erthrown,
Him my great Salvation own.
Shouts of health and hymns of praiſe
Wiſdom's faithful followers raiſe,
While amid their peaceful Seat
Thus the ear their accents greet:
" O how ſtrong the hand divine!
" O what wonders, Lord, are thine!"
See that hand, from Heav'n reveal'd,
Wonders yet on wonders yield.
Vaunt thy terrors, Death, no more:
He whom *Iſrael*'s Sons adore,
He, each danger chac'd away,
Bids me ſtill, from day to day,
Speak his Acts, who, juſt and kind,
Trials to my lot aſſign'd,
Yet amidſt the doubtful ſtrife
Reſcued from the ſword my life.

Ope

Ope the gates of Righteouſneſs;
Let my feet, with full acceſs,
Walk its ſacred Courts along;
Let me there with thankful tongue
Bleſs my great Deliv'rer's Name,
And his boundleſs Love proclaim.
Here the hallow'd Gate behold;
See its valves at once unfold,
Pleas'd t' admit the choſen Train,
Pure from Sin's infectious ſtain.
Thee, the God inthron'd above,
Thee my lips ſhall ſing, whoſe Love
To my voice attention gave,
Prompt to hear, and ſtrong to ſave.
See the Stone, that, caſt aſide
By the Builders' erring pride,
In the Dome aſſumes its place,
Own'd the Angle's nobleſt grace.
Thou the Work, great God, haſt wrought;
In its ſcenes our wond'ring Thought
Joys thy clemency to trace,
Seal'd to *Jacob*'s favour'd Race.
Lit by thy auſpicious ray
Downward ſtreams the wiſh'd for Day,
Big with Acts that ſhall ſuggeſt
Endleſs mirth to *Iſrael*'s breaſt.
Save, O ſave, eternal Lord,
And thy proſp'ring aid afford.
Bleſt the Man, who, ſent by God,
Viſits *Salem*'s lov'd abode:

Come,

Come, ye Saints, and in his Train
Tread with licens'd ſtep her Fane,
While from out her ſacred Tow'r
Bleſſings on your head we pour.
Safe in *Iſrael*'s Lord confide;
He is God, and None beſide:
See his fav'ring beams ariſe
To his People's longing eyes.
Fair, and innocent of ſpot,
Let the victim Lamb be brought,
And beſide his Altar ſtand,
Fetter'd in the writhen band.
Thee my God, in lengthen'd lays,
Thee my raptur'd lips ſhall praiſe;
Thee my God (its ev'ry chord
By the ſkilful touch explor'd,)
Shall my harp aloud proclaim,
Zealous to exalt thy fame.
Lift your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King;
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.

## PSALM CXIX.

### ALEPH.

HOW bleſt, who Thee, great God, obey,
And ſtedfaſt walk th' all-perfect way!
How bleſt, whoſe hearts with will intire
Thy preſence ſeek, Almighty Sire;

Whoſe

Whose feet thy guidance own; whose mind
Has each nefarious act declin'd.
Thy voice has charg'd us to fulfill
The dictates of thy heav'nly Will:
Such, Lord, thy Charge; and O may I
Attentive to the task apply.
My steps conform'd to thy Decrees,
Nor shame nor dread my Soul shall seize;
Thy precepts on my mind impress'd
Shall swell with joy my faithful breast,
Thy Justice prompt my tongue to raise
The song of gratitude and praise.
Thy Law my love shall claim: Do Thou
Thy ear to my petition bow;
Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

BETH.

How, early wise, shall Youth, O say,
In innocence direct its way?
Thy Word its steps, to Thee resign'd,
The ever faithful Guide shall find.
Hail, best Instructor! Thee my Thought
With full desire, great God, has sought:
O let me not, by Error's sway
Impell'd, from thy direction stray.
Thy Precept, in my breast conceal'd,
From Sin's assault my heart shall shield.
Blest is thy Name, eternal Lord!
O write within my mind thy Word;

That

That Word, whoſe rules from day to day
My lips with grateful zeal diſplay:
Theſe, my beſt wealth, my treaſur'd ſtore,
I keep, and view them o'er and o'er:
Thy Dictates ſtill, my conſtant Joy,
My ſoul's attention ſhall employ;
Nor aught ſhall from my ſight withdraw
Thy path, or from my thought thy Law.

GIMEL.

Thy Mercy let thy Servant ſee,
Grant me to live conform'd to Thee,
And let my Soul, each miſt away,
The wonders of thy Law ſurvey.
Behold me, abſent from my home,
Through Life's wild maze a Pilgrim roam,
Nor Thou to my deſiring eye
Thy Word's directing beams deny.
With ardent zeal, with ſtrong deſire,
My thoughts to thy Decrees aſpire.
O Thou, whoſe threat the proud ſubdues,
Whoſe wrath the ſinner's ſteps purſues,
My ſoul, of each tranſgreſſion pure,
From ſcorn and fierce reproach ſecure.
While Princes with malignant aim
Aſſembled wound my honeſt fame,
My Life, thy Will its fix'd purſuit,
Shall each opprobrious tongue refute.
Thy Laws my ev'ry thought controul,
While, fill'd with ſacred joy, my Soul

Its ever faithful Friends in Theſe
And Inmates of its counſel ſees.

DALETH.

Low in the duſt my Soul is laid;
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd aid.
Thou, as my heart its guilt avow'd,
Thy pitying ear, great God, haſt bow'd;
O let me, leſſon'd in thy way,
The wonders of thy Grace ſurvey:
While on my Soul, that melts with woe,
That Grace its ſuccours ſhall beſtow,
(Such hope thy Word has bid me form;)
Let me, with holy tranſport warm,
And privileg'd thy Law to learn,
From falſehood's path abhorrent turn.
Truth, Lord, my ſteady thoughts purſue,
Thy Judgements fix'd before my view
In full diſplay: Exempt from ſhame
O give me Thou by Theſe to frame
My courſe; and mark with what delight,
(As onward Theſe my ſteps invite,)
Its bands by Thee diſſolv'd, my Soul
Anticipates the diſtant goal.

HE.

Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy Way;
So to my life's remoteſt day,
By thy unerring Precepts led,
My willing feet its paths ſhall tread.
Inform'd by Thee, with ſacred awe
My heart ſhall meditate thy Law,

And

And with celeſtial Wiſdom fill'd
To Thee its full obedience yield.
Give me to know thy Words aright,
(Thy Words, my ſoul's ſupreme delight,)
That, purg'd from thirſt of gold, my mind
In Them its better wealth may find.
O turn from Vanity mine eye,
To Me thy quick'ning ſtrength ſupply,
And with thy promis'd mercy chear
A heart devoted to thy fear.
My dreaded ſhame, great God, remove:
Thy Judgements, Lord, my thoughts approve;
Thy wiſe Commands my breaſt inflame;
O haſte, and to my inmoſt frame
Permit thy Juſtice to diſpenſe
Its all-reviving influence.

V A U.

O let me, Lord, thy Mercy know;
Thy promis'd health, great God, beſtow;
So from my Soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Shall each reproach an anſwer find.
My truſt thy Judgements, mightieſt Lord,
Support; O let not then thy Word
(Thy Word, by Truth eternal ſeal'd,)
Be ever from my lips withheld:
That Word to Life's extremeſt ſtage
My juſt remembrance ſhall engage,
My Soul to thy Decrees incline,
And make the paths of freedom mine.

The Heav'n-taught Truths that warm my breaſt
My tongue to Monarchs ſhall ſuggeſt,
And, rapt with zeal, each check diſclaim
Of ſervile dread, and infant ſhame.
Thy Law, *Jehovah*, ſtill ſhall ſhare
My ardent Love, my conſtant Care,
And, while from Thee with lifted hands
Pleas'd I receive its juſt commands,
My Life, ſubmitted to its rein,
Shall ſpeak them not receiv'd in vain.

ZAIN.

Thy promiſes, Almighty Sire,
Accompliſh: Theſe my hope inſpire;
Theſe, when oppreſs'd with ills I lie,
With vital ſtrength my ſoul ſupply;
Nor loud reproach and hoſtile ſcorn
My heart from thy obedience turn.
Amid my woes, through ages paſt
In long memorial backward trac'd
Thy Judgements have my truſt upheld,
And ſorrow's heavieſt cloud diſpell'd.
How trembles, Lord, my heart to ſee
The ſouls that err from thy Decree!
Long as within this ſeat of clay,
My houſe of Pilgrimage, I ſtay,
Thy Statutes are my Song; thy Name
Wakes in my breaſt the holy flame,
That heav'n-ward lifts my thoughtful ſoul,
When night's dark ſhades inveſt the pole.

What hopes, great God, are mine, what joy,
While thy Commands my care employ!

CHETH.

My heart's beſt portion, Lord, art Thou;
To Thee my Thoughts obedience vow:
To Thee with ardent zeal I pray;
Thy promis'd mercy, Lord, diſplay,
While back my yet unfiniſh'd race
With ſcrutiny ſevere I trace,
Thy Law with full acceptance greet,
And turn to Thee my willing feet.
With ſtudious haſte I ran, I flew,
Intent thy Dictates to purſue,
Nor Theſe forget, though troops of foes
Amid their ſnare my ſteps incloſe.
Thy juſt Decrees within my breaſt
Revolv'd, I quit my bed of reſt,
And pleas'd, at midnight's awful hour,
In thanks to Thee my ſpirit pour.
I mark where'er the ſouls I find
To Thy Commands, great God, inclin'd;
I mark them, and with ſuch reſide
In friendſhip's ſtricteſt bands allied.
That Mercy, Lord, whoſe beams extend
Far as to Earth's remoteſt end,
That Mercy to my ſoul impart,
And grave thy precepts on my heart.

TETH.

My grateful heart thy Love has known,
O Thou, whoſe words and deeds are one:

O ſtill

O ſtill that Love impart, and ſtore
My Soul with thy celeſtial Lore,
Whoſe thought its full aſſent reſigns
To what thy ſacred Will injoins.
In devious paths awhile I trod,
E'er yet corrected by thy rod,
But diſciplin'd, great Sire, by Thee
Obſequious bow to thy Decree.
Thy Mercies, Lord, exhauſtleſs flow;
O give my Soul thy Will to know:
While Crouds, whoſe hearts thy fear diſclaim,
With ſtudied falſehood blaſt my fame,
Thee, Lord, I ſeek; by thy Command
My Acts, my Thoughts, directed ſtand:
Amidſt their rage, with joyful view
My heart thy Precepts can purſue,
While folly theirs from truth withholds,
And round them wraps its thickeſt folds.
Bleſt be thy hand, ſeverely kind,
Whoſe ſtroke recall'd my erring Mind,
And urg'd me, as to Thee I turn,
Thy hallow'd Inſtitutes to learn,
And, taught their worth, to prize them more
Than heaps of *Ophir*'s richeſt ore.

JOD.

Thy plaſtic art, throughout my frame,
Each limb, each nerve, great God, proclaim;
O give me Thou with mind ſincere
To learn th' Inſtructions of thy Fear:

So ſhall the Souls, that Fear who know,
With ſocial joy, my God, o'erflow,
And pleas'd my conſtant heart approve,
That waits, with Them, thy plighted Love.
Thy Judgements praiſe eternal claim,
Wiſe, juſt, and good; with friendlieſt aim
Thy faithful hand each woe I feel
Inflicts, and wounds me but to heal.
O let thy promis'd mercy ſhed
Its quick'ning effluence on my head,
And comfort to my Soul inſtill,
That loves the dictates of thy Will.
Let ſhame th' Aggreſſors proud repay,
Who ſeek my footſteps to betray:
Thine aid I aſk, eternal Lord,
And treaſure in my heart thy Word.
With Me in ſacred friendſhip join
The ſouls that to thy fear incline,
And from the well-ſpring of thy Law
Exhauſtleſs ſtreams of knowledge draw.
O let my heart, to Thee ſubdu'd,
Guilt, and its offſpring Shame, exclude.

CAPH.

Behold, while wearied with delay
My ſoul, my ſight, conſume away,
Thy Servant o'er th' ethereal plain
Send the long look, but ſend in vain.
O when to my expecting eyes,
When, ſhall thy wiſh'd Salvation riſe,

Through

Through ſtruggling clouds its promis'd ray
Tranſmit, and o'er me pour the day?
Faſt as the wine-exhauſted hide
Amid the circling ſmoke is dried,
I waſte; yet never from my heart
Shall thy Commands, great God, depart.
How long ſhall I my days, O ſay,
In ſad ſucceſſion roll'd ſurvey,
How long to haughtieſt inſult yield,
Thy vengeance from my foes withheld?
Behold them with inſidious care
Their pits before my feet prepare,
And, taught thy Precepts to deſpiſe,
(Thy Precepts, Lord, how juſt, how wiſe!)
With cauſeleſs rage my ſoul invade:
Behold; and reach me, Lord, thine aid.
How nigh had Conqueſt crown'd their aim,
And rooted from the earth my name!
While ſtill thy paths, eternal God,
With undiverted ſtep I trod.
O let thy Mercy to my heart
Its life-ſuſtaining pow'r impart;
So ſhall my Soul with ſacred awe,
And juſt obſervance, hear thy Law.

LAMED.

Fix'd in the Heav'ns, eternal Lord,
On firmeſt baſis reſts thy Word;
Thy Truth, unconſcious of decay,
Sees waſting ages roll away:

Pois'd on its centre by thy hand
Earth long has ſtood, and yet ſhall ſtand:
For Earth, and Heav'n, and Seas, each hour
Subſervient own thy ſov'reign Pow'r:
Their courſe in Order's ſtricteſt line
Thy firm Decrees, great God, confine.
How had I periſh'd, 'midſt my woes,
But that within my boſom roſe
The joys which thy Injunctions yield,
And each invading grief diſpell'd!
O never, never, ſhall my heart,
Forgetful, from thy Law depart,
Which, inſtant, kindlieſt ſuccour gave,
And wrought my reſcue from the grave:
Behold me, Lord, behold me thine;
Thy ear to my requeſt incline,
And ſave a Soul whoſe wakeful Thought
With fervent zeal thy Truths has ſought,
And ſtill ſhall ſeek them, though their ſnare
The Impious for my life prepare.
Mine eyes Perfection's limit ſee
Through Nature's Works; but thy Decree
No period, mightieſt Monarch, knows,
Nor bounds of ſpace its breadth incloſe.

MEM.

With what deſire, great God, I burn
Thy ſacred Oracles to learn!
Each day, each hour, with ſtedfaſt mind
Thy Truths I meditate, and find

The

The knowledge to my foes denied
To Me in fulleſt weight ſupplied.
My Teachers, while from out thy Law
The leſſons of my life I draw,
My guidance aſk; the Aged Me
Their Elder in diſcretion ſee,
As, onward led, with ſteady pace
The Heav'n-appointed paths I trace.
How have I kept my feet from ill,
Intent thy Mandate to fulfill,
My ear to diſcipline reſign'd,
Nor ever from its rules declin'd!
In full ſatiety of joy
Abſorpt, thy Words my thought employ,
And ſweeter on my palate dwell
Than honey dropping from its cell.
My Soul, by thy Inſtruction wiſe,
From Error's path abhorrent flies.

NUN.

Thy Law, from *Sinai*'s mount reveal'd,
A lantern to my feet ſhall yield,
A light, whoſe beams ſhall o'er me dwell,
And night's incircling ſhades diſpell.
Thy Precepts (thus my tongue has ſworn,
Nor aught my purpoſe, Lord, ſhall turn;)
Thy Precepts, juſt, and wiſe, and true,
My ſteps, unwearied, ſhall purſue.
Beneath a weight of woes I bend;
Thy promis'd aid, my God, extend.

My

My lips their willing off'rings pay:
Accept them gracious; and display
Thy Judgements to my longing eyes:
While ceaseless dangers round me rise,
My soul just ready to resign,
To These my thoughts I still incline,
Nor impious force, or hostile snare,
Shall alienate from These my care.
These, while their worth my Soul inflames,
Its lasting heritage it claims,
And pleas'd the dictates of thy Will
To Life's last period shall fulfill.

SAMECH.

Far hence each Superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain;
The Truths that fill thy hallow'd page
My happier choice, great God, engage.
Safe on thy Word my trust I build,
O Thou, my Refuge, and my Shield.
Ye impious, from my sight away;
My Soul shall God's behests obey.
O ever faithful to thy Word,
Do Thou thy vital strength afford;
Thy help impart, eternal Sire,
Nor let my hope in shame expire.
Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What danger shall my Soul invade?
In vain shall Sin its arts apply
To turn from thy Decrees mine eye.

Subverted by their own deceit,
And ſpurn'd beneath thy conqu'ring feet,
Thy wrath the rebel tribes deplore;
Spurn'd, — as the droſs, that from the ore
(Amid the glowing furnace caſt,)
Is ſever'd by the fiery blaſt.
For this, with ardent Love thy Law
I ſeek; for this, while rev'rent Awe
And holy Horror ſhake my frame,
Thy Juſtice, mightieſt Lord, proclaim.

AIN.

While Juſtice o'er my life preſides,
Each act, each word, each purpoſe guides,
Friend of the guiltleſs! nigh me ſtand,
And ſave me from th' Oppreſſor's hand.
O ſtill thy wonted grace diſcloſe;
Still in my quarrel interpoſe
Thine arm, nor let my haughty foe
Exulting triumph in my woe.
My waſting eyes with earneſt view
Thy promis'd health, my God, purſue:
Thy mercies to thy Servant ſhow,
And give, O give me, Lord, to know
Each Heav'n-taught Rule: Behold me thine,
And let thy influence on me ſhine,
Till, each illuſion purg'd away,
My Soul thy myſtic Truths ſurvey.
Thy wiſe Injunctions caſt aſide,
The ſons of Inſolence and Pride

With

With oft-repeated crimes demand
Th' unwilling vengeance from thy hand.
Thy Dictates on my thought impreſs'd
With ſweet delight ſhall fill my breaſt;
Not Gold like Theſe my love ſhall claim,
Gold ſev'n times tortur'd in the flame.
Theſe, Lord, I keep, and, fix'd, decree
To ſhun each path that leads from Thee.

P E.

O how the Wonders of thy Law
My heart to juſt obedience awe!
What ſtreams of pureſt knowledge yield
Thy Words in full diſplay reveal'd!
By Theſe the Souls untaught before
To heights of heav'nly Science ſoar:
With ſacred thirſt my boſom burn'd;
To Theſe my op'ning mouth I turn'd,
And from thy Precept wiſe and true
Its life-imparting ſpirit drew.
What grace thy Saints are bleſt to know,
That grace on Me, great God, beſtow.
Thy Dictates to my ſoul convey,
And level to my ſteps thy way.
Redeem from Error's growth my mind,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.
O ſave me from Oppreſſion's hand;
So ſhall my ſoul thy wiſe command
Obſerve: Indulgent on me ſhine,
And make the paths of knowledge mine.

My

My tears, great God, my zeal diſcloſe,
And down the copious torrent flows,
As oft, with inward anguiſh torn,
Thy violated Laws I mourn.

TSADDI.

Hail, Arbiter ſupreme! thy Will
Truth, Equity, and Juſtice ſeal:
Truth, Juſtice, Equity, thy Voice
Preſcribes to favour'd *Iſrael*'s choice:
Theſe while my foe preſumptuous ſpurns,
With zeal conſum'd my boſom burns.
O how thy Precepts, in the fire
Long prov'd, thy ſervant's Love inſpire!
To indigence and ſcorn reſign'd,
Theſe ſtill I ſeek with ſtudious mind.
Eternal Rectitude is thine;
Truth to thy Laws adjuſts its line;
Thy Laws, my Soul's beſt comfort found,
When pains and ſorrows wrapt me round.
Thy juſt Decrees ſhall Time ſurvive;
Them teach me, and my Soul ſhall live.

KOPH.

O Maker, Guide, and Judge of All!
With earneſt voice to Thee I call:
To Thee I call: propitious hear;
So ſhall the Precepts of thy fear
My Soul inform, and, Thou my aid,
My ev'ry Act by Theſe be ſway'd.
E'er yet the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
God of my Life, to Thee I cry;

My

My hope (nor ſhall that hope be vain,)
Thy ſacred promiſes ſuſtain:
On thy Decrees, great God, intent,
My Thoughts the early watch prevent:
O let thy Mercy, while I pray,
My night illumine, guide my day,
Thy Word within my inmoſt frame
Awake the everliving flame.
Behold a Croud, from Thee eſtrang'd,
In dire alliance near me rang'd:
But Thou, my God, art nearer ſtill:
My Soul the dictates of thy Will
Fix'd on eternal baſe has view'd,
And owns them wiſe, and juſt, and good.

RESH.

Behold my griefs; my Soul preſerve;
For ne'er from thy direction ſwerve
My thoughts: Do Thou my cauſe defend;
O let thy Word its aid extend,
And, inſtant, to my breaſt diſpenſe
It's All-reviving influence.
In vain thy grace the Souls would heal,
Whoſe crimes their juſt rejection ſeal;
Who, bold each impious deed to try,
Thy Laws oppoſe, thy Pow'r defy.
O let thy Mercy, Lord, (how great
That Mercy!) on thy Servant wait,
Its beams in full effuſion give,
And teach my fainting heart to live.

While

While hoſtile Crouds around me ſtand,
My ſteps I guide by thy Command
Unvarying, and indignant ſee
The Souls whoſe Will has err'd from Thee.
Behold what love, what full delight,
Thy Precepts in my breaſt excite,
And let thy Favour o'er my head
Its vital pow'r inceſſant ſhed.
With truth thy Word, great God, was crown'd,
E'er time began its reſtleſs round:
Thy Laws through length of days extend,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, and without end.

SCHIN.

While princely Pow'r, without a cauſe,
The threat'ning ſword againſt me draws,
My mind, to thy Commands applied,
Them fears, nor owns a fear beſide.
My heart with ſecret tranſport ſwells,
While ſtudious on thy Word it dwells;
Nor wealthieſt ſpoils ſuch joy beſtow,
New wreſted from the proſtrate foe.
To Lies averſe, thy Laws I love;
Thy juſt Decrees my Thoughts approve;
And ſev'n times, each revolving day,
To Thee my grateful vows I pay.
Great is the peace prepar'd for All,
Whoſe willing feet obey thy Call;
Great is the peace for ſuch prepar'd,
Nor aught their footſteps ſhall retard.

Thy health, my God, I wait, thy Will
With unremitted zeal fulfil,
And wrapt in love and filial fear
The Heav'n-defcended Truths revere.
Thy Truths my foul reveres: Each day,
Thy wife Inftructions I obey,
Affur'd that to thy fearching eyes
My life's whole path confpicuous lies.

TAU.

O let my cries thy heav'nly feat
Approach; my pray'r indulgent meet,
And give (for on thy Word relies
My hope;) O give me to be wife.
Behold, (for Mercy lives in Thee;)
Behold me fuppliant bend the knee,
And let thy promis'd aid difpell
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.
Thy facred Precepts taught to know,
How fhall my lips, great God, o'erflow
With praife, and, touch'd with holy flame,
The juftice of thy Laws proclaim!
While pleas'd I bow to thy Command,
Reach, in my refcue, reach thy hand:
O Thou, whofe Dictates warm my heart,
Thy long-expected health impart;
And let my Soul, to life reftor'd,
Thy Love in lafting hymns record,
While o'er my head its beams fhall fhine,
And make thy great Salvation mine.

Thine

Thine eyes in Me the Sheep behold,
Whoſe feet have wander'd from the fold;
That, guideleſs, helpleſs, ſtrives in vain
To find its ſafe retreat again;
Now liſtens, if perchance its ear
The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear,
Now, as the tempeſts round it blow,
In plaintive accent vents its woe.
Great Ruler of this earthly Ball,
Do Thou my erring ſteps recall:
O ſeek thou Him who Thee has ſought,
Nor turns from thy Decrees his thought.

## PSALM CXX.

1.

TO God I cried, with anguiſh ſtung,
Nor form'd a fruitleſs pray'r.
O ſave me from the lying tongue,
And lips that would inſnare.

2.

Thou Child of Guilt, to falſehood bred,
Say, what ſhall be thine end?
See keeneſt arrows o'er thy head,
And quenchleſs coals, impend.

3.

Ah! Woe is Me, to *Meſech*'s ſeat
And *Kedar*'s tents confin'd;
Perpetual inſult doom'd to meet
From Men of reſtleſs mind.

4.

When offers mild of Peace I make,
And friendlieſt terms prepare,
My words their ſlumb'ring rage awake,
And arm them for the War.

## PSALM CXXI.

1.

LO! from the Hills my help deſcends;
To Them I lift mine eyes.
My ſtrength on Him alone depends,
Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

2.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to ſlide;
Nor ſleep nor ſlumber ſeals the eye
Of *Iſrael*'s Guard and Guide.

3.

He at thy hand, array'd in might,
His ſhield ſhall o'er thee ſpread:
Nor Sun by day, nor Moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

4.

Safe ſhalt thou go, and ſafe return,
While He thy life defends,
Whoſe eyes thy ev'ry ſtep diſcern,
Whoſe Mercy never ends.

## PSALM CXXII.

1.

THE feſtal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd Dome,
Thy preſence to adore:
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend,
With willing ſtep thy Courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our tranſported eyes
Fair *Sion*'s tow'rs in proſpect riſe;
Within her gates we ſtand,
And, loſt in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendſhip's firmeſt band.

3.

Hither from *Judah*'s utmoſt end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes aſcend;
Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to atteſt their joy,
In hymns of praiſe their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.

By His Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crouds their cauſe refer;
While Princes from her Throne
With equal doom th' unerring Law
Diſpenſe, who boaſt their birth to draw
From *Jeſſe*'s favour'd Son.

5.

Be Peace by Each implor'd on Thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob*'s God we pray:
How bleſt, who calls himſelf thy Friend!
Succeſs his labour ſhall attend,
And ſafety guard his way.

6.

O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waſtes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her ſtand,
And in thy Courts with laviſh hand
Diſtribute all her ſtore.

7.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd Abode?
How ceaſe the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to ſeek, whoſe walls incloſe
The Manſion of my God?

## PSALM CXXIII.

TO Thee, above the ſtarry ſpheres
Inthron'd, his look thy ſuppliant rears:
As tow'rds their Lord the menial Band,
As Maidens tow'rds their Miſtreſs' hand
Obſervant caſt th' expecting eye,
So lift we ours, great God, on high,

Till

Till Thou thy mercy ſhalt diſplay,
And chaſe theſe clouds of grief away.
Enough thy People, Lord, have borne
Of inſult keen, and hoſtile ſcorn:
O hear, in pity hear, the ſighs
From our full hearts inceſſant riſe,
While, round us rang'd, the Sons of pride
Our name revile, our woes deride.

## PSALM CXXIV.

HAD God abandon'd from his care
Our cauſe, when adverſe hoſts to war
Uproſe; had God, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Our cauſe abandon'd, in the day
When o'er the plain their troops were pour'd,
Alive by hoſtile rage devour'd
Down we had ſunk; and o'er our head
The ſwelling floods their waves had ſpread:
Down we had ſunk; but bleſt be God,
Whoſe arm the timely help beſtow'd,
And, each invader chas'd away,
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.
See! as the Bird with ſudden ſpring
Exulting mounts upon the wing,
Juſt reſcu'd from the fowler's art,
So triumph We, with thankful heart,
And, ſav'd by his preventing care,
Shake from our feet the broken ſnare.
When woes, when dangers round us riſe,
On Him alone our ſtrength relies,

Whoſe

Whoſe hand thy center fix'd, O Earth,
And gave th' enduring Heav'ns their birth.

## PSALM CXXV.

WHO truſt in God's protecting hand,
Secure as *Sion*'s Mount ſhall ſtand,
That, proof to Ages, meets the ſkies,
And, fix'd, each adverſe ſhock defies.
Behold fair *Salem*'s hallow'd ground,
By ſhadowing hills encompaſs'd round;
Thy preſence thus, great God, we trace
Incircling *Jacob*'s choſen Race:
Nor diſtant times ſhall ſee thy Love
Its bleſſings from thy Saints remove.
Ne'er on the lot by Theſe poſſeſs'd
Shall impious Pow'r its ſcepter reſt,
Leſt Sin, eſtabliſh'd into Law,
Their hearts from thy obedience draw.
O ſtill our Guardian, ſtill our Friend,
Thy mercies to the Juſt extend;
While All, whoſe heart from Wiſdom's way
Through paths perverſe has lov'd to ſtray,
In ſuff'rings, as in guilt, allied,
Shall ſee the Peace to them denied
The fulneſs of its influence ſhed
On happier *Iſrael*'s favour'd head.

## PSALM CXXVI.

IS this a Dream? amaz'd we cried,
When, led by their celeſtial Guide,
Fair *Sion*'s captive Tribes again
Beheld her late deſerted plain.
Then forth to laughter burſt each tongue,
And ſongs of loudeſt triumph ſung.
The Nations round, with ſecret awe,
The mighty work admiring ſaw:
And, " Great (they cried,) the Gift beſtow'd
" On Theſe, the favour'd of their God!"
" O, great the Gift!" Our hearts rejoin,
And joyful bleſs the hand divine.
Let thoſe, whoſe exile ſtill we mourn,
Beneath thy conduct, Lord, return,
Faſt as the copious torrents glide,
When, to its vacant bed their tide
Reſtoring, o'er the waſtes they run,
That burn beneath the ſouthern Sun.
Let ſcenes of Hope our thought employ:
Who ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy.
The weeping Hind, whoſe dubious hand
Now ſtrews with grain the furrow'd land,
Shall homeward ſoon exulting bear
The Bleſſings of the loaded year.

## PSALM CXXVII.

1.

A Race by God unbleſt who rear,
A fruitleſs toil ſuſtain;
If God to ſhield the Town forbear,
The Watchman wakes in vain.

2.

Why riſe Ye early, late take reſt,
And eat the bread of care?
The balm of ſleep, his gift confeſt,
His Children only ſhare.

3.

Know too thy Sons, that round thee ſtand,
A gift by Him prepar'd;
Nor arrows in the Giant's hand
Can yield ſo ſure a guard.

4.

Bleſt, who his quiver ſtores with Theſe:
When hoſtile troops are near,
His gate the ſtorm approaching ſees,
Yet ſees without a fear.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

HOW bleſt the Souls, their God who fear,
His Pow'r confeſs, his Law revere!
O happy Thou! ordain'd to ſhare
Thy Maker's ever conſtant care.
Thou privileg'd from want ſhalt ſtand,
And eat the labour of thy hand.

The

The Object of thy wedded Love
Prolific as the Vine ſhall prove,
Whoſe foliage o'er thy walls diſplay'd
Spreads wide its amicable ſhade:
While, as the Olive-branches fair,
Around thy board thy infant Care
Shall croud, and bid thy heart o'erflow
With joys that only Parents know.
Such Bleſſings, Lord, thy hands provide
For Each who makes thy fear his guide.
Hail, favour'd Man! From *Sion*'s Tow'r
Thy God on Thee his gifts ſhall ſhow'r:
Thou, thankful, to thy lateſt day
Shalt *Salem*'s proſp'ring ſtate ſurvey;
With lengthen'd joy, thine aged eyes
Shall ſee thy Children's Children riſe,
And Peace her healing wings expand
O'er *Judah*'s Heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd Land.

## PSALM CXXIX.

OFT from my youth, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Oft from my youth, in cloſe array
Againſt me rang'd, the hoſtile train
My ruin ſought, but ſought in vain.
My back with ſtripes the ploughers tore;
The lengthen'd furrows ſtream'd with gore;
But Thou, juſt God, haſt burſt their bands,
And ſav'd me from their ruthleſs hands.
Back let them fly in wild retreat,
Whoſe rage fair *Sion*'s hallow'd ſeat
Purſues:

Purſues: Let ſhame their guilt repay;
And let them like the graſs decay,
That, on the houſe-top ſeen to riſe,
Stops in mid growth, and fades, and dies;
Nor fills the Mower's hand, nor gives
One graſp to him who binds the ſheaves;
Nor prompts th' obſerving paſſenger
To greet them with the friendly pray'r:
" May Heav'n's high Lord your labours bleſs,
" And crown them with the wiſh'd ſucceſs."

## PSALM CXXX.

1.

TO Thee from out the Deeps I pray,
With heavieſt woes oppreſs'd:
Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh
The voice of my requeſt.

2.

If from the Sons of human birth
Thy wrath its debt demand,
O who, throughout the peopled earth,
Beneath that wrath ſhall ſtand?

3.

But Sin's worſt wounds thy Mercy heals:
As down its pow'rs deſcend,
The grateful Soul their influence feels,
And trembles to offend.

4. Thee,

4.

Thee, Lord, I seek, the Wise, the Just;
My soul, by Thee upheld,
Expectant waits (thy Word its trust,)
Till Thou thy beams shalt yield.

5.

Not thus intent their longing sight
The wearied Watchmen rear,
Not thus intent the growing light
Observe, when morn is near.

6.

O trust in God; for Love in Him,
And Grace abundant, reign:
He, *Jacob*, shall thy Sons redeem,
And purge their ev'ry stain.

## PSALM CXXXI.

THY eyes in Me nor lofty mind
Nor haughty look, my God, shall find;
Nor Earth's vain pomp attracts my view,
Nor Honour's prize my thoughts pursue,
Or, touch'd by fell Ambition's fire,
To unpermitted heights aspire.
Behold me of affections mild,
Behold me humble as the Child,
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from the tender Parent's breast.
O, fonder than that Parent, see
Thy Maker, *Israel*, cherish Thee:

To lateſt times on him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

## PSALM CXXXII.

GREAT Ruler of this earthly Ball,
Thy *David* to thy thought recall;
O think what pangs his boſom tore,
When to his God the Oath he ſwore,
And thus, with various preſſures bow'd,
To *Jacob*'s Lord a Manſion vow'd.
Be Witneſs, if my floor I tread,
Be Witneſs, if my couch I ſpread,
If ſleep theſe weary orbs ſhall ſeal,
Or ſlumber o'er mine eyelids ſteal,
Till to my ſearch fair *Judah*'s Land
Some place preſent, whereon may ſtand,
Through future age, thy fix'd Abode,
The Seat of *Jacob*'s mighty God.
To Thee, O *Ephrata*, we came,
Inquiſitive, and, led by fame,
The hallow'd Tabernacle found
Within the foreſt's ample bound.
Behold us, Lord, with willing feet
The manſion of thy preſence greet,
(Each heart inflam'd with grateful zeal,)
And proſtrate at thy footſtool kneel.
Riſe, *Iſrael*'s Father, God, and Friend;
Pleas'd to thy place of reſt aſcend,
Thou and thine Ark, tremendous ſhrine
Of Majeſty and Pow'r divine.

While

While Righteouſneſs thy Prieſts arrays,
O let thy Saints their thankful lays
Prolong; and in thy *David*'s name
Let *Judah's* King thy favour claim.
Thus to the Prince of *Jeſſe* born
God the reverſeleſs Oath has ſworn:
Thy throne, protected by my care,
The offspring of thy loyns ſhall heir;
Through diſtant times their hallow'd Line,
Long as to Me their hearts incline,
My Compact keep, my Laws obey,
Shall, uncontroul'd, extend their ſway.
Thy Walls, O *Sion*, to thy Lord
His deſtin'd reſidence afford;
Here will I reſt, nor e'er my Love
From thy diſtinguiſh'd ſeat remove.
Thy plenteous board my hand ſhall ſpread,
Diſtribute to thy Poor their bread,
Thy Prieſts with laſting health inveſt,
And wake to mirth each faithful breaſt.
Amid thy Race, O *David*, here
Salvation ſhall her ſtandard rear,
While copious on th' anointed head
The heav'nly Lamp its beams ſhall ſhed:
Thy foes, with ſhame invelop'd o'er,
Their blaſted counſels ſhall deplore,
And ſee the Crown that binds thy brow
With unextinguiſh'd ſplendors glow.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

1.

HOW bleſt the ſight, the joy how ſweet,
When Brothers join'd with Brothers meet
In bands of mutual Love!
Leſs ſweet the liquid fragrance, ſhed
On *Aaron*'s conſecrated head,
Ran trickling from above,

2.

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his veſt:
Leſs ſweet the Dews on *Hermon*'s breaſt
Or *Sion*'s Hill deſcend:
That Hill has God with Bleſſings crown'd,
There promis'd Grace that knows no bound,
And Life that knows no end.

## PSALM CXXXIV.

YE Servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns triumphant ſing:
To You I call, the choſen Band,
Who take amid his Courts your ſtand,
While, gliding round the duſky pole,
The ſtarry Orbs in ſilence roll.
Within his Temple's vaulted frame
With lifted hands his praiſe proclaim.
And He, may He, whoſe pow'r has made
The Earth, and Heav'n's wide arch diſplay'd,
From ſacred *Sion* bid thee prove
The Bleſſings of his boundleſs Love.

PSALM

## PSALM CXXXV. *Hallelujah.*

YE Servants of your God, his fame
In ſongs of higheſt praiſe proclaim:
Ye who, on his beheſts intent,
The Courts of *Iſrael*'s Lord frequent,
And pleas'd within his hallow'd gate
In regular ſucceſſion wait:
Him praiſe, the everlaſting King,
And Mercy's unexhauſted ſpring:
Haſte, to his Name your voices rear;
What Name like his the heart can chear?
Whoſe Love from out the num'rous Birth,
That crowns the wide-extended earth,
Selects the Race of *Iſaac*'s Sons,
And *Jacob* his poſſeſſion owns.
Thy Greatneſs, Lord, my thoughts atteſt,
With awful gratitude impreſs'd,
Nor know, among the Seats divine,
A Pow'r that ſhall contend with Thine;
O Thou, whoſe All-diſpoſing Sway
The Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas obey;
Whoſe Might through all extent extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height tranſcends,
From Earth's low margin to the ſkies
Now bids the pregnant Vapours riſe,
The Lightning's pallid ſheet expands,
And glads with ſhow'rs the furrow'd lands;
Now from thy Storehouſe, built on high,
Permits th' impriſon'd Winds to fly,

And, guided by thy Will, to ſweep
The ſurface of the foaming Deep.
By thy reſiſtleſs ſtroke aſſail'd,
Her Eldeſt-born proud *Egypt* wail'd:
Nor rag'd thy ſword on Man alone;
Her flocks, her herds, its fury own,
While Nature's varied pow'rs conſpire,
At thy Decree, Almighty Sire,
With ſcenes of dread to ſtrike her eyes,
The haughty Tyrant to chaſtiſe,
And Each who lent th' aſſiſting hand
To execute his ſtern command.
From *Egypt*'s deſolated ſhore
Its courſe thy vengeance onward bore,
To diſtant realms by Juſtice led;
And mightieſt Kings beneath it bled:
Their Monarch *Heſbon*'s Coaſts deplor'd,
And *Baſan* wept her Giant Lord,
While fell Deſtruction ſtalks around
Far as to *Canaan*'s utmoſt bound,
And vindicates her forfeit lands
To conqu'ring *Iſrael*'s choſen Bands.
Thy Name ſhall ever live; thy Praiſe,
Immortal God, through longeſt days
Extend: From Thee we wait our doom:
Thou, Lord, the balance wilt aſſume,
And, prompt thy People's woes to heal,
The ſentence of thy wrath repeal.
Behold on each polluted ſhore
The heathen tribes their Gods adore,

Of

Of silver form'd, or fusile gold,
That late within the guiding mould
To shapes prescrib'd obedient ran,
The Creatures of thy Creature Man;
Of sense-belying parts possess'd,
In useless imag'ry express'd,
Of Mouth, but not for speech design'd,
Of Ears and Eyes, yet deaf and blind:
Whose lips, by Nature's finger seal'd,
Ne'er knew the vital breath to yield:
Unvisited by Wisdom's ray
Their breast: Nor less insensate They,
Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.
*Jehovah*'s praise with grateful tongue
Proclaim, ye Tribes from *Israel* sprung;
Him bless, ye Sons of *Aaron*'s race;
Ye who your birth from *Levi* trace,
And All whose heart his Laws delight,
In thanks to Him your songs unite.
Let *Sion* with enraptur'd ear
His fame throughout her precincts hear,
Who 'midst her walls, eternal Guest,
Has fix'd the Mansion of his rest. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CXXXVI.

1.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
For his Blessings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no end.

2.

Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of Gods is God supreme;
For his Blessings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no end.

3.

He to whom All Lords beside
Bow the knee, and vail their pride;
For his Blessings &c.

4.

Who asserts his just Command
By the Wonders of his hand;
For his &c.

5.

He, whose Wisdom, thron'd on high,
Built the Mansions of the sky;
For his &c.

6.

He, who bade the watry Deep
Under Earth's foundation sleep,
For his &c.

7.

And the Orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless Æther roll;
For his &c.

8.

Thee, O Sun, whose pow'rful ray
Rules the Empire of the Day;
For his &c.

9.

You, O Moon and Stars, whoſe light
Breaks the horrors of the Night.
For his &c.

10.

When his vengeful wrath he ſhed,
*Egypt* mourn'd her Firſtborn dead;
For his &c.

11.

Thence by Him from bondage freed
March'd all *Iſrael*'s choſen ſeed,
For his &c.

12.

While his mighty hand he rear'd,
And his outſtretch'd arm appear'd.
For his &c.

13.

Aw'd by Him, from ſide to ſide
Lo, th' obedient Deeps divide;
For his &c.

14.

At his word the billows ſtay,
Part, and give his People way;
For his &c.

15.

At his word again they cloſe
O'er the head of *Jacob*'s foes.
For his &c.

Safe

16.

Safe in his Almighty aid
*Iſrael* o'er the Deſert ſtray'd;
For his &c.

17.

Kings, unable to withſtand,
Felt the vengeance of his hand:
For his &c.

18.

Chiefs for hardieſt deeds renown'd
Proſtrate fell, and bit the ground:
For his &c.

19.

*Sihon* fierce, who forth to fight
Led the harneſs'd *Amorite*;
For his &c.

20.

Mightieſt *Og*, beneath whoſe ſway
*Baſan*'s fertile region lay.
For his &c.

21.

Theſe he ſlew, and from their hands
Took the forfeit of their Lands;
For his &c.

22.

Lands, which erſt by promiſe due,
Sons of *Jacob*, fell to You.
For his &c.

23.

On our sorrows from on high
He with pity cast an eye;
For his &c.

24.

In our battles o'er each head
He the shield of safety spread.
For his &c.

25.

He with food sustains, O Earth,
All who claim from Thee their birth.
For his &c.

26.

Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to Heav'n's eternal King;
For his Blessings far extend,
And his Mercy knows no end.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE *Babylon*'s proud water flows,
We sate and wept, while in us rose
The dear remembrance of thy name,
O fair, O lost, *Jerusalem!*
Our silent harps the willows bore,
Whose boughs along th' extended shore
Their shades outspread: when thus the Foe
Insulting aggravates our woe:
" Come, tune to mirth your sullen tongue;
" Rise, *Hebrew* slaves, and give the song;

" Such

" Such ſtrains as wont your fane to fill,
" On captive *Sion*'s boaſted Hill."
How ſhall we yield to the demand?
How, exiles in a heathen Land,
Preſume the Heav'n-taught ſong to raiſe,
And defecrate the hallow'd lays?
If *Sion* from my breaſt depart,
Forget my hand its tuneful art:
Faſt to my palate cleave my tongue,
If, when I form my ſprightlieſt ſong,
Aught to my mirth ſupply a theme,
But Thou, O lov'd *Jeruſalem*.
Think, Lord, O think, when *Sion* lay
Abandon'd to the dreadful day,
How, as thy heavieſt wrath ſhe tried,
" Down, down, exulting *Edom* cried,
" Down let the hated City fall,
" And level to the duſt her wall."
Daughter of *Babylon*, that woe,
Depreſs'd, conſum'd, thyſelf ſhalt know,
Which We, dire Murth'reſs, found from Thee:
And Bleſt, who ſhall by God's Decree
Warn from thy fate each diſtant Land
To dread the Juſtice of his hand;
Commiſſion'd lead the ſlaughter on,
And daſh thine Infants on the ſtone.

## PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE, Lord, my harp's awaken'd ſtrings
Shall praiſe, and to the ear of Kings,
Whoſe pow'rs thy ſacred impreſs bear,
The ardor of my zeal declare.
In low proſtration, tow'rd thy ſhrine,
His knees thy Servant ſhall incline,
And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
Thy Faith and Mercy to diſplay,
Whoſe Sanctity all height tranſcends;
Whoſe word eternal Truth attends;
Whoſe Pow'r, while Thee my pray'r addreſs'd,
Has fill'd with Heav'n-born ſtrength my breaſt.
Earth's Lords, by thy inſtructions led,
With *Iſrael*'s ſons thy path ſhall tread,
And, joyous, as they march along,
Thy Glory chaunt in grateful ſong,
Thee Nature's only Lord atteſt,
Of boundleſs excellence poſſeſs'd,
Inthron'd above the loftieſt ſky,
Yet wont the Humble to deſcry,
And, from thy diſtant ſeat, deride
The frantic boaſts of human pride.
When hoſtile troops excite my fear,
Thy quick'ning Grace my heart ſhall chear,
Thy hand compoſe their furious ſtrife,
And reſcue from the ſword my life.
What bliſs thy promiſe bids me ſhare,
Haſte, Lord, to yield; nor from thy care

(O ever faithful, wife and good,)
The creature of thy hands exclude.

## PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, haſt ſearch'd me out; thine eyes
Mark when I ſit, and when I riſe;
By Thee my future thoughts are read;
Thou round my path, and round my bed,
Attendeſt vigilant; each word,
E'er yet I ſpeak, by Thee is heard.
Life's maze, before my view outſpread,
Within thy preſence wrapt I tread,
And touch'd with conſcious horror ſtand
Beneath the ſhadow of thy hand.
How deep thy Knowledge, Lord, how wide!
Long to the fruitleſs taſk applied,
That mighty Sea my thoughts explore,
Nor reach its depth, nor find its ſhore.
Where ſhall I ſhun thy wakeful eye,
Or whither from thy Spirit fly?
Aloft to Heav'n my courſe I bear;
In vain; for Thou, my God, art there:
If prone to Hell my feet deſcend,
Thou ſtill my footſteps ſhalt attend:
If now, on ſwifteſt wings upborne,
I ſeek the regions of the Morn,
Or haſte me to the weſtern Steep,
Where Eve ſits brooding o'er the Deep,
Thy hand the fugitive ſhall ſtay,
And dictate to my ſteps their way.

Perchance

Perchance within its thickeſt veil
The Darkneſs ſhall my head conceal:
But, inſtant, Thou haſt chas'd away
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day.
Darkneſs, great God, to Thee there's none;
Darkneſs and Light to Thee are one;
Nor brighter ſhines to Thee diſplay'd
The Noon than Night's obſcureſt ſhade.
My reins, my fabrick's ev'ry part,
The wonders of thy plaſtic art
Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
To meditate the grateful ſong:
With deepeſt awe my Thought their frame
Surveys:—"I tremble that I am."
While yet a ſtranger to the day
Within the burthen'd womb I lay,
My bones, familiar to thy view,
By juſt degrees to firmneſs grew:
Day to ſucceeding day conſign'd
Th' unfiniſh'd Birth; thy mighty Mind
Each limb, each nerve, e'er yet they were,
Contemplated diſtinct and clear;
Thoſe nerves thy curious finger ſpun,
Thoſe limbs it faſhion'd one by one;
And, as thy pen in fair deſign
Trac'd on thy book each ſhadowy line,
Thy Handmaid Nature read them there,
And made the growing work her care,
Conform'd it to th' unerring plan,
And gradual wrought me into Man.

With what delight, great God, I trace
The Acts of thy ſtupendous Grace!
To count them, were to count the ſand
That lies upon the ſea-beat ſtrand.
When from my temples ſleep retires,
To Thee my thankful heart aſpires,
And with thy ſacred preſence bleſt
Joys to receive the awful Gueſt.
Shall impious Men thy will withſtand,
Nor feel the vengeance of thy hand?
Hence, Murth'rers, hence, nor near me ſtay;
Ye Sons of Violence, away.
When lawleſs Crouds with inſult vain
Thy Works revile, thy Name profane,
Can I unmov'd thoſe inſults ſee,
Nor hate the Wretch that hateth Thee?
Indignant, in thy Cauſe I join,
And all thy foes, my God, are mine.
Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review;
With kind ſeverity purſue
Through each diſguiſe thy Servant's mind,
Nor leave one ſtain of guilt behind.
Guide through th' eternal path my feet,
And bring me to thy bliſsful Seat.

## PSALM CXL.

MY impious foes, great God, repell;
Their rage by pow'r ſuperior quell;
Who toil, on fierce contention bent,
New arts of miſchief to invent;

Whet,

Whet, as the Aſp, their tongues, and dip
In Death's worſt gall their venom'd lip.
O ſave me from the hand of Wrong,
And backward turn the frantic Throng,
That, pleas'd, in dire alliance meet,
And tempt to fatal lapſe my feet.
The murth'rous trap, th' intwining ſnare,
The Sons of Violence prepare,
And guileful, onward as I tread,
Beſide my path their net outſpread.
Thou art my God; thine ear apply:
(Thus proſtrate at thy throne I cry:)
Strength of my health, indulgent Lord,
Thy Arm unſeen each adverſe ſword,
As o'er the field the battle burn'd,
Preventive from my head has turn'd.
O let not the remorſeleſs Band
(Each counſel by thy proſp'ring hand
Accompliſh'd, and each wiſh ſupplied,)
Their conqueſts, with augmented pride,
Exulting boaſt; but on their heads
(While round the hoſtile circle ſpreads,
Intent my guiltleſs Soul to ſlay,)
The miſchief of their lips repay.
Let ruſning flames their ſin chaſtiſe;
Prone tow'rd the pit (no more to riſe,)
Let each with fault'ring footſteps bend,
And headlong to its depths deſcend.
The tongue to Wiſdom unſubdu'd
From bliſs its Owner ſhall exclude:

The feet to violence inclin'd
Deſtruction, following faſt behind,
Shall hunt, and with unwearied pace
Through ſin's dark maze their path ſhall trace.
My heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpleſs and the poor to guard,
To ſave them from Oppreſſion's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cauſe.
The Souls ſubjected to thy fear
To Thee the thankful voice ſhall rear,
And, ſtudious of thy juſt Command,
Within thy ſight accepted ſtand.

## PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee I call; O haſte thee near;
My voice, great God, indulgent hear;
With grateful odour to the ſkies
As incenſe let my pray'r ariſe,
And let my hands, uplifted high,
With full acceptance meet thine eye,
As Victims on thy altar laid,
When eve extends its deep'ning ſhade.
O let my mouth to guilt be barr'd,
And o'er its portal plant a guard.
Turn, turn from ſin's purſuit my will,
Nor let th' artificers of ill
In Me the wiſh'd aſſociate greet,
Or ſee me to their path my feet
Incline, and, caught in Error's ſnare,
Their feaſtful board luxurious ſhare:

Let

Let Virtue's Friends, ſeverely kind,
With welcome chaſtiſement my mind
Correct; but give not Theſe to ſhed
The balm of flatt'ry o'er my head,
Leſt ſudden from thy wrath I feel
The ſtroke, that none ſhall know to heal.
The pray'r, that from my lips proceeds,
My juſt abhorrence of their deeds
Shall ſpeak; nor Thou that pray'r deſpiſe,
But, while before their ſtartled eyes
From rocky heights their Chiefs are thrown,
Incline their ſtubborn hearts to own
How ſweet my words, and, taught thy fear,
The leſſons of thy truth to hear.
Behold the grave's wide mouth diſplay'd,
Our bones in heaps before it laid,
As when beneath the Woodman's ſtroke
From the tall Aſh or ſpreading Oak
The branches fall, and ſcatter'd round
In wild diſorder ſtrew the ground.
Father of All! to Thee mine eyes
I lift: on Thee my hope relies:
Do Thou, as 'mid the toils I tread
By Men of impious heart outſpread,
My danger (nor regardleſs,) ſee,
And let me, while by thy decree
Wrapt in the ſnare themſelves I view,
With ſtep ſecure my path purſue.

PSALM

## PSALM CXLII.

TO God I cry; to Him my pray'r
Addreſs; to Him my heart its care
Shall pour, and to his ear diſcloſe
In ſad recital all its woes.
Thine eyes, great God, with ſteady view
Through ſorrow's gloom my ſteps purſue,
And ſee my foes athwart my way
The cover'd ſnare inſiduous lay.
I turn'd me, anxious, on the right,
I turn'd, and round me caſt my ſight
With fruitleſs ſearch; no friend was nigh,
Th' expected ſuccour to ſupply,
With lenient tongue my griefs to chear,
Or pitying drop the ſocial tear.
Forlorn of help, Thee, mightieſt Lord,
My Soul with humble truſt implor'd:
In Thee, All-bounteous God, I cried,
In Thee alone my hopes reſide;
While life along my veins ſhall ſtream,
Its portion Thee and bliſs ſupreme
My heart ſhall own: O gracious hear,
While worn with griefs my voice I rear,
And let my foe's ſuperior might
Thy pity to my aid excite.
Do Thou my priſon doors unbar;
So ſhall my tongue thy Love declare
In hymns of praiſe, while, joy'd in Me
Th' event of pious Hope to ſee,

The Souls that own thy juſt Command
With thankful wonder round me ſtand.

## PSALM CXLIII.

THINE ear, my God, propitious lend;
O ever juſt and true, extend
Thy pity, while to Thee I pray,
Nor ſcrutinize with ſtrict ſurvey
Thy ſervant's Acts; for who, O who,
Shall pure of guilt approach thy view?
Thou ſeeſt the Foe with furious ſtrife
My ſoul purſue; to earth my life
He treads, and in the horrid gloom,
(As thoſe who 'mid the ſilent tomb
Through ages ſleep,) from human eye
Secluded far, has bid me lie.
I feel my vital ſtrength depart,
And wild amazement fills my heart.
But, backward borne to periods paſt,
Thy Mercies, Lord, my thoughts have trac'd;
And in my breaſt recorded ſtand
The wonders of thy mighty hand.
Aloft my ſuppliant palms I ſpread;
Nor more the glebe, its moiſture fled,
Longs the deſcending ſhow'r to ſee,
Than thirſts my wearied ſoul for Thee.
O haſte to hear me, haſte to ſave;
Nor let me (leſt the yawning grave
Enwrap me in its dreary reign,)
Thy chearing preſence ſeek in vain.

O let the hour that wakes the day
Thy Mercy to my ear convey.
While (for on Thee my hope depends;)
In fervent thought my mind aſcends,
Expectant, tow'rd thy heav'nly Seat,
Train to the paths of Truth my feet.
To Thee, my refuge, Lord, I fly;
Do Thou the deaths that wait me nigh
Repell. My will to thine (for Thou,
Thou, art my God;) corrective bow,
And give me, by thy Spirit led,
Auſpicious Guide, the Land to tread
Where Righteouſneſs has fix'd her Throne;
Thy Mercy, long to *Iſrael* known,
True to thy Name, to Me impart,
And quicken with thy grace my heart.
O let thy Juſtice interpoſe,
My ſorrows to relieve, my foes
To cruſh, and from their rage remove
A Soul devoted to thy Love.

## PSALM CXLIV.

BLEST be the Lord my ſtrength, whoſe aids,
When lawleſs force my peace invades,
My fingers for their taſk prepare,
And diſcipline my hands to War:
My hope, my ſhield, my ſtrongeſt tow'r,
The Friend that in the dang'rous hour
My life protects, my truſt ſuſtains,
Gives to my ſteady graſp the reins

Of

Of Pow'r, and bids each hoſtile Land
Subjected own my juſt command.
Lord, what is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare?
Or what the Son of Man, that THOU
Thus to his wants thine ear ſhouldſt bow?
(Himſelf, when in the balance weigh'd,
A Nothing, and his Life a ſhade.)
Deſcend, from Heav'n's vaſt height deſcend:
Its wide-ſpread arch beneath thee bend:
Touch the proud hills, eternal Sire;
And ſee them quick in ſmoke aſpire!
Let fierceſt lightnings through the air
Now ruſhing now reverting tear
Thy ſtubborn foes; and, edg'd with flame,
Swift at their heads thy arrows aim.
Stretch to my aid thine arm, and ſave
My life from the devouring wave:
Back let the vengeful foe retire,
Whoſe lips, whoſe hands, in fraud conſpire.
So ſhall my finger's artful ſtroke
The harp and tenſtring'd lute provoke
New ſtrains t' attempt, and with my tongue
In ſweet diviſion form the ſong.
Guardian of Kings! whoſe fav'ring might
Thy *David* through the thickeſt fight
With watchful care vouchſaf'd to guide,
And turn'd each threat'ning ſword aſide,
Back let the vengeful foe retire,
Whoſe lips, whoſe hands, in fraud conſpire.

So,

So, nurs'd beneath indulgent ſkies,
Our Sons with full increaſe ſhall riſe,
Like youngling plants in order rang'd,
Of healthful ſtem, and leaf unchang'd,
Our Daughters as the column fair,
That, faſhion'd by the Artiſt's care,
Claims in the regal Dome a place,
The poliſh'd angle's nobleſt grace.
While the rich harveſt's gather'd ſtore
Loads with its heap th' extended floor,
Our Oxen ſtrong for toil behold!
The teeming Mothers of the fold
See, ſcatter'd o'er the rural ſcene,
Their thouſands and their myriads yean.
No more our Streets the cries of fear
Or ſhouts of violence ſhall hear:
Thou, Lord, the tumults ſhalt aſſuage
Of hoſtile force, and civil rage.
O happy We, while thus our Race
The ſignals of thy Love ſhall grace!
O bleſt the People, that in Thee
Their God and faithful Guardian ſee!

## PSALM CXLV.

THEE will I bleſs, my God and King,
Nor ceaſe thy wondrous Acts to ſing.
From earlieſt morn to lateſt eve
Thy praiſes on my tongue ſhall live;
To Thee my harp ſhall wake each ſtring,
Nor ceaſe thy wondrous Acts to ſing.

Great

Great is our God: In vain our praiſe
His Excellence in equal lays
Would celebrate; in vain the Mind
Its height, its depth, eſſays to find.
Age to ſucceeding age thy Might
Shall ſpeak, thy Works, bleſt Lord, recite.
My tongue thy glory ſhall proclaim,
The faithful witneſs of thy fame,
Bid Contemplation's inmoſt thought
Survey the wonders thou haſt wrought,
And with aſſenting myriads join
To bleſs the Majeſty divine.
Thy dreaded Pow'r ſhall each rehearſe,
Thy Greatneſs ſhall my thankful verſe
Inſpire, thy Righteouſneſs and Love
Our hearts inflame, our ſongs improve.
Thee good and kind ſhall Mortals own,
To anger ſlow, to pity prone.
Thy Mercies on the ſons of Earth,
On All whom Thou haſt call'd to birth,
Far as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy Mercies, heav'nly Lord, deſcend.
One chorus of perpetual praiſe
To Thee thy various works ſhall raiſe,
Thy Saints to Thee in hymns impart
The tranſports of a grateful heart,
The ſplendors of thy Kingdom tell,
Delighted on thy Wonders dwell,
And bid the World's wide realms admire
The glories of th' Almighty Sire,

Whoſe Throne ſhall Nature's wreck ſurvive,
Whoſe Pow'r through endleſs Ages live.
His Promiſe Truth eternal guides,
And Mercy o'er his Act preſides.
The feet whoſe ſteps to lapſe incline
With faithful care the Arm divine
Shall prop; the Spirit bow'd with woe
His All-ſupporting aid ſhall know.
From Thee, great God, while ev'ry eye
Expectant waits the wiſh'd ſupply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy op'ning hands to each convey.
Thy Ways eternal Juſtice guides,
And Mercy o'er thine Act preſides:
Who aſk thine aid with heart ſincere,
Thee ever gracious, ever near,
Shall own; their pray'r, in each diſtreſs,
To Thee thy Servants, Lord, addreſs,
And find thee (verging on the grave,)
Nor ſlow to hear, nor weak to ſave.
Ye Souls among his Saints inroll'd,
In God your ſure defence behold,
While fierce Deſtruction at his word
Shall bathe in impious blood its ſword.
Long as I breathe, my grateful tongue
To Him ſhall meditate the ſong;
From Man's whole Race his hallow'd Name
Shall thanks and endleſs honour claim,

## PSALM CXLVI. *Hallelujah.*

PRAISE, praiſe thy God, my Soul; his Name
To Life's laſt date my thanks ſhall claim,
And, long as I exiſt, my lyre
Shall wake to ſing th' eternal Sire.
O ſeek not, with preſumption vain,
Your hope on Princes to ſuſtain,
Nor truſt, when threat'ning ills invade,
The ſtrengthleſs prop of human aid.
His breath reſign'd, on earth's low bed
Behold the Mortal reſt his head;
Nor farther ſhall his thoughts extend,
But with him to the grave deſcend.
Bleſt, who their help in Thee alone,
The God to *Jacob*'s Offspring known,
Have found, and to the hand divine
In each diſtreſs their care reſign:
That hand, that form'd the Heav'ns and Earth,
And call'd the watry Deep to birth,
With All that in the ample round
Of Nature's utmoſt Reign is found.
'Tis God's, whoſe Truth, through ages paſt
Confirm'd, ſhall time's extent outlaſt,
'Tis His, the injur'd cauſe to right,
And cruſh the arm of lawleſs Might;
With bread the hungry to ſuſtain,
And looſe the wretched Captive's chain,
The blind reſtore, the weak uprear,
And to the ſouls that own his fear

His Mercies, each revolving day,
In endleſs ſeries to diſplay:
Through diſtant regions doom'd to roam,
In Him the ſtranger finds a home;
'Tis His, the Orphan's breaſt to chear,
And wipe the heart-ſwoln Widow's tear.
From His Decrees who dare to ſtray,
Shall reap the error of their way.
O *Sion*, in thy God confide,
And know how fix'd his Reign, how wide:
O'er ſubject Worlds his juſt Command
To endleſs age confirm'd ſhall ſtand. *Halleiujah.*

## PSALM CXLVII.

O Bleſs *Jehovah:* Sweet the joy,
When taſks like theſe the voice employ;
To Him our higheſt thanks belong,
And Praiſe fits comely on our tongue.
'Tis He, who builds fair *Salem*'s walls,
And *Iſrael*'s exil'd ſons recalls;
Yields to the contrite heart relief,
And binds its wounds, and ſooths its grief;
Aſſigns the ſtarry flock their names,
(As, ſcatter'd wide, their vivid flames
Adorn the bright ethereal plain,)
And numbers with his eye their train.
Great is our God: beyond all bound
His Pow'r, beyond all ſearch is found
His Knowledge; in his Arm the Meek
With ſure ſucceſs their Aid ſhall ſeek;

That

That Arm, whose unresisted stroke
On Each who dares his Wrath provoke
With swift descent its aim shall guide,
And level to the dust their pride.
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry chord,
Exalt the name of *Jacob*'s Lord,
Whose hand with clouds the Heav'n obscures;
On Earth the genial moisture pours;
Bids the green herb its mantle spread,
Luxuriant, o'er the Mountain's head:
With lib'ral care th' unconscious Beast
Sustains, and stills the Raven's nest,
When urg'd by want her clam'rous Brood
Request from Him their wonted food.
If o'er the field the battle bleed,
Regardless of the strengthful Steed,
Regardless of the Chiefs, whose feet
Unmov'd the shock of legions meet,
On You, in whom his Fear resides,
On You, whose heart in Him confides,
His Grace its signals shall bestow,
His Arm with conquest bind your brow.
O *Solyma*, his lov'd Abode,
Him praise, unceasing! Bless thy God,
O *Sion*, who thy gates has barr'd;
Whose various gifts thy Sons have shar'd;
Who crowns with peace thy happy plain;
Calls from thy glebe the purest grain;
Whose Word, from heav'n in swift career
Convey'd, suggests to Nature's ear

The Laws that regulate her frame,
And gives her ev'ry act its aim.
Flak'd by his Art, the woolly snow
Falls silent on the ground below;
By Him the frost, as ashes hoar,
Lies sprinkled earth's wide surface o'er:
In harden'd fragments through the air,
While Man its rigours shuns to bear,
His hail descends; in icy chains
His hand the gliding stream detains,
Till, at his word, th' instructed wind
With friendly breath the wave unbind,
And bid it, onward borne, again
With liquid lapse its course maintain.
Such is the God, and such his Might,
Whose Precepts *Israel*'s Love invite,
And to his Tribes in full display
His Life-directing truths convey.
What Realm, through earth's extended Coasts,
His Care, like thine, O *Judah*, boasts,
Or, taught, as Thou, his fear to own,
The dictates of his Will has known?
O come, your thankful voices join,
And bless the Majesty divine.

## PSALM CXLVIII. *Hallelujah.*

YE Blest Inhabitants of Heav'n,
To God be all your praises giv'n;
O praise him from the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye.

Him praiſe, ye Angels of his Train,
Him All whom Heav'n's vaſt Hoſts contain;
Praiſe Him, Thou Sun, that round the pole
With reſtleſs courſe art ſeen to roll,
And Thou, O Moon, whoſe ſharpen'd horns
A luſtre not their own adorns;
Praiſe Him, ye Stars: His praiſe repeat,
Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, his awful Seat,
And You, ye Floods, that, heap'd on high,
Preſs with your weight th' extended ſky.
Let Theſe to God their voices rear,
Who bade them be; and ſtrait they were:
Who bids them ſtand; and ſtand they ſhall;
Nor aught the Mandate ſhall recall,
That, fix'd by his Almighty Mind,
To endleſs age their date aſſign'd.
Nor let the Heav'n his praiſe confine;
O All of Earth the chorus join:
Ye Whales, ye Deeps, in praiſe conſpire,
Snow, Vapour, Hail, and bick'ring Fire,
And ev'ry Wind, and ev'ry Storm,
That duteous his beheſts perform;
Ye leſſer Hills, ye Mountains high,
Ye Trees, whoſe fruits Man's food ſupply,
Ye Cedars, whoſe expanded Shade
Nor Storms nor Ages teach to fade,
Ye Beaſts, that range th' uncultur'd ſoil,
Or patient lend to Man your toil:
Praiſe Him, each Bird that wings the air,
Each Reptile, nurtur'd by his care;

Ye

Ye Kings and Nations of the Earth;
O praiſe him All of princely birth,
And Ye, whoſe Doom, as Juſtice guides,
The long-conteſted cauſe decides.
Ye Youthful Bands and Virgin Choir,
Each liſping Babe, and hoary Sire,
Wake to his Name your grateful ſongs;
To Him alone all Praiſe belongs;
His glory Earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor higheſt Heav'n its limit knows.
Ye Tribes, exalted by his Arm,
You, chief, the heav'nly Theme ſhall warm,
Bleſt Sons of *Iſrael*'s hallow'd Land,
Who neighb'ring to his preſence ſtand.
O come, your thankful voices raiſe,
And conſecrate to Him your praiſe.

## PSALM CXLIX. *Hallelujah.*

SING to our God the new-form'd lay;
Ye Souls who his commands obey,
Aſſembling join your thankful tongues,
And hallow with his praiſe your Songs.
O *Iſrael*, let thy Maker's Name
With joyous zeal thy breaſt inflame,
And *Sion*'s ſons exulting ſing
The Mercies of their heav'nly King.
Range in the dance the ſacred Band,
And urge the Minſtrel's well-taught hand
(Its touch with varying force applied,)
The reins of harmony to guide,

While

While with the loud-resounding lyre
The timbrels in his praise conspire.
With what delight, great God, behold
Thine eyes the People of thy fold!
Thy Strength the Souls of humble frame
Their ever present Aid proclaim.
With conquest crown'd, and rapt in joy,
Let All whom thy Decrees employ
Thy Name exalt with thankful mind,
Nor cease, when on their beds reclin'd,
The silent midnight's list'ning ear
With songs of loudest mirth to chear.
Thy Mercy let their lips record;
Give to their grasp the two-edg'd sword;
And let them, guided by thy hand,
Thy vengeance through each Heathen Land
Distribute, and the Tribes chastise
Whose impious Arm thy pow'r defies,
Triumphant in the iron chain
Their Nobles and their Kings detain,
And while, inspir'd with active zeal,
Thy prescript thus their hands fulfill,
The glories wear for All prepar'd,
Whose hearts thy just behests regard. *Hallelujah.*

## PSALM CL. *Hallelujah.*

PRAISE, O praise, the Name divine;
Praise it at the hallow'd Shrine;
Let the Firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply:

Let

Let his Acts, and Pow'r ſupreme,
To your Songs ſuggeſt a theme:
Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
Wake to life each tuneful ſtring;
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring;
Let the organ in his praiſe
Learn its loudeſt note to raiſe,
And the cymbal's varying ſound
From the vaulted roof rebound.
All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praiſe that breath employ,
And in one great Chorus join;
Praiſe, O praiſe, the Name divine.

## *GLORIA PATRI.*

1. IN Thee, O Heav'n, O Earth, in Thee
Be Glory to th' Eternal Three;
That Glory, which through ages paſt
Was; is; and ſhall for ever laſt.

OR THIS.

2. To Father, Son, and Spirit bleſt,
Be praiſe in Heav'n and Earth addreſs'd,
As was, and is, and yet ſhall be,
When Time its lateſt hour ſhall ſee.

OR THIS.

3. To Father, Son, and Spirit bleſt,
Be praiſe in loudeſt notes addreſs'd,

Such

Such as the Stars of Morning ſung,
When Earth was on its balance hung,
Such praiſe as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And Saints whom zeal like theirs inſpires,
In Heav'n above and Earth below
Still flows, and ſhall for ever flow.

ANOTHER.

4. All Glory to th' Eternal Three;
Thee, Father; Thee, O Son; and Thee,
The Spirit ever bleſt:
That Glory, which through ages paſt
Unchang'd has ſtood, and yet ſhall laſt,
When Time has ſunk to reſt.

ANOTHER.

5. All Glory to th' Eternal Three,
As was, e'er Time began to roll,
As is, nor yet ſhall ceaſe to be,
When Time has reach'd its deſtin'd goal.

ANOTHER.

6. Be Glory to th' Eternal Three
Aſcrib'd, and higheſt Praiſe,
As was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be
Beyond the end of days.

ANOTHER.

7. To th' Eternal Three be giv'n
Praiſe on Earth, and Praiſe in Heav'n;
Such as was through ages paſt,
Is, and ſhall for ever laſt.

☞ *The Tranſlations of the* GLORIA PATRI, *here given, exhibit a Specimen of five different Sorts of Metre uſed in the Verſion or Paraphraſe of the Pſalms.*

A

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*Engliſh* BIBLE Tranſlation of the PSALMS;

SHEWING

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| *Bible Transl.* | *Paraphr.* |
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## ERRATA.

**P**ſalm VII. Line 21. read *Nor let my.*
Pſ. XXII. l. 17. read *wiſh'd for.*
Pſ. XXX. l. 21. read *obtruſive.*
Pſ. LXIX. l. 27. read *Domeſtic.*
Pſ. LXXVIII. l. 203. read *Dwellings.*
Pſ. LXXXIX. l. 51. read *thine Arm.*
**P**ſ. XCIX. Stanza 5. dele the Comma after *Aaron.*
Pſ. CVIII. l. 30. inſert a Comma after *and.*
Pſ. CXLII. l. 8. read *inſidious.*

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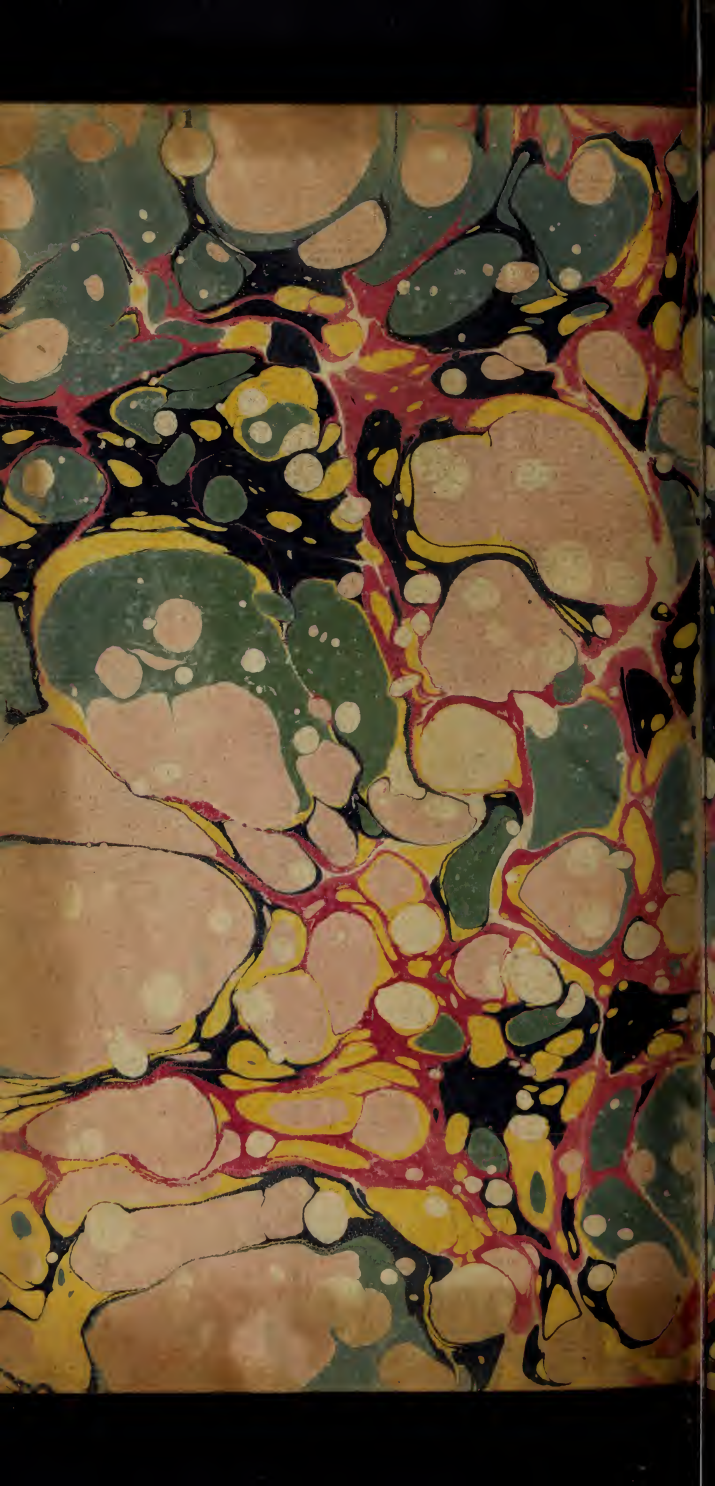
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